

Three Main Types of the Sonnet.

Italian

Rime: abba abba for the octave;
 edecde for the sestet.
 Fourteen iambic pentameter lines.

Shakespearean

Rime: abab first quatrain;
 cdcd second quatrain; efef
 third quatrain; gg couplet.
 Fourteen iambic pentameter
 lines.

Spenserian

Different from Shakespearean
 only in that the quatrains
 are interlocked by rime.

Rime: abab first quatrain;
 bc bc second quatrain;
 cd cd third quatrain; ee couplet.
 Fourteen iambic pentameter
 lines.

STUDIES IN
ENGLISH-WORLD LITERATURE

THE CENTURY
STUDIES IN LITERATURE
FOR
HIGH SCHOOLS

EDITED BY
JAMES FLEMING HOSIC
Columbia University

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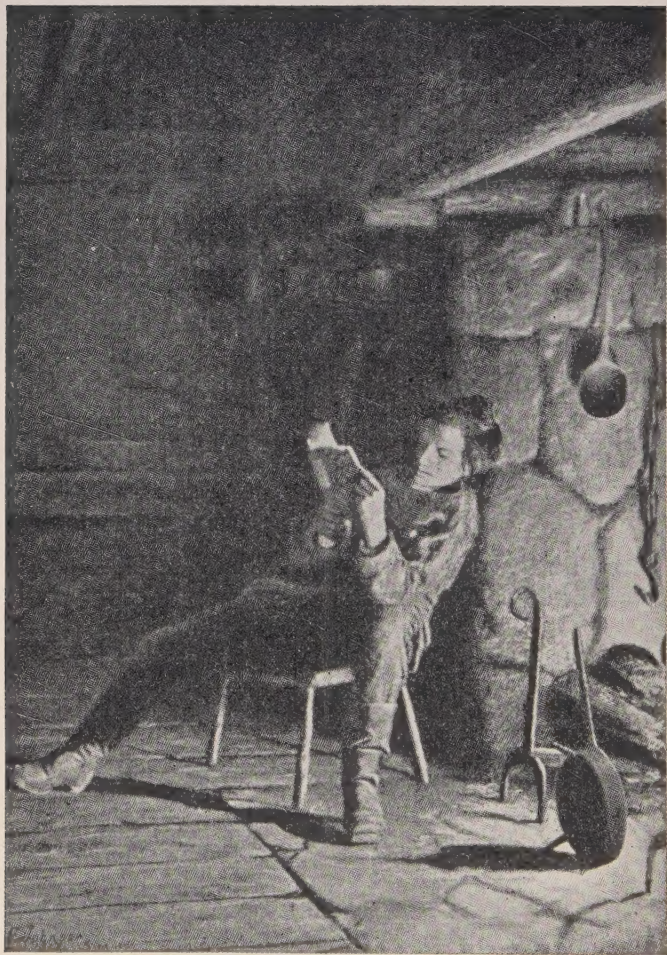
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YOUNG ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Reading a borrowed book by the firelight

The Century Studies in Literature for High Schools

JAMES F. HOSIC, EDITOR

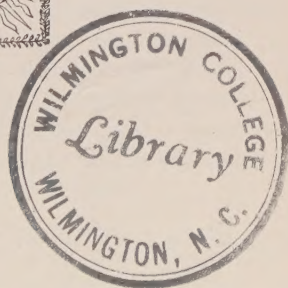
STUDIES IN ENGLISH-WORLD LITERATURE

BY

OTTIS BEDNEY SPERLIN, P.H.M.

Head of the Department of English, Stadium and Lincoln
High Schools, Tacoma, Washington

Principal of the Moran School, Rolling Bay, Washington



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INTRODUCTION

Let neither teacher nor learner assume that this book, or any other, contains all the literature that eleventh grade pupils may well enjoy and love. Large as the volume is, there exist excellent poems, dramas, novels, essays, and speeches which it does not even mention. Presumably all classes will desire to study a novel and a play—and to read more novels and more plays—in addition to the material here printed. These can readily be obtained in separate, inexpensive editions.

Both teacher and learner may well become true explorers, discoverers, pioneers. Such adventures lead to both pleasure and profit. The unknown realm is the literature of the entire English-speaking world. The variety of vistas that open beckons the reader to enter into the life and character of a great race, its thoughts and deeds expressed in memorable poetry and prose. The necessary equipment for such exploration includes a generous school library and a well-selected home library, the two greatest agents in self-cultivation. If either of these agents is a weakling, the class should take immediate steps, individually and collectively, to make it a robust agent for self-development. Then the precious morning hours of life will bring readers into a broader sympathy, a keener intelligence, and a greater courage—all pressingly needed by this increasingly complex environment of today and tomorrow.

Francis Bacon three hundred years ago wrote these memorable words setting forth the three classes of books:

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

Most of the three hundred titles contained in this text are among the "some few" that make up Bacon's third class. However, it will be well for both class and teacher to differentiate within this third group. Some classics should be memorized entire; others should become familiar friends; others should become the basis for

an earnest class discussion; and still others may prove to be on the borderland of Bacon's second class,—to be read, but not too curiously.

The seven large sections of this text, containing poems, dramas, novels, short stories, essays, speeches, and letters, make a comprehensive survey of the literary monuments produced by the English-speaking peoples. In such an undertaking any editor would naturally be zealous to give the major portion of his text to the two greatest English-speaking nations—England and the United States. The circumstance, however, that the preceding volume in this series is wholly given over to *Social Studies in American Literature*, compels the present editor to omit our own country's great classics and to bring to American students not simply the well-known masterpieces of English, Scottish, and Anglo-Irish literature, but just as appropriately the best that has been produced in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India.

These abundant literatures, voicing the virile and fine spirit of the new countries they represent, are now for the first time made available to American schools. For the selections here given, no apologies need be offered; and if the effect of including such distant authors should be, as it seemingly must, a better understanding and a broader sympathy between the far-flung peoples speaking our predominant language, then the editor's labors will have been amply rewarded.

The sequence of classics in the text presents within each of the seven large sections a gradual transition from one group or problem to another related group or problem; this transition relation holds to some extent even within the groups. If the teacher and class elect to consider problems only, regardless of these seven largest sections, or even regardless of any division into poetry, drama, and prose, then the arrangements proposed in "Further Suggestions for Study" under the twelve subdivisions of poems, is recommended for first consideration. Where the school and city libraries are well stocked, other arrangements of these classics may easily be worked out as class projects.

This text also presents over one hundred classics from contemporary authors—a larger number than can be found elsewhere except in books that specialize in current literature. This feature, without additional cost, supplies an insistent demand on the part of both pupils and teachers; and the mingling of contemporary selections with those of the preceding epochs gives everywhere

opportunity for valuable comparisons and often striking contrasts.

What is the ultimate test of our success or failure in studying literature? Whatever the immediate examination set, the ultimate test-questions are these: What home library am I building? What books do I draw from the school or public library? What magazines do I subscribe for, or buy at the news stand? What plays, entertainments, and lectures do I attend? These classics that I study in school—they are, to be sure, great character-builders through the ideals presented; but they may be made greater character-builders through the habit they promote of using leisure time for wholesome enjoyment and profitable self-culture. My education is not done when I leave high school; it has only begun. What determines my acts when high-school days are over? What, indeed, more than my thinking? And what determines my thinking? My reading or my lack of reading; the thoughtful plays I see or do not see; the lectures, speeches, and sermons I hear or do not hear. In other words my thinking is molded by the use I make of my margin of time. Thus my reading, through its influence upon my thinking, is grandfather to my acts.

Good books and good magazines are cheap; it is the ignorance of them that is expensive.

"How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!"

writes Emily Dickinson, foremost of our American recluse poets, speaking of the books that she loved. No citizens, no prospective citizens, need be without the books they desire. To the end that this may be more and more evidently true, teachers should make sure that the emphasis in their teaching aims at the appreciation as well as the comprehension of literature; they should throw themselves whole-heartedly into the building of such school libraries as are inspirations to book-selecting and book-buying; they should guide individual members of their classes through the intricate maze of periodical literature; they should inaugurate with their pupils the building of home libraries, to the end that those fine built-in shelves may be filled with good books rather than with back numbers of trashy magazines; and finally, teachers should readjust their attitude towards home reading so that such activity becomes a voluntary offering rather than a fixed requirement.

Literature is one of the fine arts that like music has commonly been found indispensable in human life. It can not be taught after

the same pattern methods that we use in teaching history or science. Literature, like the other arts inexpressible and unexplainable in any medium except its own, must not be so difficult that it requires the student to be constantly spoon-fed by the teacher; if it is this difficult, it had better not be attempted in the high school. Shall we memorize the notes, and fight through a work of art inch by inch? Shall we teach a good piece of literature to death? Or shall we let the author speak for himself and challenge us to bring our experiences to interpret his? Shall our questions lead to both-erdom and boredom, or shall they stimulate understanding and appreciation? Literature may be difficult to teach; but to study it is easily possible. Shall we teach literature by pumping the student for information gleaned, or shall we rather make the conditions favorable for the student to find himself therein? Of what shall our recitation consist if not of reactions to the challenge of the author? Such reactions create readers who prefer to pick up a book that calls for study rather than one that invites skimming. The study of literature means "intelligent enjoyment"; not only apprehension but comprehension; "it is not so much acquirement as appreciation." It is the act of making our own the vital idea that is set forth in the book; "all that is said, but still more all that is suggested; all that is to be learned, but above everything, all that is to be felt." Happiness consists chiefly in activities; this particular activity, appropriating suitable literature, is the source of immeasurable delight.

The high-school library should have a fair supply of literary surveys for ready reference. Of the English-speaking nations, only England and the United States have been adequately treated by scholars. The following books, though elementary, will probably be of more real help than the more ambitious attempts:

The Facts and Backgrounds of Literature. Reynolds and Greever. The Century Co. New York.

English and American Literature. Hinchman. The Century Co.

A History of American Literature Since 1870. Pattee. The Century Co.

English Literature. Halleck. American Book Company. New York.

American Literature. Halleck. American Book Company.

Introduction to English Literature. Pancoast. Henry Holt and Company. New York.

A First View of English Literature. Moody and Lovett. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.

English Literature. Newcomer. Scott, Foresman, and Company. Chicago.

American Literature. Newcomer. Scott, Foresman, and Company.

English Literature. Rankin and Aikin. The Macmillan Company. New York.

- A Brief Survey of English and American Literature.* Tisdell. The Macmillan Company. New York.
- English Literature.* Long. Ginn and Company. New York.
- American Literature.* Long. Ginn and Company.
- A Short History of England's and America's Literature.* Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Company.
- English Literature.* Miller. J. B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia.
- English Literature.* Haney. Harcourt, Brace and Company. New York.
- American Literature.* Rankin and Aikin. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

INTRODUCTION

BY

JAMES FLEMING HOSIC, PH.D., GENERAL EDITOR

The newer conception of the aims of literature study in high schools demands reorganization of the subject matter and redirection of the activities of the pupils. The older conception, though not denying the possibility of other values, was inclined to lay stress on mental discipline, academic information, and rhetorical analysis. By contrast the modern tendency is to regard literature as primarily a means to the enlargement of experience, the formation of ideals, and the unselfish enjoyment of leisure. It would treat discipline, general information, and critical technique not as ends but as means and attainment in them as inevitable by-products of sincere efforts to master literary works approached as human documents rather than as forms for dissection.

The shift in method is no less marked. Ceasing to be a "recitation" of verbal facts committed to memory from notes or a handbook, the class exercise in literature partakes more of the nature of a literary club, where willing readers compare and correct the impressions gained from their studies, spur each other on to new endeavors, and consciously develop effective ways of approaching and mastering typical pieces of prose and verse. Theme, organization, pictures, and associations receive more attention and linguistic oddities and erudite references less. The teacher's questions are more far-reaching and less meticulous and the pupils do more thinking, reading aloud, and acting, and far less of explaining minutiae and of labeling with grammatical and rhetorical terms. In a word, the newer ideal of method in high school literature appears to be to train the ordinary citizen in the use of books and the enjoyment of the theatre through their actual use and enjoyment in school days. Editorial and critical specialists will find their opportunity later on.

From such a point of view the reading for young people is

selected somewhat differently from what it once was. Variety of experience reasonably within the range of the pupils' comprehension becomes the chief criterion. Value as a means of training in method of approach also ranks high. Excellence is thought necessary for the cultivation of taste and judgment, but it must be seen to be excellence by contrast with that less worthy. And since the object of the work is in large part to establish well-regulated habits of reading magazines and books in ordinary life, the contemporary must be included side by side with the classical. Contemporary art must, however, not be thought of as necessarily youthful because it is new nor the classics mature because they are old. It is the author's attitude, his way of thinking and feeling about his subject, that must determine.

Several numbers will compose the present series, at least one for each school grade. The pupils will first be introduced to the systematic study of literature by means of typical experiences in reading a variety of pieces in verse and prose, selected not only because they are worth-while in themselves and suited in theme and treatment to early high-school years but because they are *representative* of the problems which pieces of their class present. The pupils will be *made to realize that they are learning how to read.*

The present volume was planned with reference particularly to the work of the eleventh grade. In the scheme of the series it will offer, therefore, abundant opportunity for comparison with what has preceded, particularly with the readings in American authors of the year before. It also provides for an extensive acquaintance with examples of the various types of writing, which are systematically reviewed in the year following.

The collection has, however, its own special and worthy mission to perform. America is a part of the English-speaking world. It shares with England, Canada, and Australia, the inheritance of ideas and ideals which have been embodied in English verse and prose from King Alfred to the present. Its civilization is fundamentally English. Everyone should, therefore enjoy the opportunity of reading as widely as circumstances permit in English literature. Only so can he attain to that grasp of what makes American life rich and precious which will make him really free of it. In a word English-world Literature makes for a nobler and truer Americanism.

Never before has an editor undertaken the task which Mr. Sperlin has here performed. He has made available for high

schools an admirable collection of pieces both ancient and modern, representing the whole of the British Empire. These he has grouped so as to bring out not only the various types of writing but the interests embodied. His directions for study are adequate without being irrelevant or over-profuse. The young people who follow in his footsteps will make a journey which will leave them a definite sense of achievement and numerous happy memories.

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STUDIES IN
ENGLISH-WORLD LITERATURE

STUDIES IN ENGLISH-WORLD LITERATURE

SECTION ONE

POETRY

MOST of the poems printed in this text are modern and contemporary. Of the recitation hour, therefore, only a minor fraction should be concerned with the meanings of unfamiliar phrases and allusions. Poems are most effective in class when read aloud by good readers. Each member of the class has it in him to become a good reader. The first efforts should be directed towards memorizing favorite verses and stanzas and reciting these with the sole purpose of conveying the mood and the thought. After such recitation has progressed with a fair degree of success, reading aloud of familiar stanzas is the next step. Some months spent in reading familiar matter will lead by the end of the year to the serviceable ability to read aloud in a pleasing mood a poem that has been read through once silently. Reading aloud at sight in class should be attempted by only the very best readers the class affords.

If the class should elect to devote more attention to the form side of poetry than is indicated by the study suggestions in this section, it is advisable that this work also be cast as a series of problems. When the form of any one poem has been established, the class should find all the others that fulfil the requirements. Thus blank verse, free verse, the couplet, the ballad stanza, the Spenserian stanza, the sonnet, and other forms will become familiar friends. Similar problems may develop the verse forms, as iambus, trochee, dactyl; and the types of poetry, as lyric, narrative, dramatic, descriptive, humorous, pastoral, allegorical, to whatever extent the class can profitably enter into the intricacies of the subject.

Such study will be aided and abetted by attempts on the part of all students to write verse. No exercise leads to a surer appreciation of the fine quality of our poets, and no exercise gives the young writer a stronger feeling for pleasing and effective phrases.

Practically every one of our greatest nineteenth and twentieth century prose writers has written poetry and has acknowledged the benefit the composing has been to his prose style. Carlyle, Ruskin, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy—all were powerful and graceful writers of prose; yet they expressed themselves also in good poetry which influenced their prose style. To exemplify the thought that successful verse is entirely within the power of high-school students, and to provoke emulation, a few specimens, by courtesy of *The Tahoma*, are here inserted:

SPECIMENS OF STUDENT VERSE

PUGET SOUND

KNUTE ANDERSON

Wonderful child of the ocean,
 Beautiful starlit sea,
 Set all your wavelets in motion
 To ripple and laugh for me;

Blue as the sky are thy crystal deeps,
 Tinted with gold where the moon-
 light sleeps,
 Silvery clear where the cataract leaps,
 Singing his song to thee;

Wonderful child of the ocean,
 Beautiful starlit sea,
 Bright are thy wavelets in motion
 Wild and enchanting to me.

ANDERER'S EVENING SONG

(From the German)

E. H. B.

THE SUN has dropped behind the
 hill—
 Night crowns the tops of the trees;
 And rest
 Is come with night's mysteries
 Out of the west;
 Blown on a fainting breeze
 The birds are still.
 You and I shall soon sleep, too.
 Peace to you.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LAURA DICKSON

It's Thanksgiving Day
 And I'm thinking of you;
 I wish you could share my bless-
 ings, too.

It's Thanksgiving Day!
 And I'm happy, dear friend;
 Friendship like ours can never end.

It's Thanksgiving Day!
 And I'm thankful for you—
 For all of the things God has let
 us do;
 And I'm glad that we live in the
 world, we two!

THE BACHELOR

MARVIN MACLEAN

UPON my littered mantel
 Two photographs there be
 Of those two dainty maidens
 Who once had love for me.
 Two slender, soft-eyed lasses—
 They spurned me, I regret—
 And one of them is Victorine
 And one is Nicolette.

At evening in the twilight
 Before the fire's blaze,
 I like to sit and live again
 Those tender, by-gone days.

I know I loved them truly—
 But somehow I forget
 Just which of them is Victorine
 And which is Nicolette.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

KNUTE ANDERSON

FROM crested Tahoma¹
 A challenge rang out,
 Till the crags and the gorges
 Reëchoed the shout;
 For the arrogant Hood
 With a far-sounding ring,
 Had announced to creation
 That he was its king!

Then Tahoma in haste
 Called his spirits to aid,
 That the crown might be held,
 The usurper be stayed.
 With a rush and a roar
 Did the tempest come forth
 With a howl and a whirl
 To the south from the north!

And the thunder uprooted
 The cliff and the rock,
 Till the far valleys trembled
 And quaked at the shock;

While the arrogant Hood
 In his fury did fume,
 Flinging missiles of fire
 That glared through the gloom.

And the elements parted
 To join in the fight;
 Till the night became day
 And the day became night;
 While the smoke rose in columns,
 The hot lava flowed
 From the pits of their hearts
 That with vanity glowed.

The strife ceased at length;
 But the captains of war
 Stood out in their crystalline
 Beauty no more;
 For their crests had been shattered
 And torn by the fray,
 And their flashing white mantles
 Had melted away.

Then the Great Mother saw
 That the proud heads were low,
 And straightway reclad them
 In mantles of snow;
 And set the great river,
 Columbia's stream,
 To mark the wide realm
 Of each monarch supreme.

The best appreciation of the poetry presented herewith calls for the reading of many additional poems dealing with the same or related problems. Each student should make himself familiar with one or two of these, indicated in the study as "Further Reading," under each poem of importance. The high-school library should possess one or more "treasuries" from each of the ten groups following; and when classes are large and there are other sections doing the same work, the library should purchase duplicate copies of those which experience proves to the class to be most helpful:

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¹Tahoma, or Mount Rainier, is the giant volcanic peak of the Cascade Range in the state of Washington. Mount Hood, also volcanic, is across the Columbia River in Oregon.

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New Zealand Verse. Alexander and Currie. Walter Scott Publishing Company.

SOUTH AFRICAN

- South African Poetry and Verse.* E. H. Crouch. A. C. Fifield: London.
Songs and Ballads from Over the Seas. E. A. Helps. E. P. Dutton and Company.
 (Also contains Indian, Australasian, and Canadian.)

GENERAL

- A Hundred Great Poems.* R. J. Cross. Henry Holt and Company.
A Book of Famous Verse. Agnes Repplier.
Narrative and Lyric Poems. S. S. Seward. Henry Holt and Company.
Poetry of the People. Gayley and Flaherty. Ginn and Company.
The Blue Poetry Book. Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.
One Hundred Narrative Poems. George E. Teter. Scott, Foresman and Company.
Famous Single and Fugitive Poems. Rossiter Johnson. Henry Holt and Company.

MISCELLANEOUS

- A Book of the Sea.* Lady Sybil Scott. Oxford University Press.
A Sailor's Garland. John Masfield. The Macmillan Company.

- Songs of Men.* Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company.
An Anthology of Mother Verse. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Songs of Nature. John Burroughs. Doubleday, Page & Company.
The Poetry of Nature. Henry Van Dyke. William Heinemann.
The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. Kenneth Grahame. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Haunted Hour: an Anthology. Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

CONTEMPORARY

- The Little Book of Modern Verse.* Jessie Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Second Book of Modern Verse. Jessie Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Modern American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Modern British Verse. Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Book of Modern British Verse. W. S. Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co.
An Anthology of Recent Verse. L. D'O. Walters. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The New Poetry. Monroe and Henderson. The Macmillan Company.
Modern Verse. Anita P. Forbes. Henry Holt and Company.
The Lyric Year: One Hundred Poems. Ferdinand Earle. Mitchell Kennerley.
High Tide. Richards. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Melody of Earth. Richards. Houghton Mifflin Company.
New Voices. Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY IN TRANSLATION

- Old English Poetry: Translations into Alliterative Verse.* J. Duncan Spaeth, Princeton University Press.
Translations from Old English Poetry. Cook and Tinker. Ginn and Company.

LITERATURE AND LIFE¹

A BOOK²

EMILY DICKINSON³

THERE IS no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

Explain *frigate*, *courser*, *traverse*, *frugal*. How are the comparisons appropriate? Express the thought of the poem. Compare the thought with the following, from the same author:

A BOOK⁴

HE ATE and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days;
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

Explain *loosened spirit*.

¹ Since this section is intended as an introduction to the studies of the year, a general view of the topic is provided by means of selections from American as well as from British writers. Once the point of view is established, the class may go on to the "realms of gold" to be found everywhere in the English-speaking world; omitting, however, the United States, which has been represented in the preceding volume of this series.—EDITOR.

² From *Poems, Third Series*, by Emily Dickinson. Copyright by Little, Brown, and Company.

³ 1830-1886. American poet, author of unique short lyrics.

⁴ From *Poems*, by Emily Dickinson. Copyright by Little, Brown, and Company.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Dickens in Camp</i>	Bret Harte
<i>Recollections of The Arabian Nights</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>The Poet's Song</i>	John Keats
<i>Epistle to My Brother George</i>	John Keats

(The part in quotations, where the bard speaks, more especially.)

THE LITTLE BOOK-SHOP

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE¹

I KNOW a book-shop in a quiet street
 Close to the flame and thunder of Broadway,
 A little heaven, a refuge and retreat
 From the loud murmur of the staring day.

There, in the hush, with voices of the past
 Singing far songs,—Wordsworth and Keats and Poe,—
 Often I linger, dipping in the last
 Bright volume or some ancient folio.

The world goes by; haply is lost—well lost,
 But old worlds rise before me in this place,
 And in some shining book, by Love embossed,
 I read the record of a nobler race.

I read of pomp and chivalry and pride,
 Or the bright laughter of a quiet age;
 I dwell in moonlight on a distant tide,
 What time I thumb and turn some yellow page.

I hear the rustle of imperial lace,
 I dream of glory and strong fighting men;
 The lamps expire, and in the chimney-place
 The last red embers burn, go out; and then

I find myself one of the evening crowd,
 Facing the world that thrills me as before.
 But oh, that moment when they spoke aloud—
 Shakespeare and Dante—through Death's hidden door!

Do Wordsworth, Keats, Poe, and Shakespeare speak directly to this reader, or do they speak through the medium of a third person, such as teacher or critic? Does this give you a hint regarding how you can come to delight in good books? What profit has the evening been to this reader? What strong contrasts in the poem? In connection with the relation between reader and author, consider Irving's words about Poets' Corner in his sketch "Westminster Abbey":

¹ 1877 ——. American editor and poet.



"The world goes by: haply is lost—weil lost"

"The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories, but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that visitors to the abbey remained longer about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions, for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow men is ever new, active, and immediate."

Explain this "something of companionship" and "intercourse ever new, active, and immediate."

FURTHER READINGS:

On Shakespeare.....John Milton
Stanzas Written in his Library.....Robert Southey
The Library.....Frank Dempster Sherman
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.....John Keats

In connection with "A Book" and "The Little Book-Shop," discuss Milton's thought in his "Areopagitica": "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; and also Shakespeare's prophecy in one of his sonnets:

"And Death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes."

WORDS

CHARLES HARPUR¹

Words are deeds. The words we hear
 May revolutionize or rear
 A mighty state. The words we read
 May be a spiritual deed
 Excelling any fleshly one
 As much as the celestial sun
 Transcends a bonfire, made to throw
 A light upon some raree-show.
 A simple proverb tagged with rime
 May color half the course of time;
 The pregnant saying of a sage
 May influence every coming age;

¹ 1817-1868. The earliest of the Australian poets.

13
Greek + Pers
(Leonidas)

Brake + Fern
(Leonidas)

<i>A Word</i>	Emily Dickinson
<i>A Syllable</i>	“ “
<i>Deed</i>	“ “

And here the Singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead,
"The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."

AUSTIN DOBSON¹

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rime!

¹1840 —. English poet and biographer; he ranks high as a writer of graceful society verse.

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant strut,
 In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
 In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows
 And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
 And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
 Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rime!

ENVOY

In a work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
 But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
 Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rime!

The peculiar form is the *ballade royal*; study the evident requirements in rime and refrain. What is the poet's distinction between *prose* and *rime*? Is he serious in this matter? Do you agree with the idea?

FURTHER READINGS:

Pan in Wall Street.....Edmund Clarence Stedman
With Pipe and Flute.....Austin Dobson

THE POETRY OF EARTH

FLORENCE EARLE COATES¹

"*The poetry of earth is never dead.*"—Keats.

THERE IS ALWAYS room for beauty: memory
 A myriad lovely blossoms may enclose;
 But, whatsoe'er hath been, there still must be
 Room for another rose.

Though skylark, throstle, white throat, whippoorwill,
 And nightingale earth's echoing chantries throng,
 When comes another singer, there will be
 Room for another song.

Is the poet right in her conclusions? Why? What is a *chantry*?

FURTHER READINGS:

The New Life.....Witter Bynner
To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence.....James Elroy Flecker
Poetry.....Louis Untermeyer
The Poet.....William Cullen Bryant
The Poet.....Alice Brown

¹ American author, poet laureate of Pennsylvania.

ODE

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY¹

We are the music makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;—
 World-losers and world-forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory:
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Who are "we"? Does the poet overestimate his calling? In what way are poets "dreamers of dreams"? How are they "world-losers and world-forsakers"? How can such be a "shaker of the world forever"? How can a dream help a man to conquer a crown? Can you name any songs in history that have helped "trample a kingdom down"? Explain the last two lines.

FURTHER READINGS:

Come, Poet, Come.....Arthur Hugh Clough
England My Mother.....William Watson
A Poet's Thought.....Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall")
The Poet.....William Cullen Bryant
So Much Is Altered.....T. W. Earp

¹1844-1881. A British lyric poet.

THE POET

COLIN A. SCOTT¹

SWEET WORDS waiting since the early times,
 For him have tarried.
 For him they rush into his rimes
 For ever married.

Ambassador of birds and bees,
 He knows their meaning:
 The spokesman of the tongueless trees,
 Grey grown, or greening;

And even my heart he reads aright,
Through magic seeming;
 At last my lips can utter quite
 My soul's deep dreaming.

Do you find any hint here why it may be well to memorize certain poetry?

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>The Poet's Town</i>	John G. Neihardt
<i>The Poet</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>A Poet's Epitaph</i>	William Wordsworth
<i>The Shepherd of King Admetus</i>	James Russell Lowell
<i>Martin</i>	Joyce Kilmer
<i>On the Building of Springfield</i>	Vachel Lindsay
<i>Ode ("Bards of Passion and of Mirth")</i>	John Keats

INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE

WILLIAM BLAKE²

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again";
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

Show how the effect of simplicity is here produced. Explain the symbolism. With what age in life would the volume *Songs*

¹ 1861 —. Canadian writer, lecturer, and artist; now a college professor in the United States.

² 1757-1827. English poet and painter; first writer to deal with child life in English poetry.

of *Innocence* deal? How is this a suitable introduction? Do the following poems from the book fulfil the promise?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Infant Joy</i>	William Blake
<i>A Cradle Song</i> ("Sleep, sleep, beauty bright").....	" "
<i>Little Lamb</i>	" "
<i>The Tiger</i>	" "

I AM THE MOUNTAINY SINGER

JOSEPH CAMPBELL¹

I AM THE mountainy singer—
The voice of the peasant's dream,
The cry of the wind on the wooded
hill,
The leap of the fish in the stream.

Quiet and love I sing—
The cairn on the mountain crest
The cailin in her lover's arms,
The child at its mother's breast.

Beauty and peace I sing—
The fire on the open hearth,
The cailleach spinning at her wheel,
The plow in the broken earth.

Travail and pain I sing—
The bride on the childing bed,
The dark man laboring at his rimes;
The ewe in the lambing shed.

Sorrow and death I sing—
The canker come on the corn,
The fisher lost in the mountain loch,
The cry at the mouth of morn.

No other life I sing,
For I am sprung of the stock
That broke the hilly land for bread,
And built the nest in the rock!

cairn, provincial form of the word *cairn*, a pile of rocks; *cailin*, provincial Irish word for *colleen*, a girl; *cailleach*, a crone, an old woman; *loch*, a lake.

Why does Campbell write of "mountainy" themes? How can these be made to appeal to people living under very different geographical conditions?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Dedication</i>	Patrick Maggill
<i>An Apology</i>	Hamlin Garland
<i>A Dedication</i>	Adam Lindsay Gordon
<i>Israfel</i>	Edgar Allan Poe
<i>Sandolphon</i>	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
<i>To a Skylark</i>	Percy Bysshe Shelley
<i>Kubla Khan</i>	Samuel Taylor Coleridge

A CONSECRATION²JOHN MASEFIELD³

Nor of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly lauded to lap the fat of the years—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

¹ 1881 —. Irish dramatist and poet who uses the pen name of Seosamh MacCathmhaoil, the Gaelic form of his name.

² This selection from John Masefield's *Salt Water Poems and Ballads* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publishers.

³ 1878 —. English poet, dramatist, and novelist. He treats even prosaic themes with sincere poetic vision.

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
 Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries;
 The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medaled Commander, beloved of the throne,
 Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
 But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
 The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
 The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
 The chantyman bent at the halliards ^{ropes} putting a tune to the shout,
 The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

^{rose} Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
^{weary} The portly presence of ~~potentates~~ goodly in girth;—
 Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and the scum of the earth!

THEIRS be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
 Mine be the handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold.
 Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

Amen.

This poem is the Introduction to *Salt Water Poems and Ballads*. Why should the poet consecrate himself to one class rather than to all? Is his choice justified? Compare his consecration with Shelley's. Shelley, having made sure that none of his young schoolmates were near to "mock his streaming eyes," resolved:

"I will be wise
 And just and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
 Without reproach or check." I then controlled
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

Shelley lived in the early nineteenth century. May this different century account for the difference between his consecration and Masfield's?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>An Apology</i> . Prologue to <i>The Earthly Paradise</i>	William Morris
<i>Song-Making</i>	Sara Teasdale
<i>Guerdon</i>	Sarojini Naidu
<i>A Simile</i>	Matthew Prior
<i>Old Anchor Chanty</i>	Herbert Trench

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON THE RELATION OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Literature is the expression, in memorable poetry and prose, of the life and character of the race. For the English-speaking peoples, next after their passion for freedom under established law, literature is their most widely spread and most deeply rooted characteristic. How far-flung and important it is one may judge from the preceding poems selected from England, Ireland, Canada, Australia, and the United States. Though literature is technically an art, like music and painting, it has become of such importance that it is indispensable in the institutions of school, home, church, society, and even in government and business.

(“Poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live.”—*Matthew Arnold*.)

Discuss this definition. What is the true meaning of the word *criticism*? Find another definition of poetry that may possibly be more serviceable to you. Let a different member of the class write one of these on the board each day for a week, for class consideration. Try to make a definition of your own. It may be rough-hewn; but make it serve your understanding of poetry. Extend the definition to include literature of all kinds.

Poetry and prose must be memorable before they can be classed as literature. Professor C. Alphonso Smith, in his book entitled *What Can Literature Do for Me?* asks why Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech* is literature and why Edward Everett's two-hour speech on the same occasion is not literature. Most likely Everett's speech is not obtainable in your library; nevertheless, attempt to answer the question as best you can; then have one of the class report on Professor Smith's answer. The entire book, *What Can Literature Do for Me?* may well be read and reported on by a few members of the class, as supplementary reading in non-fiction. The mere titles of the six chapters are helpful: “It Can Give You an Outlet”; “It Can Keep Before You the Vision of the Ideal”; “It Can Give You a Better Knowledge of Human Nature”; “It Can Restore the Past to You”; “It Can Show You the Glory of the Commonplace”; and “It Can Give You the Mastery of Your Own Language.”

Upon which of these chapters would Mr. Towne's “The Little

Book-Shop" bear most? O'Shaughnessy's "Ode"? Blake's *Songs of Innocence*? Mr. Campbell's "Mountainy Singer"? Mr. Masefield's "Consecration"?

Sum up the definite conclusions to which the class may have come.

ART AND LIFE

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

JOHN KEATS¹

*quiet power
of beauty-*

THOU STILL unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rime:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,

*Valley
in the valley*

In Tempe or in dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah! happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

¹1795-1821. English poet, a passionate lover of beauty.

What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets forevermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

What definite hints in the poem help you to picture this Grecian urn? Why is the question used so much in the first and fourth stanzas? Give reasons for the various negatives in stanzas two and three; for the "happiness" in stanza three. What feeling do you have for the desolate little town that must be forever silent? Why must it be? Explain how the urn is a "Cold Pastoral." What is the urn's lesson? How does it teach this lesson? What are some of the other important thoughts expressed here?

FURTHER READINGS:

On a Greek Vase.....Frank Dempster Sherman
To a Wind Flower.....Madison Cawein
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America...George Berkeley

UNA AND THE LION

EDMUND SPENSER¹

ONE DAY, nigh weary of the irksome way, a
 From her unhasty beast she did alight; b
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay a
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight: b
 From her fair head her fillet she undight, b
 And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face, c
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright, b
 And made a sunshine in the shady place; c
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace. e

¹ 1552-1599. English poet, strongly influenced by the Italian Renaissance.

from *Jaeger's Juene*

-*Truth*

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devoured her slender corse;
 But to the préy whenas he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

In stead thereof he kissed her weary feet *a*
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue, *e*
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet. *a*
 Oh, how can beauty master the most strong, *e*
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong! *e*
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission, *e*
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long, *e*
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion; *e*
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection. *c*

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she wept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And when she walked, he waited diligent
 With humble service to her will prepared:
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

These stanzas are from *Faerie Queene*, Book One, Canto III. Una, or Truth, has been deserted by the Red Cross Knight, or Holiness, through the plotting of Hypocrisy. Spenser, the poet's poet, was worshiped by Keats. What lines in these stanzas may have been a forerunner of Keat's concluding lines in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"? Memorize these lines in both poems.

Spenser invented for the *Faerie Queene* the Spenserian stanza, one of the finest in any language. What are its evident requirements? Spenser planned a poem of twelve books, each with twelve cantos, each canto with about fifty stanzas of nine lines each, thus making a total of over sixty thousand lines. As the couplet previously used for narrative poems would have become very monotonous, Spenser invented a stanza that could be used for a variety of purposes and effects in narrative, descriptive and reflective verse.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Summons</i>	Louis Untermeyer
<i>The Rhodora</i>	Ralph Waldo Emerson
<i>God's World</i>	Edna St. Vincent Millay
<i>I Died for Beauty</i>	Emily Dickinson

THE BUGLER

FREDERICK WILLIAM HARVEY¹

God dreamed a man;
 Then, having firmly shut
 Life like a precious metal in his fist,
 Withdrew, His labor done. Thus did begin
 Our various divinity and sin.
 For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
 And others—dreaming empires—straightway cut
 Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dares to boast
 That he is guiltless?) Others coined it: most
 Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
 Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
 Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
 Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.

For me, I do but bear within my hand
 (For sake of Him our Lord, now long forsaken)
 A simple bugle such as may awaken
 With one high morning note a drowsing man:
 That whereso'er within my motherland
 That sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide
 Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
 Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

How does the thought resemble that in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn?" Is there an added idea here? Discuss the following, especially the right of beauty to be included:

"The social problem is how to so organize the world that every one from the least to the greatest who renders honest service shall receive what is necessary for complete life—bread, beauty, and brotherhood."—*Edwin Markham*.

¹ Contemporary English poet and soldier; long in German prison camps, where he wrote this poem,

THE IMMORTAL

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL¹

BEAUTY is still immortal in our eyes.
 When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
 When the wild grape shall build
 No more her canopies,
 When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
 When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
 When the last eve has stilled
 The wandering wind and touched the dying foam,
 When the last moon burns low, and spark by spark
 The little worlds die out along the dark,—

(Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
 With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
 Beauty that bade the showers
 Beat on the violet's face,
 Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place
 And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.

Compare this with Keats's "Ode" and Harvey's "The Bugler."
 Also compare Keats's opening lines in *Endymion*:

(A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness.

Then contrast Mr. Sandburg's opening line:

(I cried over beautiful things, knowing no beautiful thing ever lasts.)

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Discovery</i>	John Freeman
<i>The Star</i>	Willoughby Weaving
<i>The Wine</i>	Sara Teasdale
<i>Immortality</i>	Emily Dickinson
<i>Autumn Movement</i>	Carl Sandburg
<i>The Great Lover</i>	Rupert Brooke
<i>The Dew-Light</i>	Hilda Conkling (eight years old)

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1687

JOHN DRYDEN²

FROM HARMONY, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,

¹ 1883 ——. Canadian poet, English born.

² 1631-1700. English poet and dramatist of the Restoration.

The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead."
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began;
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full on man.

{What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound:
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries: "Hark! the foes come:
 Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute,
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers;
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wend their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees unrooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

*As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the Blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.*

St. Cecilia, patron saint of sacred music, first used the organ accompaniment with her hymns of praise. An angel, so legends tell, descended to listen to her. This lyric of Dryden's is literally a song; it was written for a London musical society which gave a program annually on St. Cecilia's birthday.

What is the thought in the opening section? With what thought does the poem conclude? What various emotions are aroused by music? What passions quelled? If you were arranging an orchestration to accompany this choral song, what instrument or instruments would you have lead as it progresses from stanza to stanza?

Compare the line, "Less than a god they thought there could not dwell" with this line from Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes":

The music, yearning like a god in pain.

FURTHER READINGS:

Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Music.....John Dryden
The Barrel-Organ.....Alfred Noyes
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.....Alexander Pope

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

JOHN MILTON¹

BLEST PAIR of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixèd power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;

¹ 1608-1674. England's great epic poet; a Puritan of the finest type.

And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand choirs
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly:
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportioned Sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motions swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with Him and sing in endless morn of light!

Concent means harmony. Consort means band or concert.

What is Milton's ideal of song? Of its powers? Why does he speak of sin as disproportioned?

What in the use of the word *noise* differs from the present usage? One of the old miracle plays has this line: "It was an angel dear that made this noble noise." Milton's father was a musical composer.

FURTHER READINGS:

To Mr. H. Lawes on His Airs.....John Milton
Music: An Ode.....Henry Van Dyke
The passions: An Ode for Music.....William Collins

THE POWER OF MUSIC

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE¹

From Act V of *The Merchant of Venice*

Lorenzo. My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
 And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.]

¹ 1564-1616. Greatest English poet and dramatist.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

[Enter MUSICIANS.]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

[Music.]

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd
 Or race of youthful or unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

[Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.]

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 (How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.)

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a king
 Until a king be by, and then his state
 Empties itself, as does an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!

Nerissa. It is the music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked!

[*Music ceases.*]

Is there any relation between the force which here tames the wild colts and the force that tamed the lion in *Faerie Queene*? The "music of the spheres" referred to in Lorenzo's first speech was a common theme for poets of the English Renaissance period. Milton, in his "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" refers to the belief and its relation to world progress as follows:

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,

But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set

And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will turn back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mold;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet in tissued clouds down steering;
 And Heaven; as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

Compare also the first and last stanzas of "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and the last lines of "The Immortal."

FURTHER READINGS:

A Musical Instrument.....Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Music Comes.....John Freeman
Clavichords.....Osbert Sitwell

THE LARK IN THE CLEAR SKY

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON¹

DEAR thoughts are in my mind,
 And my soul soars enchanted,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing
 In the clear air of the day.
 For a tender beaming smile,
 To my hope has been granted,
 And tomorrow she shall hear
 All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,
 All my soul's adoration,
 And I think she will hear me
 And will not say me nay.
 It is this that gives my soul
 All its joyous elation,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing
 In the clear air of the day.

Compare this with Shelley's "To a Skylark." Can you characterize the difference in the rhythm? the difference in the effects of the bird's song?

FURTHER READINGS:

To a Skylark.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Little Red Lark.....Katherine Tynan Hinkson
The Skylark.....James Hogg ("The Ettrick Shepherd")
To a Skylark (Ethereal minstrel).....William Wordsworth
To a Skylark (Up with me)....." "
To the Cuckoo....." "
To a Seamew.....Algernon Charles Swinburne

¹ 1810-1886. Irish poet and scholar.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE¹

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

This song is from *Henry VIII*. Queen Katherine has asked one of her working women to quit her work and sing. "My soul grows sad with troubles," she says; "sing and disperse them, if thou canst." The song is to be had in Victor record 18528.

FURTHER SONGS:

Over Hill, Over Dale.....William Shakespeare
Come Away, Death....." "
Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred....." "

ARIEL'S SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WHERE THE BEE sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

This song is from *The Tempest*. Ariel is the air spirit, the ethereal servant of Prospero, the guiding providence of the play.

The music to this song, by Robert Johnson (about 1590), is in *Fifty Shakespeare Songs*; also Victor record 17702—A.

FURTHER READINGS:

Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies.....William Shakespeare
Take, O Take Those Lips Away....." "
Come Unto These Yellow Sands....." "
Sigh No More, Ladies....." "
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.....Ben Jonson

¹ 1564-1616. Greatest English poet and dramatist.

O MISTRESS MINE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter:
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 (Youth's a stuff will not endure. A (?)

This song is from *Twelfth Night*. It should be considered in connection with the music. The original air, thought to be by Thomas Morley, is obtainable in the Victor records (17662—B). This same air and the music by S. Coleridge-Taylor are found in *Fifty Shakespeare Songs* (Oliver Ditson Company). Most of the following songs are in the same book; they are also to be had in records for the phonograph.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>It Was a Lover and His Lass</i>	William Shakespeare
<i>Who Is Sylvia?</i>	" "
<i>Hark, Hark! the Lark</i>	" "
<i>Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind</i>	" "
<i>Under the Greenwood Tree</i>	" "
<i>What Shall He Have that Killed the Deer</i>	" "

ELEGIAC STANZAS

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm, Painted by
 Sir George Beaumont

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
 I saw thee every day; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
 So like, so very like, was day to day!
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

¹ 1770-1850. English poet; romantic, yet dealing with the lives of the peasantry.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah, *then*, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;



After the picture by Sir George Beaumont.

PEELE CASTLE

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
 Amid a world how different from this!
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;

No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,—
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

This elegy is in memory of Wordsworth's brother, John, a sea captain who died in shipwreck in 1805. Beaumont, painter of the picture here described, gave the canvas to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying that she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and the picture was given to Sir Uvedale Price.

What strong contrast in this poem? What caused Wordsworth's realization of the greatness of the picture? What is the finest line in the description of the Castle? Why should the painter add "The light that never was, on sea or land"?

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON THE RELATIONS OF ART AND LIFE

Tolstoi says that speech, transmitting the thoughts and experiences of men, serves as a means of union among them, and that art acts in a similar manner. On the same point Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, writes, "Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it." Apply these thoughts to the Grecian urn. Why does Keats call it a friend to man? What of the music described in the Song for St. Cecilia's Day? Of the picture of Peele Castle? Of the castle itself, the "hoary Pile"? Does it convey something from the soul of the builder to the one who beholds it?

Does every work of art cause the receiver, as Tolstoi says, "to enter into relationship both with him who produced or is producing the art and with all those who simultaneously, previously, or subsequently receive the same artistic impression"? When we receive another's expression of feeling, do we tend to experience that feeling ourselves?

No poems printed here touch upon the art of sculpture. Do the following lines from "Book Third" of Wordsworth's *The Prelude* indicate that the same is true of the sculptor's art?—

"The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone."

How do the fine arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and literature—differ? Which use tangible materials for their expression or embodiment of beauty and harmony? Which use sound? When we read a poem silently, is there anything more than the mental image that transmits the poet's thoughts and emotions? In what sense is literature on the highest plane of all the arts? What is the difference between science and art? Which affects

the soul? What is the relation of each to the senses? Is art the same as imitation? If it is more, what more? Does it consist in altering and improving nature? What part does the imagination play?

Do you agree with Ruskin that the soul hungers for beauty? Would this be true for both external beauty and for vital beauty? What is the difference between these two? Which is it in the Grecian urn? in "The Bugler"? In Una what is that to which the lion yields?

MAN AND NATURE

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

Can you explain the poet's mood? What is the poet's "belief" in regard to nature—flowers, birds, twigs? Are these feelings of enjoyment and pleasure projected by the poet from his own feelings, or are they external to him, though like his own? Does he believe in personality among flowers? What is his belief when he differ-

¹ 1770-1850. English poet; Laureate, 1843-1850. Famous for his nature poetry.

entiate between nature and man? What is "Nature's holy plan"? Compare the closing lines with these from Burns:

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>In Excelsis</i>	Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
<i>The Débutante</i>	Guy Wetmore Carryl
<i>Winter in the Marsh</i>	Clinton Scollard
<i>A Song in Spring</i>	Sarojini Naidu
<i>The Call of the Spring</i>	Alfred Noyes
<i>Renewal</i>	Charles Hanson Towne
<i>The Immortal</i>	Cale Young Rice
<i>Spring, the Traveling Man</i>	Winifred M. Letts
<i>The Flocks of Spring</i>	C. G. D. Roberts
<i>Spring Song</i>	Bliss Carman

THE OCEAN

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON¹

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with thy shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

¹ 1788-1824. English poet of a revolutionary spirit.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

These stanzas are from *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. Compare the thought with Wordsworth's "Lines Written in Early Spring." Do the opening lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" help to reconcile any differences? What relations between Man, Nature, God, and the Universe are pointed out in each? How does this view of the ocean differ from that in Wordsworth's "Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle"? The stanzas here printed from *Childe Harold* contain one of the finest apostrophes in English literature. Memorize it. How is the ocean an image of eternity? Byron's love of the ocean was genuine. His most famous deed of prowess was swimming the Hellespont, now known as the Dardanelles.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Gravedigger.....Bliss Carman
They that Go Down to the Sea in Ships.....Psalm cvii
Song of the Argonauts.....William Morris
By the Sea.....Christina Rossetti
The Open Sea.....Dorothy Mackellar

THE SHELL

JAMES STEPHENS¹

AND THEN I pressed the shell
 Close to my ear
 And listened well,
 And straightway like a bell
 Came low and clear
 The slow, sad murmur of the distant
 seas,
 Whipped by an icy breeze
 Upon a shore
 Wind-swept and desolate.
 It was a sunless strand that never
 bore
 The footprint of a man,
 Nor felt the weight
 Since time began
 Of any human quality or stir
 Save what the dreary winds and
 waves incur.
 And in the hush of waters was the
 sound

Of pebbles rolling round,
 Forever rolling with a hollow sound.
 And bubbling sea-weeds as the
 waters go
 Swish to and fro
 Their long, cold tentacles of slimy
 grey.
 There was no day,
 Nor ever came a night
 Setting the stars alight
 To wonder at the moon:
 Was twilight only and the frightened
 croon,
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary
 wind
 And waves that journeyed blind—
 And then I loosed my ear. . . . O, it
 was sweet
 To hear a cart go jolting down the
 street.

Explain the feeling after he has taken the shell away from his ear. Why does he disillusion us in the last two lines?

FURTHER READINGS:

Beyond Kerguelin.....Henry Clarence Kendall
The Chambered Nautilus.....Oliver Wendell Holmes
The Sea Shell.....Eugene Field
To the Nautilus.....Hartley Coleridge
The Sea Shell (in The Excursion, Book Fourth).....William Wordsworth
MagicHamlin Garland

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA

SHANE LESLIE²

SAID the Mountain to the Sea:
 "I am laden loving thee,
 And my tears of melted snow
 Bring you token down below."
 To the Mountain sang the Sea:
 "All my tideways throb for thee,

Winter night and Summer day
 Clamber I to creek and bay."
 Circled by the lonely lea
 Yearned the Mountain for the Sea,
 While across the barren sand
 Strove the Sea to come to Land.

¹1882 ——. Irish poet and novelist, noted in poetry for his power to blend the incongruous.

²1886 ——. Irish poet, a strong exponent of the Celtic revival.

Godlike Mountain, Virgin Sea—
 Never shall they mingled be
 Till the waves are foam and gust,
 Till the hill-tops die to dust.

When the years are come and done,
 When all love is lost or won—
 Then the winds shall set them free,
 Ash of Mountain—Mist of Sea!

Compare the thought here with Mr. Le Gallienne's "Orbits."
 Is the difference in thought traceable to the choice of illustrations?

FURTHER READINGS:

Orbits.....Richard Le Gallienne
The Sea by the Wood.....Duncan Campbell Scott
The Wood by the Sea....." "
The Voice and the Peak.....Alfred Tennyson
The Mountain and the Lake.....Robert W. Service

THE MOUNTAINEER ¹

"A. E." (GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL)²

OH, at the eagle's height
 To lie in the sweet of the sun,
 While veil after veil takes flight
 And God and the world are one!

Oh, the night on the steep!
 All that his eyes saw dim
 Grows light in the dusky deep,
 And God is alone with him.

Explain each stanza. How can the last two lines be true?
 Does the poet think that God and Nature are identical?

FURTHER READINGS:

Piegan Pines.....Walter Prichard Eaton
The Chant of the Colorado.....Cale Young Rice
The Mountain Gateway.....Bliss Carman
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.....Samuel Taylor Coleridge
To the Evening Star.....William Blake

THE VELDT

PERCIVAL GIBBON ³

CAST the window wider, sonny;
 Let me see the veldt
 Rolling grandly to the sunset
 Where the mountains melt
 With the sharp horizon round it,
 Like a silver belt.

Years and years I've trekked across it,
 Ridden back and fore,
 Till the silence and the glamour
 Ruled me to the core;
 No man ever knew it better,
 None could love it more.

¹ Used by special arrangement with the author and the Macmillan Company, publishers.

² 1867 ——. Irish poet, painter, and patriot, deeply interested in the Celtic Revival, the Irish Renaissance.

³ 1879 ——. Novelist and poet, native of Wales. He lived for a while in South Africa.

There's a balm for crippled spirits
In the open view,
Running from your very footsteps
Out into the blue;
Like a wagon-track to heaven,
Straight 'twixt God and you.

Whispering far and near,
Speak an everlasting gospel
To the spirit's ear.

There's a sense you gather, sonny,
In the open air;
Shift your burden ere it break you:
God will take His share.
Keep your end up for your own
sake;
All the rest's His care.

There's a promise, if you need it,
For the time to come;
All the veldt is loud and vocal
Where the Bible's dumb.
Heaven is paved with gold for par-
sons,
But it's grassed for some.

There's a spot I know of, sonny,
Yonder by the stream;
Bushes handy for the fire,
Water for the team.
By the old home outspan, sonny,
Let me lie and dream.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,
In the boundless space,
And it grows upon you, sonny,
Like a woman's face—
Passionate and pale and tender,
With a marble grace.

There's the sum of all religion
In its mightiness;
Wingèd truths, beyond your doubt-
ing,
Close about you press.
God is greater in the open—
Little man is less.

There's a voice pervades its still-
ness,
Wonderful and clear;
Tongues of prophets and of angels,

outspan, a reservation near a town where animals are unyoked. *veldt*, open country.

Point out the poet's leading thoughts. Find the best expressions for each. Memorize the best stanzas or parts of stanzas.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Call of the Veldt</i>	Mary Byron
<i>The Veldt Folk</i>	John Runcie
<i>Adventure</i>	" "
<i>South Africa</i>	Francis Walrond

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY¹

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

¹ 1792-1822. English lyric and dramatic poet, an ardent apostle of liberty.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crag, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
 When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire and snow,
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky:
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and upbuild it again.

Read the poem for its pictures. These present a remarkable grouping. Does Shelley's poetic conception agree with the scientific? What is the cloud itself more than a mere picture? What does the poet gain by representing the cloud as singing these verses, rather than having them sung by himself?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Ode to Evening</i>	William Collins
<i>Ode to Spring</i>	Thomas Gray
<i>To the Evening Star</i>	Thomas Campbell
<i>To the Night</i>	Percy Bysshe Shelley
<i>Ode to Autumn</i>	John Keats

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785

ROBERT BURNS¹

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous Thou saw the fields laid bare an'
 beastie, waste,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie! An' weary winter comin' fast,
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty, An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Wi' bickering brattle! Thou thought to dwell,
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Wi' murd'ring pattle! Out through thy cell.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion—
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born com-
panion
 An' fellow-mortal!

That wee bit heap o' leaves an'
 stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for' a' thy
 trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may
 thieve;
 What then! poor beastie, thou maun
 live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane.
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an'
 men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an'
 pain,
 For promised joy!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen!

Still thou art blest, compared wi'
 me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

brattle, hurry; *daimen-icker*, an occasional ear of grain; *thraive*, twenty-four sheaves; *lave*, rest; *big*, build; *snell*, sharp; *but*, without; *thole*, bear; *cranreuch*, hoarfrost.

How does this illustrate the breadth of Burns' sympathies?
 What is the value of the personal note in the last stanza?

FURTHER READINGS:

To a Louse.....Robert Burns
Tray.....Robert Browning

¹1759-1796. Scotch poet; among the world's best song-writers.

THE DONKEY

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON¹

"WHEN FISHES flew and forests walked
 And figs grew upon thorn,
 Some moment when the moon was blood
 Then surely was I born.
 "With monstrous head and sickening cry
 And ears like errant wings,
 The devil's walking parody
 On all four-footed things.

"The tattered outlaw of the earth,
 Of ancient crooked will;
 Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
 I keep my secret still.
 "Fools! For I also had my hour;
 One far fierce hour and sweet:
 There was a shout about my ears,
 And palms before my feet."

In connection with the last stanza read the Bible account. How does the point of view here make such a great difference? Is there any exaggeration in the poem? What is gained by representing the donkey as speaker? What is the underlying idea?

FURTHER READINGS:

Poor Mailie's Elegy.....Robert Burns
Kaiser Dead.....Matthew Arnold
Geist's Grave.....

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

JOHN KEATS²

THE POETRY of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights: for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

What is the poet's thought? The sonnet was written in a playful competition with Leigh Hunt. Keats "won as to time." Which do you think won in poetic merit? Why?

¹ 1874 —. English essayist, journalist, novelist, and poet, famous for his style, which abounds in epigrams and paradoxes.

² 1795-1821. English poet, lover of the beautiful.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

LEIGH HUNT¹

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears their natural song—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

What is the poet's thought? How is it emphasized? What seems most apt in the phrasing? Why did Keats and Hunt not find the same theme in the same subject?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Grasshopper.....Abraham Cowley
A Song.....James Whitcomb Riley
The Grasshopper.....Edith M. Thomas
Little Brother of the Ground.....Edwin Markham
The Cricket.....James B. Kenyon

BIRDS²"MOIRA O'NEILL" (NESTA HIGGINSON, MRS. JOHN SKRINE)³

SURE MAYBE ye've heard the storm- thrush	Sure maybe ye've seen the song- thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,	After an April rain
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,	Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;	Wistful to sing again;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,	An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' the wind to come over the sea,	An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud	But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.	He's never the bird for me.

¹ 1784-1859. English poet, biographer, and essayist.

² This selection from Moira O'Neill's *Songs from the Glens of Antrim* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

³ Irish poet, famous for one little volume, *Songs from the Glens of Antrim*.

Sure maybe ye've heard the cusha- doo	Sure maybe ye've heard the red- breast
Callin' his mate in May,	Singin' his love on a thorn,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life	Mindin' himself of the dear days lost,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.	Brave wid his heart forlorn.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo,	The time is in dark November,
Filled wid his own soft glee,	An' no spring hopes has he!
Over an' over his "me an' you!"	"Remember," he sings, "remember!"
He's never the bird for me.	Ay, <i>thon's</i> the wee bird for me.

Explain the poet's choice of songbirds. Consult the *Standard Dictionary* regarding *thon*.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Thristle</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>To a Swallow Building under our Eaves</i>	Jane Welsh Carlyle
<i>Snowbirds</i>	Archibald Lampman
<i>Swallow Song</i>	Marjorie Pickthall
<i>The First Bluebird</i>	James Whitcomb Riley

THE EAGLE

A FRAGMENT

ALFRED TENNYSON¹

HE CLASPS the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

In this fragment, explain the pictures. What do you think happens? Why? Why did the poet undertake to describe it?

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW, IN APRIL, 1786

ROBERT BURNS²

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,	Alas, it's no thy neebor sweet,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;	The bonie lark, companion meet,
For I maun crush amang the stoure	Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Thy slender stem:	Wi' speckled breast!
To spare thee now is past my	When upward-springing, blythe, to
power,	greet
Thou bonie gem.	The purpling east.

¹ 1809-1892. English poet, Laureate, 1850-1892; he ranks with Browning as the greatest of the Victorian poets.

² 1759-1796. Scotch poet; among the world's best song-writers.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
 yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
 shield;

But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

(Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'et of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust;
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow
 hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is
 given,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To mis'ry's brink;
 Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but
 Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's
 fate,
~~That fate is thine—no distant date;~~
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's
 weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

staure, dust; bield, shelter; histie, bare.

How do the last five stanzas differ from the others? Which stanza seems like an apology for the poet's own life? Which is a prophecy of his early death? Compare this last with the conclusion of Shelley's "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples" shortly before his death in a storm at sea:

"Yet now despair itself is mild
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away this life of care
 Which I have borne, and still must bear,—
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Compare these two concluding stanzas with the last two of Byron's "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year," which

was shortly before his early death in the war for Greek independence:

"If thou regretst thy youth, *why live?*
The Land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>To the Daisy</i> ("In youth from rock to rock")	William Wordsworth
<i>To the Same Flower</i>	" "
<i>To the Daisy</i> ("Bright flower")	" "
<i>The Daffodils</i>	" "

TO A PRIMROSE BLOSSOMING IN SOUTH AFRICA

FRANCIS ERNLEY WALROND¹

SWEET little yellow head,
'Mid the broad green leaves,
How came you here?
The month is now September,
And you are April's darling:
April, English April,
Who walks soft-footed through the dreaming woods,
And wakens buds of timid green
On old, rough, weather-beaten boughs,
And branches gnarled:
Green buds, that break
Like smiles upon the worn and wrinkled face
Of some dear snow-haired woman,
Whose heart is still too tender to grow old.

Welcome, little yellow head!
You bring the whole Spring with you. I can hear
The very voices of the winds at play
In glade and dell,
That keep some laughing secret all day long,
And only tell it
When Night comes, hushing, soothing,
Like an old nurse calling her babes to rest,
Tired out with play.

¹ South African poet of the present.

Ah! it is good to see you, little flower,
 A smile from England flashed across the seas
 To gladden hearts in exile.
 You should be called Truth's emblem, for your smile
 Forbids all falsehood. Who
 Could gaze upon a primrose, and then lie?

Dear little sunny head,
 'Mid the broad green leaves,
 Growing in my Love's garden,
 Take all my thanks, for you
 Have made a little April in this place
 All for my Love and me.
 You shine,
 Here in the dulness of this Afric Spring,
 Like a sweet lyric in a page of prose.

Explain why the flower blooms in September instead of April.
 What is its effect upon the poet? Why? Explain the figures of
 speech that close three of the divisions of the poem.

FURTHER READINGS:

To the Fringed Gentian.....William Cullen Bryant
The Wild Honeysuckle.....Philip Freneau
Indian-Pipe.....Florence Earle Coates

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL¹

GREY WINTER hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
 And, behold, for repayment,
 September comes in with the wind of the West
 And the Spring in her raiment!
 The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
 While the forest discovers
 Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
 And a music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet!
 She glides, and she graces
 The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
 With her blossomy traces;
 Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
 She lightens and lingers
 In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
 Attuned by her fingers.

¹ 1841-1882. An Australian poet, who gives us a most pleasing echo of Wordsworth, Keats, and Swinburne.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The West, when it blows at the fall of the noon
And beats on her beaches,
So filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches;
The stories of Youth, and the burden of Time,
And the death of Devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rime
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
In the cool mountain-mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of Morning
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning!
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud
Through its echoing gorges;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges!

On the tops of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost, in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild at the forelands;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes—of shadow and shine—
September the splendid!
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;

But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
 By mountain and river,
 Mayst lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
 With thy voices forever.

What in the opening lines stamps September as very different from the same month in the Northern Hemisphere? What is the personal note in the poem?

FURTHER READINGS FOR CONTRAST:

<i>Ode to Autumn</i>	John Keats
<i>September</i>	Archibald Lampman
<i>Winter</i> (When icicles hang by the wall)	William Shakespeare
<i>September</i>	Dorothea Mackellar

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON THE RELATIONS OF MAN AND NATURE

William Blake, the English artist and poet, said in speaking of the sunrise, "What! you will tell me that when the sun rises, you see a little round golden spot like a guinea—I tell you I see all the hosts of heaven singing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" Have you studied the picture of Aurora, goddess of the Dawn, as painted by Guido Reni? Are these two artists merely personifying natural phenomena or do they intend to express the belief that nature and God are identical?

Of the poets represented in this section, which have indicated a vital union of man and nature? Which has given us the most penetrating interpretation of the world about us? Would you call him a worshiper of nature? Read his poem entitled "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey" and report to the class. Read also his three poems, "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited." Does he consider nature as a background for man and man's activity? Does he love nature for its own sake or for man's sake? Does he think that nature is God, or does he only point out the divinity in nature? How does this divinity influence man? In Tennyson's "The Brook" and Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochie" what do the poets gain by personifying the streams? Compare this with Shelley's personification of the cloud. Explain Thoreau's idea expressed in the following: "All these times and places and occasions are now and here. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us."

Emerson says that all facts in nature interest us because they are deep and not accidental. Burroughs thinks that we are interested rather because nature is a sort of outlying province of ourselves. Both Emerson and Burroughs were true nature lovers rather than nature worshipers. How would you class Burns? Riley? Any of the other poets here represented?

Ruskin's idea of the mission of nature is well expressed in *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, Part IV, Chapter XVII.

"We shall be obliged at last to confess that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being. . . .

"And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation,—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God has placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside, and of the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a weary king or a tortured slave found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion. But the world would not believe their report, and went on trampling down the mosses, and forgetting the clouds, and seeking happiness in its own way, until, at last, blundering and late, came natural science; and in natural science, not only the observation of things, but the finding out of new uses for them. Of course, the world, having a choice left to it, went wrong, as usual, and thought that these mere material uses were to be the sources of its happiness. It got the clouds packed into iron cylinders, and made them carry its wise self at their own cloud pace. It got weavable fibers out of the mosses, and made clothes for itself, cheap and fine,—here was happiness at last. To go as fast as the clouds, and manufacture everything out of anything,—here was paradise, indeed!

"And now, when, in a little while, it is unparadised again, if there were any other mistake that the world could make, it would of course make it. But I see not that there is any other; and standing fairly at its wits' ends, having found that going fast, when it is used to it, is no more paradisiacal than going slow; and that all the prints and cottons in Manchester cannot make it comfortable in its mind, I do verily believe it will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss fibers, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him and watching His working, and—according to the power He grants—in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity among all His creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or ever will be, possible to mankind."

SONGS OF LABOR

THE EXPLORER

RUDYARD KIPLING¹

"THERE'S NO sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes 5
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the town; 10
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labors
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flank and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders— 15
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair.
(It's the Railway Gap today, though.) Then my Whisper waked to hound
me:—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!" 20

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore
me. . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes, 25
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows—
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth and blasting sky. . . .

¹ 1865 ——. English poet, essayist, novelist, and short story writer. Born in India, with which country much of his work is associated.

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;
 I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke; 30
 I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try them.
 "Something lost behind the Ranges," was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
 When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
 Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took me through it. . . . 35
 And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country past disputing—
 Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind—
 There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
 Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find. 40

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and
 ringed 'em—
 Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my findings grew.
 Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!
 But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snowslide shivers—45
 Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed stains,
 Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
 And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
 Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour; 50
 Counted leagues of water-frontage through the ax-ripe woods that screen 'em—
 Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power!

(Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
 Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
 Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed; 55
 They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.
 They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
 By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
 By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright. 60

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
 Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.
 This because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
 But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water transit sure and steady 65
 (That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
 God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready;
 Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"
 And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
 God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
 Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to Me!

70

Discuss the spirit of the explorer. What was his function in the advancement of civilization? What do you understand by the *Whisper*? What struggle took place at Camp Despair? Why did he not go back? How are the sufferings in the desert made vivid? In what spirit does he say, "They'll be called the Pioneers"?

THE PIONEER

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE¹

A LITTLE MOUND on the mountain, a little cross in the clay,
 And wheel-spoor filling with water where the wagons turned away;
 A trampled break in the long grass where the cattle were inspanned,
 And the Pioneer has wandered to look for his newer land.

The clouds still hung in the skyline, the grass still bent with the rain, 5
 When the crows came back to the outspan to peck for wasted grain,
 And a jackal tripped to the clearing to nuzzle, and tremble, and peer,
 And to scratch, 'tween whiles of waiting, the tomb of the Pioneer.

Only a jackal anigh him in the bed where he is laid,
 And six lone feet of the highveld by the road that he had made 10
 For the feet of the coming peoples, far back and so long ago—
 Yet they cursed his road for an ape-track. . . Ah, brother, they did not
 know!

He was the bravest among them, he was the pick of the crowd,
 Dauntless, and frugal, and cunning; tireless, blooded, and proud.
 But he gave his pride to his people, and he spilled his blood for the land, 15
 And he altered, and altered, and altered—and they could not understand. . .

He was the first man to venture, he was the first man to find!
 Trusting his life to his rifle, groping ahead in the blind!
 Seeking new lands for his people! This is the end of the day,
 A little mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay; 20

A hungry jackal above him, a somber flock of crows,
 A trampled break in the highveld where the sour hill-grass grows,
 And six lone feet in the bleakness where the weeping hill-winds sigh,
 For his work is done and accomplished, and—he is not wanted now.

¹ Contemporary poet of the Union of South Africa.

This is the end of his labor, this the end of his play:—
 Fresh wheel-spoor, filling with water, where the wagons turned away;
 Cold sleep on the sodden upland that he was the first to find,
 And never a voice to mourn him but the voice of the wet hill-wind.

25

*A little brown in the greenness, an empty tin by the trail,
 Smoke-wreaths sinking to leeward as the dying fires fail;
 Pattering paws above him, and hungry eyes that peer,
 Is the end of a gallant venture; the pay of the Pioneer.*

30

wheel-spoor, wheel track; *outspan*, place where the unyoking of oxen is permitted; *highveld*, high, treeless plains.

Compare this poem with Kipling's in subject matter and manner of telling. Which do you consider stronger? What qualities make it so?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Ballad of Sir John Franklin.....George Henry Boker
Columbus.....Joaquin Miller
Magellan.....George A. Mackenzie
The Discovery of the North Cape.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
The Spell of the Yukon.....Robert W. Service
The Voorloopers.....Perceval Gibbon
A Vision and a Cry.....John Runcie
Hearts of Gold.....Will H. Ogilvie
The Grey Company.....Jessie Mackay

PIONEERS

ARTHUR WILBERFORCE JOSE¹

THERE IS no word of thanks to
 hear,
 No word of praise to gain;
 But we that must, in sun and dust
 Tramp on across the plain:
 We know not how the orders come,
 Who bids the bugle blow . . .
 But we that may, track out the way
 Our comrades soon shall go.

Far, far behind our army drags
 The wagons and the guns;
 Along the line, beneath the flags,
 A noise of cheering runs;
 Full seen in all the blaze of noon
 Set forth its proud array. . . .
 But we were up beneath the moon
 And out before the day.

Where age-long in the dank ravine
 A swamp-fed forest grew,
 'Tis we that hack the jungle back
 To let the sunlight through;
 Across the desert no man dared,
 Up cliffs where none might win,
 By down and dale we blaze the trail,
 The highway for our kin.

The noonday or the nightfall knows
 The flickering of our fires,
 The flung-down pack, the stretched
 repose,
 The talk of dreamt desires.
 We camp, and go, and care no jot
 How soon, how far we roam . . .
 But each camp-fire has marked a spot
 That men shall call their home.

¹1863 ——. Contemporary Australian author and editor.

*A sudden bullet flicks the air,
A comrade slacks his stride;
Small time have we for surgery
Whose errand may not bide:
Stanch, as you go, the jetting blood,
Set teeth against the pain,
And feel the grip of comradeship
Stir you to strength again.*

Ours is the shattering night-surprise,
The crawl of lifelong days,
The slow-set stare of aching eyes
Across the drifted haze:

Lonely in hidden lairs we spy
The march of stealthy foes;
What work we do, what death we die,
Not even a comrade knows.

*By beaten roads the mainguard goes
With banner and with band;
Yet we that dare, find everywhere
New work that fits our hand;
We know not how the orders come . . .
But hark! the bugles blow:
Across the plain day breaks again;
Pick up the packs, and go!*

How do these people differ from "The Pioneer"? from "The Explorer"? What is there in such a hard life to entice people to undertake it? What, judging from the opening lines, is *not* the Pioneers' purpose? What in the rhythm of this poem suggests the spirit of these Pioneers?

FURTHER READINGS:

Pioneers! O Pioneers! Walt Whitman
Abandoned Selections Will H. Ogilvie
The Old Australian Ways Andrew Barton Paterson

THE SHEARER'S WIFE

LOUIS ESSON ¹

BEFORE the glare o' dawn I rise
To milk the sleepy cows, an' shake
The droving dust from tired eyes,
Look round the rabbit traps, then bake
The children's bread.
There's hay to stook, an' beans to hoe,
An' ferns to cut in the scrub below;
Women must work, when men must go
Shearing from shed to shed.

I patch an' darn, now evening comes,
An' tired I am with labor sore,
Tired o' the bush, the cows, the gums,
Tired, but must dree for long months more
What no tongue tells.
The moon is lonely in the sky,
Lonely the bush, an' lonely I
Stare down the track no horse draws nigh
An' start . . . at the cattle bells.

¹ Contemporary poet of Australia.

What part does woman play in pioneering? What qualities of heart and mind are required? Why does no tongue tell what she must *dree*?

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>In Service</i>	Winifred M. Letts
<i>Song of the Afrikander's Wife</i>	Kingsley Fairbridge
<i>The Old Black Billie an' Me</i>	Louis Esson
<i>Andy's Gone with Cattle</i>	Henry Lawson

THE SHEPHERD

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON¹

THE SHEPHERD is an ancient man,
 His back is bent, his foot is slow;
 Although the heavens he doth not scan,
 He scents what winds shall blow.

His face is like the pippin, grown
 Red ripe, in frosty suns that shone;
 'Tis hard and wrinkled, as a stone
 The rains have rained upon.

When tempests sweep the dripping plain,
 He stands unmoved beneath the hedge,
 And sees the columns of the rain,
 The storm-cloud's shattered edge.

When frosts among the misty farms
 Make crisp the surface of the loam,
 He shivering claps his creaking arms,
 But would not sit at home.

Short speech he hath for man and beast;
 Some fifty words are all his store.
 Why should his language be increased?
 He hath no need for more.

There is no change he doth desire,
 Of far-off lands he hath not heard;
 Beside his wife, before the fire,
 He sits, and speaks no word.

He holds no converse with his kind,
 On birds and beasts his mind is bent;
 He knows the thoughts that stir their mind,
 Love, hunger, hate, content.

¹ 1862 ——. English essayist, biographer, educator, and poet; son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of kings and wars he doth not hear.
 He tells the seasons that have been
 By stricken oaks and hunted deer,
 And strange fowl he has seen.

In Church, some muttering he doth make;
 Well-pleased when hymns harmonious rise,
 He doth not strive to overtake
 The hurrying litanies.

He hears the music of the wind,
 His prayer is brief, and scant his creed;
 The shadow, and what lurks behind,
 He doth not greatly heed.

Is the character true? What is the "shadow" of the last stanza?
 Compare the poem with "The Man with a Hoe," by Edwin
 Markham.

FURTHER READINGS :

The Drover.....Padraic Colum
The Cobbler.....Joseph Campbell
The Fisher.....William Watson
Nod.....Walter de la Mare

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
 But courage! for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is in truth an utter solitude;
 Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass by,
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook

5

10

15

¹ 1770-1850. English poet, a lover of nature and the simple life. With Coleridge he was joint author of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, an epoch-making book in English poetry. Wordsworth was Poet Laureate, 1843-1850.

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!

And to that simple object appertains

A story—unenriched with strange events,

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,

20

Or for the summer shade. It was the first

Of those domestic tales that spake to me

Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men

Whom I already loved; not verily

For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills

25

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a boy

Careless of books, yet having felt the pow

Of Nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects, led me on to feel

30

For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history

Homely and rude, I will relate the same

35

For the delight of a few natural hearts;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake

Of youthful Poets, who among these hills

Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest side in Grasmere vale

40

There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his name;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age

Of an unusual strength; his mind was keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

45

And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.

Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,

When others heeded not, he heard the South

50

Make subterraneous music, like the noise

Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would say,

"The winds are now devising work for me!"

55

And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives

The traveler to a shelter, summoned him

Up to the mountains; he had been alone

Amid the heart of many thousand mists,

That came to him, and left him, on the heights.

60

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed

65

The common air; hills which with vigorous step

He had so often climbed; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honorable gain;
 Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.
 His days had not been passed in singleness.
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
 Though younger than himself full twenty years, 80
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house; two wheels she had
 Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
 That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
 It was because the other was at work. 85
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase.
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
 The one of an inestimable worth,
 Made all their household. I may truly say,
 That they were as a proverb in the vale
 For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
 And from their occupations out of doors
 The Son and Father were come home, even then,
 Their labor did not cease; unless when all
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
 Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes, 100
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
 Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
 And his old Father both betook themselves
 To such convenient work as might employ 105
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
 Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
 Or other implement of house or field.
 Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
 That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection overbrowed
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
 An aged utensil, which had performed 115
 Service beyond all others of its kind.

Early at evening did it burn—and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,
 And left, the couple neither gay perhaps 120
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
 Father and Son, while far into the night 125
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.

This light was famous in its neighborhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life 130
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground

Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake; 135
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all

Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.
 Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs

Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same 145
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts

That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they 150
 By tendency of nature need must fail.

Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone 155
 For pastime and delight, as is the use

Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy
 Had put on man's attire, did Michael love, 160
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,

To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and from matchless depth of shade,

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it bears.
 There while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction, and reproof bestowed
 Upon the child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old;
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the boy; wherewith equipt
 He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
 At gate or gap to stem or turn the flock;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help;
 And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
 Receiving from his father hire of praise;
 Though naught was left undone which staff, or voice,
 Or looks or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights, 195
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate
 That objects which the shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came 200
 Feelings and emanations—things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind;
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up;
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample means;
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
 Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215
 A grievous penalty, but little less

Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost. 220
 As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his troubles in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he, 225
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 "I have been toiling more than seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours 230
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
 "When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; 245
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused, 255
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265

To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birthplace, built a chapel, floored
 With marble which he sent from foreign lands. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280
 Tomorrow, or the next day, or tonight;
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go tonight."
 Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep;
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go: 295
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father, he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare 300
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.
 With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the boy;
 To which, requests were added, that forthwith 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbors round;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315

Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart tomorrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go,
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard
 The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.

With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
 And thus the old man spoke to him:—"My son, 330
 Tomorrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335

I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch
 On things thou canst not know of.—After thou
 First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.

Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
 Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy mother's breast. Month followed month
 And in the open fields my life was passed 350
 And on the mountains; else I think that thou

Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."

Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
 He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
 That these are things of which I need not speak. 360
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee

A kind and a good Father: and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at other's hands; for, though now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still 365

Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
 I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled: God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 —It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, 380
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed: 385
 "This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four 390
 I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do 395
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish 400
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke, 405
 When thou art gone away, should evil men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou 410
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here; a covenant 415

'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight
 The Old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
 And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face;
 And all the neighbors, as he passed their doors,
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
 Wrote loving letters full of wondrous news,
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
 "The prettiest letters that were ever seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 So, many months passed on: and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
 To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
 I have conversed with more than one who well
 Remember the old Man, and what he was
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
 And listened to the wind; and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all

That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.

470

The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.

475

The Cottage which was named the Evening Star,
Is gone—the plowshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighborhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

485

What two “powerful affections of the human heart” are here in conflict? What reasons does the author give for interest in this story? Upon what does he center our attention in the opening lines? Characterize Michael and his wife. What effect did the child have upon their lives? Explain the feeling expressed in lines 230-32. How does this lead to the tragic outcome? In what ways do the two old people prepare the boy to meet the world? How much of the world did they know? Could the boy have been properly prepared to meet the world with success? To what extent is the “education of nature” desirable? Where does it fall short? What misgivings did the father have? What was his object in having Luke lay the cornerstone? What was the effect of the tragic news upon the father? Suppose that Luke fled to Western United States or Canada: did he make a good pioneer?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Brothers.....William Wordsworth
Dora.....Alfred Tennyson
The White Ship.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Nature's Lady (Three years she grew).....William Wordsworth

SHEEP-SHEARING

JAMES THOMSON¹

THE RUSSET haycock rises thick behind
In order gay: while, heard from dale to dale,

¹ 1700-1748. Scotch poet, instrumental in helping English poetry to break away from the “literature of the town,” which was so narrowing in the early eighteenth century, to a “literature of the country and a love of nature”.



Painted by David Wilkie

"SHEEP-WASHING"

Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Only disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dressed maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

Thomson's most famous poem is *The Seasons*, in four books. The foregoing lines are from "Summer," and follow immediately the description of haymaking.

Compare with this scene the one described in the fine lines from Milton's "L'Allegro":

While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Haymaking</i> (from <i>Summer</i>).....	James Thomson
<i>Come, Gentle Spring</i> (from <i>Spring</i>).....	" "
<i>The Snowstorm</i> (from <i>Winter</i>).....	" "
<i>Haymaking</i>	Edward Thomas

THE PLOWER¹PADRAIC COLUM²

SUNSET and silence! A man: around him earth savage, earth broken;
Beside him two horses—a plow!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there in the sunset,
And the Plow that is twin to the Sword, that is founder of cities!

“Brute-tamer, plow-maker, earth-breaker! Ganst hear? There are ages
between us.

Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset?

“Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth child and earth
master?

Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana?

“Yet, why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your brutes where they
stumble?

Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put hands to your plow?

“What matter your foolish reply! O, man, standing lone and bowed earth-
ward,

Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God.”

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage;
The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth only above them.

A head's breadth? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the height up to
heaven,

And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots, purples, and
splendors.

How does the thought here differ from that of Benson's “The Shepherd”? Which seems to you the truer? What is the significance of calling the Plower a “dawn man”? Why are the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas set as a quotation? Who is speaking? In what mood? What is the poet's idea of the dignity and worth of a man?

¹ This selection from Padraic Colum's *Wild Earth and Other Poems* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1881 —, Irish dramatist and poet, now resident in New York.

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>The Plowman</i>	Joseph Campbell
<i>Go, Plowman, Plow</i>	"
<i>Plowing</i>	Hamlin Garland
<i>The Native</i>	C. G. D. Roberts
<i>The Man with the Hoe</i>	Edwin Markham

Compare the thought in most of these poems with the following lines from Whittier's *Prelude to "Among the Hills"*:

"Our yeoman should be equal to his home
Set in the fair green valleys, purple walled;
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abashed below them."

I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOWING

SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL¹ (JOSEPH CAMPBELL)

I WILL GO with my father a-plowing To the green field by the sea, And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls Will come flocking after me.	I will sing to the striding sowers With the finch in the greening sloe. And my father will sing the seed- song, That only the wise men know.
I will sing to the patient horses With the lark in the white of the air, And my father will sing the plow- song That blesses the cleaving share.	I will go with my father a-reaping To the brown field by the sea, And the geese and the crows and the children Will come flocking after me.
I will go with my father a-sowing To the red field by the sea, And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings Will come flocking after me.	I will sing to the tan-faced reapers With the wren in the heart of the sun, And my father will sing the scythe- song That joys for the harvest done.

How do father and son here look upon labor? Are these people like the "Man with the Hoe"? Like "The Shepherd"?

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>Harvest-Home Song</i>	John Davidson
<i>The Song of the Sower</i>	William Cullen Bryant
<i>The Plowman's Charm</i> (Old English).....	Translated by J. Duncan Spaeth

¹ 1881 ——. Irish artist and poet; writing under the Celtic form of his name.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

TEKAHIONWAKE¹ (E. PAULINE JOHNSON)

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,	<i>In foam as over their breast we slip.</i>
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west;	<i>And oh, the river runs swifter now;</i>
The sail is idle, the sailor too;	<i>And eddies circle about my bow.</i>
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.	<i>Swirl, swirl!</i>
Blow, blow!	<i>How the ripples curl</i>
I have wooed you so,	<i>In many a dangerous pool aw whirl!</i>
But never a favor you bestow.	<i>And forward far the rapids roar,</i>
You rock your cradle the hills be- tween,	<i>Fretting their margin forevermore.</i>
But scorn to notice my white lateen.	<i>Dash, dash,</i>
	<i>With a mighty crash,</i>
	<i>They seethe, and boil, and bound,</i>
	<i>and splash.</i>
I stow the sail, unship the mast:	
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;	<i>Be strong, O paddle! be brave,</i>
My paddle will lull you into rest.	<i>canoe!</i>
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,	<i>The reckless waves you must plunge</i>
Sleep, sleep,	<i>into.</i>
By your mountain steep,	<i>Reel, reel,</i>
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!	<i>On your trembling keel,</i>
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,	<i>But never a fear my craft will feel.</i>
For soft is the song my paddle sings.	<i>We've raced the rapid, we're far</i>
	<i>ahead!</i>
<i>August is laughing across the sky,</i>	<i>The river slips through its silent bed.</i>
<i>Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I</i>	<i>Sway, sway,</i>
<i>Drift, drift,</i>	<i>As the bubbles spray</i>
<i>Where the hills uplift</i>	<i>And fall in tinkling tunes away.</i>
<i>On either side of the current swift.</i>	<i>And up on the hills against the sky,</i>
	<i>A fir tree, rocking its lullaby,</i>
<i>The river rolls in its rocky bed,</i>	<i>Swings, swings,</i>
<i>My paddle is plying its way ahead;</i>	<i>Its emerald wings,</i>
<i>Dip, dip,</i>	<i>Swelling the song that my paddle</i>
<i>While the waters flip</i>	<i>sings.</i>

Why does the stanza form change when the rowing begins? Is it the paddle's song or the rower's song?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Drifting</i>	Thomas Buchanan Read
<i>The Rapid</i>	Charles Sangster
<i>In the Shadows</i>	E. Pauline Johnson
<i>Rower's Chant</i>	T. Sturge Moore

¹ 1862-1913. Canadian poet and story writer; an Iroquois Indian.

COROMANDEL FISHERS

SAROJINI NAIDU¹

RISE, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray to the morning light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all
night.

Come, let us gather our nets from the shore, and set our *catamarans* free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea-gull's call,
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our com-
rades all.

What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god
drives?

He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the coconut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the morn with the sound of the voices
we love.

But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild
foam's glee:

Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge, where the low sky mates with
the sea.

catamaran, a long, narrow raft made by lashing two or more logs together.

What is the spirit of the fishers at their work?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Hymn of the Fisherman.....Sir Samuel Ferguson
I Hear America Singing.....Walt Whitman

THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH²

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

¹ 1879 ——. Hindu poet educated in England. In 1898, to the scandal of all India, she returned to her native land and breaking through the bonds of caste, married Dr. Naidu.

² 1770-1850. English poet; Laureate, 1843-1850. Famous for his nature poetry.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

In how many ways in the first stanza does the poet tell us that the lass was solitary? What possibilities are suggested as to the theme of her song? Compare the poem with "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud."

FURTHER READINGS:

To a Highland Girl.....William Wordsworth
The Romany Girl.....Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

THOMAS HOOD¹

WITH FINGERS weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous
 pitch
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt":

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the
 roof!

It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to
 save,
 If this be Christian work!

"Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
 That Phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh, God! that bread should be so
 dear
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

¹1799-1845. An English humorous poet; but among the first to deal poetically with pressing social and industrial problems.

"Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of
 straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof—and this naked
 floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I
 thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain
 benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and
 bright—
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one short hour,
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous
 pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the
 rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Through what channel does the poet hope to "reach the rich"?
 Why does the woman not cease singing as in "The Singing Man"?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Singing Man</i>	Josephine Preston Peabody
<i>A Voice from the Sweat-shops</i>	Louis Untermeyer
<i>The Lay of the Laborer</i>	Thomas Hood
<i>Work without Hope</i>	Samuel Taylor Coleridge
<i>Dauber</i>	John Masefield
<i>Hack and Hew</i>	Bliss Carman
<i>The Day and the Work</i>	Edwin Markham
<i>Solitude</i>	Alexander Pope

X-

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING¹

Do YE HEAR the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!—
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so?—
 The old man may weep for his tomorrow
 Which is lost in Long Ago—
 The old tree is leafless in the forest—
 The old year is ending in the frost—
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
 The old hope is hardest to be lost:
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 Do you ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see,
 For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy—
 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary";
 "Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
 Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
 For the outside earth is cold,—
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
 That we die before our time.
 Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
 Like a snowball, in the rime.

¹ 1806-1861. English poet, wife of Robert Browning.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
 Was no room for any work in the close clay:
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
 Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
 If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
 With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
 Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
 For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
 And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
 The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
 It is good when it happens," say the children,
 "That we die before our time."

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
 And we cannot run or leap—
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
 Through the coal-dark, underground—
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.
 "For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
 Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places—
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray,
 'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
 'Stop! be silent for today!'"

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
 To look up to Him and pray—
 So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.
 They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door!
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
 Hears our weeping any more?"

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
 "He is speechless as a stone;
 And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to!" say the children.—"Up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
 Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
 O my brothers, what ye preach?
 For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
 And the children doubt of each.

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in their places,
 With eyes meant for Deity;—
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path;
 But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
 Than the strong man in his wrath!"

This poem was evidently written to reform what great evil in the English industrial life? To what extent has the evil been rooted out of our own country? Compare the poem with Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and Peabody's "The Singing Man."

FURTHER READINGS:

Caliban in the Coal Mines.....Louis Untermeyer
The Shadow-Child.....Harriet Monroe
The Factories.....Margaret Widdemer
The Carol of the Poor Children.....Richard Middleton
In the Country.....William H. Davies

GRANDEUR

WINIFRED M. LETTS¹

POOR Mary Byrne is dead,
 An' all the world may see
 Where she lies upon her bed
 Just as fine as quality.

She lies there still and white,
 With candles either hand
 That'll guard her through the night:
 Sure she never was so grand.

She holds her rosary,
 Her hands clasped on her breast.
 Just as dacent as can be
 In the habit she's been dressed.

In life her hands were red
 With every sort of toil,
 But they're white now she is dead,
 An' they're sorra mark of soil.

¹ 1887 ——. Irish poet of peasant life.

The neighbors come and go,
 They kneel to say a prayer,
 I wish herself could know
 Of the way she's lyin' there.

It was work from morn till night,
 And hard she earned her bread:
 But I'm thinking she's a right
 To be aisy now she's dead.

When other girls were gay,
 At wedding or at fair,
 She'd be toiling all the day,
 Not a minyit could she spare.

An' no one missed her face,
 Or sought her in a crowd,
 But today they throng the place
 Just to see her in her shroud.

The creature in her life
 Drew trouble with each breath;
 She was just "poor Jim Byrne's
 wife"—
 But she's lovely in her death.

I wish the dead could see
 The splendor of a wake,
 For it's proud herself would be
 Of the keening that they make.

Och! little Mary Byrne,
 You welcome every guest.
 Is it now you take your turn
 To be merry with the rest?

I'm thinking you'd be glad,
 Though the angels make your bed,
 Could you see the care we've had
 To respect you—now you're dead.

What is unusual in the thought of the poem? Do you agree?

FURTHER READINGS:

To a New York Shop-Girl Dressed for Sunday.....Anna Hempstead Branch
Lyke-Wake Dirge.....Anonymous

SONNET

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

JOHN MILTON¹

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud nor blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Towards which Time leads me and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

Read also Milton's Sonnet, "On His Blindness." What do these two lyrics reveal of the poet's life? Compare King Alfred the

¹ 1608-1674. England's greatest epic poet; the greatest of the Puritan writers.

FURTHER READINGS :

GEORGE HERBERT¹

² 1859.—English professor and author, whose fame as a poet rests upon one volume, *A Shropshire Lad*.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Pulley</i>	George Herbert
<i>How Doth the Little Busy Bee</i>	Isaac Watts
<i>The Sluggard</i>	" "

THE PACE OF THE OX

CULLEN GOULDSBURY¹

WHAT do we know—and what do we care—for Time, and his silver scythe,
 Since there is always time to spare, so long as a man's alive?—
 The world may come, and the world may go, and the world may whistle by,
 But the pace of the ox is steady and slow, and life is a lullaby.

What do we know of the city's scorn, the hum of a world amaze,
 Hot-foot haste, and the fervid dawn, and forgotten yesterdays?—
 For men may strain, and women may strive, in busier lands today,
 But the pace of the ox is the pace to thrive in the land of Veldt and Vlei.

The daylight breaks in the Eastern sky, and sinks to sleep in the West;
 Thus it is that our days go by, bringing their meed of rest.
 The Future's hidden behind the veil, and the Past—is still the past,
And the pace of the ox is the sliding scale that measures our work at last.

The song of the ships is far to hear, the hum of the world is dead,
 And lotus-life in a drowsy year our benison instead—
 Why should we push the world along, live in a world of flame,
 When the pace of the ox is steady and strong, and the end is just the same?

vlei, a marshy place.

Compare this view with that usually held. What reasons does the poet give for thinking as he does?

CONTENTED JOHN

JANE TAYLOR²

ONE HONEST John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
 Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
 For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
 By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
 John never was found in a murmuring mood;
 For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
 What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

¹ Contemporary poet of South Africa.

² 1783-1824. English poet, member of a family all of whom wrote poetry. The most universally known poem by Jane and Ann Taylor is "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
 "If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread;
 And, though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
 It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
 He wished himself better, but did not complain,
 Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
 But said that he hoped to be better tomorrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
 Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
 For he said that revenging the injury done
 Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
 Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
 And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
 Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

Compare Contented John's idea of revenge with Bacon's thought in the essay "Of Revenge": "Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought the law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office."

FURTHER READINGS:

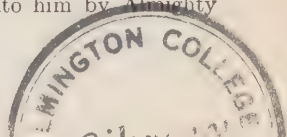
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.....Sir Edward Dyer
Character of a Happy Life.....Sir Henry Wotton
A Contented Mind.....Joshua Sylvester

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING SONGS OF LABOR

[Before undertaking these questions it will be well to study in the prose section of this text the following essays: Carlyle's "The Everlasting Yea" and Stevenson's "Beggars." Galsworthy's play *Strife* and his novel *The Freelanders* should be reported on by members of the class.]

What bearing has the following quotation from Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Book III, upon the various questions raised in the preceding selections?

"Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work. . . . Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. . . . Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life essence breathed into him by Almighty God."



What are the causes of the sorrow and grief pictured in "Michael"? in "The Song of the Shirt"? in "The Cry of the Children"? Which laborers described in the other poems of this section are least affected by the question of capital? Are they happy in their work? Is there vital connection between labor and liberty? Carlyle thought that liberty requires new definitions. Do you fully agree with his definition when he writes, in *Past and Present*, Book III, Chapter XIII, as follows: "Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for; and then, by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing the same. That is his true blessedness, honor, 'liberty,' and maximum of well-being; if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty."

What is Herbert's "Elixir"? How does Milton's idea in his sonnet agree with Herbert's?

What is the difference between a laborer and a slave? Can a capitalist be a slave? Explain. Can a slave experience liberty? Explain. What is the difference between working and playing? Ruskin called "making money" the "first of all English games." Explain what he means. What is the difference between those who work with the mind and those who work with the hand? Is it a law of life that "he should keep, who has justly earned"? What power do those who already possess wealth have over those who are earning wealth? Can the capitalist take all of labor's produce to himself except the laborer's food? What must the laborer have besides bread? How can wealth in our possession be used rightly in helping others to earn wealth? Is wealth the chief end? What power of wealth is just and what unjust? What is the difference between those who work wisely and those who work foolishly? In *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Ruskin gives three tests of wise work: "It must be honest, useful, and cheerful." Explain each term as applied to some work that you do or that you know intimately.

Discuss in this connection Lincoln's famous words in his Annual Message to Congress, December 3, 1861:

"It is not needed nor fitting here that a general argument be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor, in the structure

of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them, and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded thus far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves. And, further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life.

"Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both of these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation. A few men own capital, and that few avoid labor themselves, and with their capital hire or buy another few to labor for them. A large majority belong to neither class—neither work for others nor have others working for them. In most of the Southern states a majority of the whole people, of all colors, are neither slaves nor masters; while in the Northern a large majority are neither hirers nor hired. Men with their families—wives, sons, and daughters—work for themselves, on their farms, in their houses, and in their shops, taking the whole product to themselves, and asking no favors of capital on the one hand, nor of hired laborers or slaves on the other. It is not forgotten that a considerable number of persons mingle their own labor with capital—that is, they labor with their own hands and also buy or hire others to labor for them; but this is only a mixed and not a distinct class. No principle stated is disturbed by the existence of this mixed class.

"Again, as has already been said, there is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these states, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost."

HOME LIFE

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS¹

PADRAIC COLUM²

OH, TO HAVE a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of the bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

Is the female tramp true to the social conditions of Ireland? of England? of the United States? Of what in "The Deserted Village" are you reminded? Why wouldn't Colum's old woman long to

¹ This selection from Padraic Colum's *Wild Earth and Other Poems* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1881 ——. Irish dramatist and poet, now resident in the United States.

have company in her "little house"? For a humorous treatment of two characters, husband and wife, similar to this character, read Synge's play, "The Well of the Saints." In the same author's one-act play, "The Shadow of the Glen," a cross-grained old husband is turning his young wife out of the house to become a woman of the roads. Members of the class should report on these plays.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Deserted Village</i>	Oliver Goldsmith
<i>Old Woman Forever Sitting</i>	Iris Tree
<i>Work-Worn</i>	E. Pauline Johnson
<i>The South Country</i>	Hilaire Belloc
<i>Ike Walton's Prayer</i>	James Whitcomb Riley
<i>Roofs</i>	Joyce Kilmer
<i>Sleeping Out</i>	Robert V. Carr

THE QUIET HOUSE

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON¹

'TIS VERY quiet in the little house
Without the turbulent little flock;
The sweet hours, quiet as a mouse,
Steal slowly round the ticking
clock.
We gather honey while we may
When children are at school all day.

So peaceful with the song of birds,
The water lapping on the shore;
But evening brings the flowers and
herds
And happy children home once
more.
Blessed the hour in sun or rain
That brings the children home again.

'Tis very quiet in the house
When children come not home at
all.
The day goes stiller than a mouse;
Gulls and the sea-winds cry and
call:
And two old shadows by the flame
Talk of the days when children came.

Oh, when the children are away,
The house is very still and sweet.
But if no evening, gold or grey,
Brought the sweet kiss, the flying
feet,
Heavily would the silence press,
The loneliness, the loneliness.

Contrast the mother here with "An Old Woman of the Roads."
Why would the former be so lonely in her "little house"?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Rich Woman</i>	Winifred M. Letts
<i>Children</i>	Algernon Charles Swinburne
<i>The Salt of the Earth</i>	" "
<i>A Child's Laughter</i>	" "
<i>Bereaved</i>	James Whitcomb Riley

¹1861 ——. Mrs. Hinkson is an Irish poet and novelist, greatly interested in the Celtic revival.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

ROBERT BURNS¹

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Gray.*

MY LOVED, my honored, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh; *blows* 10
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; *from*
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: *crows*
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, *drudgery* 15
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through, *stagger*
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee. *fluttering*
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie, *little fire*
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee, 25
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, *worry*
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, thè elder bairns come drappin in, *presently*
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin *drive; attentive run* 30
 A cannie errand to a neebor town: *quiet*
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e, *eye*
 Comes hame; perhaps, to show a braw new gown, *fine*
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, *hard-won wages* 35
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

¹ 1759-1796. Scotch poet; among the world's best song-writers.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: *inquires*
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears. *news* 40
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new; *makes old clothes*
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The yonkers a' are warnèd to obey; *youngsters*
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, *diligent*
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play: *trifle*
 "And, O! be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, *go*
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, *knows* 55
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek; 60
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; *half*
 Well-pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; *within*
 A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye; 65
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye. *jokes, cattle*
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; *shy; bashful*
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy 70
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Well-pleased to think her bairn's respected like
 the lave. *rest*

O happy love! where love like this is found:
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round, 75
 And sage experience bids me this declare:—
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale 80
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? 85
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild? 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food; *wholesome*
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford, *milk; cow*
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood; *partition*
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood, 95
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, *well-kept cheese, strong*
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell. *twelve-month; flax;*
blossom

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, 100
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; *gray hairs upon temples*
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion was judicious care, *chooses*
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: 110
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame, *fans*
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; 115
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie *David*
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; 125
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. *Prophets*

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head; 130
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command. 135

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days,
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays, 140
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride, 145
 In all the pomp of method, and of art;
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart.
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; 150
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest: 155
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best, 160
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace Divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, 165
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God";
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, *truly*
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 170
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! 175
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while!
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle. 180

O Thou! who poured thy patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 • His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) 185
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard, *ever*
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

The "honored, much respected friend" was Robert Aiken, a lifelong friend of the poet. The opening quotation suggests comparison with what other great poem? Compare it also with "Snow-bound" and "The Deserted Village." What makes the greatness of these four poems? What qualities in this particular poem put it near the top of the list? What in Burns's attitude towards luxury is similar to Goldsmith's? How do their beliefs in regard to the future of poetry differ?

FURTHER READINGS:

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.....Thomas Gray
The Farmer's Ingle.....Robert Fergusson
The Kind Companion.....Winifred M. Letts
Scots, Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled.....Robert Burns

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD¹

COME, dear children, let us away;	Call her once before you go—
Down and away below!	Call once yet!
Now my brothers call from the bay,	In a voice that she will know:
Now the great winds shoreward blow,	"Margaret! Margaret!"
Now the salt tides seaward flow;	Children's voices should be dear
Now the wild white horses play,	(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Champ and chafe and toss in the	Children's voices, wild with pain—
spray.	Surely she will come again!
Children dear, let us away!	Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!	This way, this way!

¹1822-1888. English poet, essayist and educator.

"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and
fret."

Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away
down;

Call no more!

One last look at the white-walled
town,

And the little grey church on the
windy shore;

Then come down!

She will not come though you call
all day;

Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the
bay?

In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the
swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and
gleam,

Where the salt weed sways in the
stream,

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all
round,

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-
ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the
brine;

Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?

When did music come this way?

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of
the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She combed its bright hair, and she
tended it well,

When down swung the sound of a
far-off bell.

She sighed, she looked up through
the clear green sea;

She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk
pray

In the little grey church on the shore
today.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—
ah me!

And I lose my poor soul, Merman!
here with thee."

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through
the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to
the kind sea-caves!"

She smiled, she went up through the
surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little
ones moan;

Long prayers," I said, "in the world
they say;

Come!" I said; and we rose through
the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy
down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
white-walled town;

Through the narrow paved streets,
where all was still,

To the little grey church on the
windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of
folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold
blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the
stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through
the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her
clear:

"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are
here!

Dear heart," I said, "we are long
alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little
ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy
book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands
the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no
more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the hum-
ming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O
joy,
For the humming street, and the
child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the
holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her
hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks
at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;

For the cold strange eyes of a little
Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Give the opening situation. Have the merman and the merchildren been at the shore for some time? Why still linger? Why urge the children to call? Did Margaret have a just reason for departing for the upper world? What can a human being afford to give in exchange for his soul? Did Margaret save her soul? Do you think Margaret intended to return? Why her smile before

departing? Will she ever grieve for what she has lost? Do you condemn her? How do the merman and the children show greater love than she?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Prayer.....Katherine Tynan Hinkson
A Ballad of Woman.....Richard Le Gallienne
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.....William Watson

THE MOTHER

ROBERT W. SERVICE¹

THERE will be a singing in your heart,
 There will be a rapture in your eyes;
 You will be a woman set apart,
 You will be so wonderful and wise.
 You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,
 As of one that wakes in Paradise,
 There will be a singing in your heart,
 There will be a rapture in your eyes.

There will be a moaning in your heart,
 There will be an anguish in your eyes;
 You will see your dearest ones depart,
 You will hear their quivering good-byes.
 Yours will be the heart-ache and the smart,
 Tears that scald and lonely sacrifice;
 There will be a moaning in your heart,
 There will be an anguish in your eyes.

There will come a glory in your eyes,
 There will come a peace within your heart;
 Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,
 Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.
 You will know that you have played your part;
 Yours shall be the love that never dies:
 You, with Heaven's peace within your heart,
 You, with God's own glory in your eyes.

What experiences of the mother are emphasized? What in the form of the poem adds to its strength?

FURTHER READINGS:

Mary, Helper of Heartbreak.....Margaret Widdemer
The Little Son.....Moira O'Neill
The Son.....Ridgely Torrence
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.....William Cowper
Songs for My Mother.....Anna Hempstead Branch
Mother to Son.....Irene Rutherford McLeod
C. L. M......John Masefield

¹ 1874 —. Canadian poet, writing much about Alaska.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful
 Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and
 free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and
 skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

What is the point of view for each stanza? To whom is it addressed? What are the functions of "a perfect woman"?

FURTHER READINGS:

Proverbs, Chapter 31, Verses 10-32.

A Health.....Edward Coate Pinckney
Flos Aevorum.....Richard Le Gallienne
A Maiden's Ideal of a Husband.....Henry Carey
A Wise Woman.....James Oppenheim
The Wise Woman.....Louis Untermeyer

SELECTIONS FROM SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING²

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own-life, who by turns had flung

¹ 1770-1850. English poet, Laureate, 1843-1850. Famous for his nature poetry.

² 1809-1861. English poet, wife of Robert Browning.



PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER, BY WHISTLER

A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
 "Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,
 The silver answer rang,—"Not Death, but Love."

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as men turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

These are number one and number forty-three of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Robert Browning so named the sonnet series because his pet name for his wife was "The Portuguese." Let one member of the class report on the love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

FURTHER READINGS:

"If Thou Must Love Me".....Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Monna Innominata (Sonnets 1, 2, and 11).....Christina Rossetti

MY STAR

ROBERT BROWNING¹

ALL that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

¹1812-1889. English poet and dramatist.

To whom is the poet writing this? What is his mood of appreciation of her? Why can he alone appreciate her properly? To what does he compare her? Why? To what in turn is the star compared? What does Saturn represent in the comparison? What is the theme of the poem?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>A Woman's Last Word</i>	Robert Browning
<i>Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms</i>	Thomas Moore
<i>Madonna of the Evening Flowers</i>	Amy Lowell
<i>A Night Trail</i>	Badger Clark
<i>Bedouin Love Song</i>	Bayard Taylor

THE SHEPHERDESS

ALICE MEYNELL (MRS. WILFRID MEYNELL)¹

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.
~~Her flocks are thoughts.~~ She keeps them white;
 She guards them from the steep.
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys safe and deep.
 Into her tender breast at night
 The chastest stars may peep.
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Though gay they run and leap.
 She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
~~She walks—the lady of my delight—~~
 A shepherdess of sheep.

Express the thought in one sentence. What in the poem gives the thought such exquisite beauty?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Night Has a Thousand Eyes</i>	F. W. Bourdillon
<i>Daisy</i>	Francis Thompson
<i>Departure</i>	Coventry Patmore
<i>She Walks in Beauty</i>	Lord Byron

¹ 1850-1922. English poet and essayist.

LOVE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE¹

ALL THOUGHTS, all passions, all de-
lights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Often in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the
scene
Had blended with the lights of eve:
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest
grace;
For well she knew, I could not
choose

But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest
grace
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that hold and lovely
Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-
woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome
shade
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the
face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his
knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his
brain;—

¹ 1772-1834. English poet, essayist, and philosopher.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

All hopes, all fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin-
shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped
aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek em-
brace:

And bending back her head, looked
up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

“Love” is the introduction to a longer poem, never completed,
entitled “The Ballad of the Dark Ladie.”

FURTHER READINGS:

La Belle Dame sans Merci.....John Keats
Florence Vane.....Philip Pendleton Cooke
Love among the Ruins.....Robert Browning
The Eve of Crecy.....William Morris
After All and After All.....Mary Carolyn Davies
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time.....Robert Herrick

PRAISE

“SEUMAS O’SULLIVAN”¹

DEAR, they are praising your beauty,
The grass and the sky:
The sky in a silence of wonder,
The grass in a sigh.

I, too, would sing for your praising,
Dearest, had I
Speech as the whispering grass,
Or the silent sky.

¹ 1879 ——. James Starkey, Irish poet. The first word in his pseudonym is pronounced *Shá mus*.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Shakespeare's Sonnet Series contains 154 in all. There is still much doubt concerning the interpretation of the series in its entirety; but each individual sonnet carries its own enjoyment. What is the mood here? What the concluding thought?

FURTHER READINGS:

Sonnets XXIX, XXX, LX, LXXIII, and CXVI. William Shakespeare

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

THE BLESSED damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the
 depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were
 seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
 So high, that looking downward
 thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remembered names;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and
 stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

¹ 1828-1882. English painter and poet, of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

From the fixed place of Heaven she
 saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze
 still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled
 moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and
 now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's
 song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened? When those
 bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on
 earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
 Are not two prayers a perfect
 strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole
 clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted,
 melt
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that his plumes
 touch
 Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here; which his
 voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each
 pause,
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy
 soul
 Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the
 groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose
 names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And forehead garlanded;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-ropes for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak:
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.



By D. G. Rossetti

"THE BLESSED DAMOZEL"

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered
 heads
 Bowed with their aureoles:
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She
 ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her,
 filled
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

"There will I ask of Christ the
 Lord
 Thus much for him and me:—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be,
 As then awhile, forever now
 Together, I and he."

(I saw her smile.) But soon their
 path
 Was vague in distant spheres:
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers.
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

Who speaks the parts in parentheses? Are the pictures real?
 Are they symbolic? Does the poet believe that earthly love continues in Heaven? How does his thought differ from Browning's in "Evelyn Hope"? Show how infinite distance is conjoined with a sense of nearness. How are eternity and earthly time likewise blended?

FURTHER READINGS:

Sister Helen.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Lady Clare.....Alfred Tennyson

EVELYN HOPE

ROBERT BROWNING¹

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-
 flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass;
 Little has yet been changed, I
 think:
 The shutters are shut, no light may
 pass
 Save two long rays through the
 hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name;
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
 And the sweet white brow is all of
 her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
 And just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged
 so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be
 told?
 We were fellow mortals, naught
 beside?

¹ 1812-1889. English poet and dramatist; ranking with Tennyson as the greatest Victorians.

No, indeed! For God above—

Is great to grant, as mighty to
make,

And creates the love to reward the
love:

I claim you still, for my own love's
sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse,
not a few:

Much is to learn, much to forget

Ere the time be come for taking
you.

But the time will come,—at last it
will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant
(I shall say)

In the lower earth in the years long
still,

That body and soul so pure and
gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall
divine,

And your mouth of your own ger-
anium's red—

And what would you do with me, in
fine,

In the new life come in the old one's
stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much
since then,

Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
climes;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full
scope.

Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn
Hope!

What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!

My heart seemed full as it could
hold;

There was place and to spare for the
frank young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the
hair's young gold.

So hush,—I will give you this leaf to
keep:

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold
hand!

There, that is our secret: go to sleep!

You will wake, and remember, and
understand.

Who is speaking? Give the circumstances. What is his mood
and tone? What is his thought? Does his idea of the continuity of
life seem too optimistic? Compare it with Rossetti's.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Ballad of Camden Town.....James Elroy Flecker
Marguerite.....John Greenleaf Whittier

YOU WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD ME

ERNEST DOWSON ¹

You would have understood me, had you waited;
I could have loved you, dear! as well as he;
Had we not been impatient, dear! and fated
Always to disagree.

What is the use of speech? Silence were fitter:
Lest we should still be wishing things unsaid,
Though all the words we ever spake were bitter,
Shall I reproach you, dead?

¹1867-1900. An English poet who, obscure, died from intemperate habits.

Nay, let this earth, your portion, likewise cover
 All the old anger, setting us apart:
 Always, in all, in truth was I your lover;
 Always, I held your heart.

I have met other women who were tender,
 As you were cold, dear! with a grace as rare.
 Think you, I turned to them, or made surrender,
 I who had found you fair?

Had we been patient, dear! ah, had you waited,
 I had fought death for you, better than he:
 But from the very first, dear! we were fated
 Always to disagree.

Late, late, I come to you, now death discloses
 Love that in life was not to be our part:
 On your low lying mound between the roses,
 Sadly I cast my heart.

I would not waken you: nay! this is fitter;
 Death and the darkness give you unto me;
 Here we who loved so, were so cold and bitter,
 Hardly can disagree.

Compare this speaker and this situation with each in "Evelyn Hope." How does each lover feel in the present moment, facing the past and facing the future?

FURTHER READINGS:

Since There's No Help.....Michael Drayton
Another Way.....Ambrose Bierce
When Sparrows Build.....Jean Ingelow
When We Two Parted.....George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron
Ulalume.....Edgar Allan Poe

'SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

BEN JONSON¹

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;

¹ 1573-1634. English dramatist and writer of masques.

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

This lyric is from *Epicæne; or, The Silent Woman*, Act. I, sc. i. The title means *artless in adornment*. The Latin phrase, used by Horace in describing a coquette, was probably the suggestion from which Jonson's song grew.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

ROBERT HERRICK¹

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction:
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
 A cuff neglected, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly:
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat:
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility:
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

wantonness, wilfulness; *enthralls*, embraces; *stomacher*, a wide belt.

Compare this with Jonson's poem. Herrick was a disciple of "rare Ben Jonson."

FURTHER READINGS:

Whenas in Silks My Julia Goes.....Robert Herrick
On a Girdle.....Edmund Waller
On a Certain Lady at Court.....Alexander Pope

DISDAIN RETURNED

THOMAS CAREW²

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a corai lip admires;
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

¹ 1591-1674. English lyric and religious poet.

² 1589-1639. English lyric poet.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts, with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,
 My resolved heart to return;
 I have searched thy soul within
 And find nought but pride and scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.

Compare Carew's thought with Jonson's.

FURTHER READINGS :

Why so Pale and Wan?.....Sir John Suckling
Shall I, Wasting in Despair?.....George Wither
The Glove and the Lions.....Leigh Hunt
Sorrows of Werther.....William Makepeace Thackeray

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

RICHARD LOVELACE¹

TELL ME NOT, Sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As thou too shalt adore;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honor more.

Which stanza is widely quoted? Why? From his other famous poem, "To Althea, from Prison," the last stanza shares a similar popularity:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;

¹ 1618-1658. English Cavalier poet and courtier.

If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

JOHN LYLY¹

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 At last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

This poem is also called "Apelles' Song." The singer was a court-painter to Alexander the Great. Having been required to paint a portrait of this Theban captive, he fell in love with her. His song was overheard by Alexander, who, instead of having him executed, gave him the beautiful Campaspe for his bride. The song is from the play *Alexander and Campaspe*.

FURTHER READINGS:

Who Buys Land.....Joseph Campbell
To Mira, on Her Incomparable Poems.....Joseph Addison
Sally in Our Alley.....Henry Carey
At the Church Gate.....William Makepeace Thackeray

WITH STRAWBERRIES

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY²

WITH STRAWBERRIES we filled a tray,
 And then we drove away, away
 Along the links beside the sea,
 Where wave and wind were light and free,
 And August felt as fresh as May

¹ 1554-1606. English dramatic poet, noted also for the development of his prose style, the highly artificial, fanciful language known as Euphuism.

² 1849-1903. English poet and journalist.

And where the springy turf was gay
 With thyme and balm and many a spray
 Of wild roses, you tempted me
 With strawberries!

A shadow sail, silent and grey,
 Stole like a ghost across the bay;
 But none could hear me ask my fee,
 And none could know what came to be,
 Can sweethearts *all* their thirst allay
 With strawberries?

The form here used is the rondeau, a poetic form borrowed from France. What are its evident requirements in number of lines, rimes and repetitions?

FURTHER READINGS:

Advice to a Girl.....Thomas Campion
When Shakespeare Laughed.....Christopher Morley

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

MATTHEW PRIOR¹

ON HIS death-bed poor Lublin lies:
 His spouse is in despair;
 With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,
 They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
 "The same effect may give:
 Poor Lublin fears that he may die;
 His wife, that he may live."

FURTHER READINGS:

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....Oliver Goldsmith
The Remedy Worse than the Disease.....Matthew Prior
The Lion and the Cub.....John Gay

A DREAM

STEPHEN PHILLIPS²

MY DEAD LOVE came to me, and said:
 "God gives me one hour's rest,
 To spend with thee on earth again:
 How shall we spend it best?"

¹ 1664-1721. English humorous poet.

² 1868-1915. English dramatist and poet.

"Why, as of old," I said; and so
 We quarreled, as of old:
 But, when I turned to make my peace,
 That one short hour was told.

Compare this with Dowson's "You Would Have Understood Me." What is the difference in mood?

JENNY KISSED ME

LEIGH HUNT¹

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in!
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kissed me.

Hunt was a delightful companion, as much loved and enjoyed as any man in all England. He was extremely unpractical, a trait that led to both ridicule and popularity.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Mia Carlotta</i>	Thomas Augustine Daly
<i>The Kiss</i>	Coventry Patmore
<i>Between Two Loves</i>	Thomas Augustine Daly
<i>Sneezing</i>	Leigh Hunt
<i>The Look</i>	Sara Teasdale

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING HOME LIFE

[Aside from poetry, the novel and the drama best portray home life, often with realism, but more often idealized. Some novels of home life that are especially worthy of reading and reporting to the class are George Eliot's *Silas Marner* and *Mill on the Floss*; Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*; Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*; Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*; Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*; and Walpole's *Fortitude*. "The Revolt of Mother," a short story by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, should also be brought in for discussion in this connection. Some of the following famous plays may also well be read and reported on: Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*; Arnold Bennett's *Milestones*; Kennedy's *Servant in the House*; Ibsen's *The Doll's House* and *The Lady from the Sea*; Sheridan's *The Rivals*; Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*; Peabody's *The Piper*; Yeats's *The Land of Heart's Desire*; and Masefield's *The Locked Chest*.]

¹ 1784-1859. English poet and essayist.

What is the relative importance of home among the five institutions? How does the American home differ from homes of other English-speaking peoples? Are these differences vital or superficial? How does the American home of today differ from homes of former generations? What have been the gains? the losses? What are the virtues of such homes as those portrayed in "Michael"? "The Cotter's Saturday Night"? "Snowbound"? "The Deserted Village"? What advantages have these over the broken homes in *Silas Marner* and *You Never Can Tell*? What are the fundamental virtues of a home? What customs help to perpetuate these virtues? What customs help especially in character-building? What customs lessen or undermine the functions of the home?

How can hate enter a home as in Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*? How nearly did the same come to development in Godfrey and Dunstan Cass in *Silas Marner*? How can children brought up in the same home develop quite different characters? How is the mother a more important factor than the father? In Irving's sketch, "The Widow and Her Son," our earliest American writer to take up authorship as a profession pays the following tribute to mother love:

"Oh, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her for misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."

Discuss this tribute; illustrate parts of it from literature and from life to show that it is true. Do mothers always understand their children? What have some of our great men—Lincoln, Washington, for instance—owed to their mothers? What did Lincoln owe to his stepmother? What was the importance of the family in the days of the patriarchs? What was the relation of the family to the tribe in days of old?

What is the greatest inheritance that father and mother can leave to children?

end for exam
1/19/26

YOUTH, AGE, AND DEATH

PIANO

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE¹

SOFTLY, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cozy parlor, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance; I weep like a child for the past.

Is the thought true to the ways of memory? Compare with
Goldsmith's memory of his early home as given in "The Deserted
Village."

FURTHER READINGS :

The Old Familiar Faces.....Charles Lamb
The Light of Other Days.....Thomas Moore
Behind the Closed Eye.....Francis Ledwidge

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

THOMAS HOOD²

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

¹ 1885 ——. English poet and novelist. He owes much to an unusual mother.

² 1799-1845. English poet and humorist.

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as
 fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender
 tops
 Were close against the sky;
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

Does the author show sympathy with the heart of childhood?
 with the troubles of later life? What seems to you the finest
 phrase in the poem?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Gate of Heaven.....Francis Bourdillon
After Many Years.....Henry Clarence Kendall
A Lament.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
A Reminiscence of Infancy.....Frederick Locker-Lampson

IN PATRICK'S CLOSE

"SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN"¹

IN Patrick's Close this morning
 The larks sang out so well,
 So brave and sweet and clearly,
 That you could hardly tell
 They did not sing in freedom
 Above some heathery dell.

And daffodils in baskets
 Held out so brave and gay
 Their cups of golden laughter,
 You'd never know that they
 Had drunk their fill of sunlight
 Where skies are never grey.

Only the thin-faced children
 They looked so grave and old,
 You'd know at once for certain
 Though you were never told,
 They were but exiled wanderers
 Out of the Age of Gold.

What is a *close*? Explain *Age of Gold*.

Compare this with Hood's "I Remember, I Remember." Have
 one member of the class read the first five strophes of Wordsworth's
 "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early

¹ 1880 —. John Starkey, Irish poet.

Childhood." The last of the five will probably give the thought sufficiently well for class study:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Child in the Garden</i>	Henry Van Dyke
<i>A Lad that is Gone</i>	Robert Louis Stevenson
<i>My Lost Youth</i>	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
<i>My Heart Leaps Up</i>	William Wordsworth
<i>Birches</i>	Robert Frost
<i>Baby Pantomime</i>	Percy MacKaye
<i>A Man-Child's Lullaby</i>	Brian Hooker
<i>The Shadow People</i>	Francis Ledwidge

YOUNG AND OLD

CHARLES KINGSLEY¹

WHEN ALL the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen; Then hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day.	When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown; And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down: Creep home, and take your place there, The spent and maimed among: God grant you find one face there, You loved when all was young.
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This poem is from Kingsley's *The Water-Babies*. Compare it with Coleridge's couplet in the poem suggested for further reading:

Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Youth and Age</i>	Osbert Sitwell
<i>Youth and Age</i>	Samuel Taylor Coleridge
<i>Rabbi Ben Ezra</i>	Robert Browning
<i>Sometimes</i>	Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
<i>The Flight of Youth</i>	Richard Henry Stoddard
<i>The Old Man Dreams</i>	Oliver Wendell Holmes

¹ 1819-1875. English poet and novelist.

THE OLD WOMAN

JOSEPH CAMPBELL¹

As a white candle
 In a holy place,
 So is the beauty
 Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
 Of the winter sun,
 So is a woman
 With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
 And her thoughts as still
 As the waters
 Under a ruined mill.

Compare with Service's "Mother" and Colum's "An Old Woman of the Roads." Explain the poetic figures.

FURTHER READINGS:

Portrait of an Old Woman.....Arthur Davison Ficke
The Old Women.....Arthur Symons
Growing Old.....Matthew Arnold

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER²WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS³

I RISE in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
 Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
 And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
 Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
 But the young lie long and dream in their bed
 Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head,
 And their day goes over in idleness,
 And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress:
 While I must work because I am old,
 And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

In what does the pathos consist? Is the contrast truly drawn?

FURTHER READINGS:

Crabbed Age and Youth.....William Shakespeare
Tithonus.....Alfred Tennyson

¹ 1881 ——. Irish artist and poet who uses the Gaelic form of his name, Seosamh MacCathmhaoil.

² Reprinted from William Butler Yeats' *Collected Poems*, by special arrangement with the author and the Macmillan Company, publisher.

³ 1865 ——. Irish poet and dramatist.

TO THE FOUR COURTS, PLEASE

JAMES STEPHENS¹

THE DRIVER rubbed at his nettly chin
 With a huge, loose forefinger, crookèd and black,
 And his wobbly, violet lips sucked in,
 And puffed out again and hung down slack:
 One fang shone through his lop-sided smile,
 In his little pouched eye flickered years of guile.

5

And the horse, poor beast, it was ribbed and forked,
 And its ears hung down, and its eyes were old,
 And its knees were knuckly, and as we talked
 It swung the stiff neck that could scarcely hold
 Its big, skinny head up—then I stepped in,
 And the driver climbed to his seat with a grin.

God help the horse and the driver too,
 And the people and beasts who have never a friend,
 For the driver easily might have been you,
 And the horse be me by a different end.
 And nobody knows how their days will cease,
 And the poor, when they're old, have little of peace.

What is especially good in the description of the driver? Of the horse? What is the point to the title? The Four Courts was one of the prominent buildings in Dublin practically destroyed by the Republican outbreak in 1922. How does Bunyan's well-known remark apply: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan"?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Broncho.....Vachel Lindsay
In Lady Street.....John Drinkwater

THE CENTENARIAN

SHANE LESLIE²

"ALL the hundred of years
 I have lived on the road by the hill,
 All the turf in the world would not fill
 My unresting wee hearthful of flame;
 But the passing of folk went the same
 All that hundred of years—

¹ 1882 ——. Irish poet and novelist.

² 1886 ——. Irish poet and editor, associated with the leading spirits in the Irish renaissance.

For they tramped up the hill and the road
 Till the day they were drawn like a load,
 Yet the fire of the world is not fed
 Though I'm watching the dead join the dead
 For a hundred of years."

Compare the thought with the following quatrains from Walter Savage Landor:

Is it not better at an early hour
 In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
 While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
 Than sit the fire out and go starved to bed?

VARIOUS the roads of life; in one
 All terminate, one lonely way.
 We go; and "Is he gone?"
 Is all our best friends say.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife.
 Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art;
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

FURTHER READINGS :

John Anderson, My Jo.....Robert Burns
To Age.....Walter Savage Landor
To My Ninth Decade....." " "
The Peddler.....Hermann Hagedorn

AS SLOW OUR SHIP

THOMAS MOORE¹

As SLOW our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked
 back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we
 rove,
 To those we've left behind us!

¹ 1779-1852. Irish poet, famous for his songs.

When, round the bowl, of vanished
years

We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be
tears,

So faint, so sad their beaming;
When memory brings back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, mild, and
sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our
bliss,

If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travelers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon the light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

What is the effect of memory upon even commonplace scenes
and occasions?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Retreat.....Henry Vaughan
The Old Oaken Bucket.....Samuel Woodworth
Home, Sweet Home.....John Howard Payne

MISS LOO

WALTER DE LA MARE¹

WHEN thin-strewn memory I look
through,
I see most clearly poor Miss Loo,
Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
Her nose, her hair—her muffled
words,
And how she'd open her green eyes,
As if in some immense surprise,

Whenever, as we sat at tea,
She made some small remark to me.

It's always drowsy summer when
From out the past she comes again;
The westering sunshine in a pool
Floats in her parlor still and cool;

¹ 1873 ——. English poet and novelist.

While the slim bird its lean wires
 shakes,
 As into piercing song it breaks;
 Till Peter's pale-green eyes ajar
 Dream, wake; wake, dream, in one
 brief bar;
 And I am sitting, dull and shy,
 And she with gaze of vacancy,
 And large hands folded on the tray,
 Musing the afternoon away;

Her satin bosom heaving slow
 With signs that softly ebb and flow,
 And her plain face in such dismay,
 It seems unkind to look her way:
 Until all cheerful back will come
 Her cheerful gleaming spirit home:
 And one would think that poor Miss
 Loo
 Asked nothing else, if she had you.

Have some members of the class read at least two of the following poems for comparison, preferably "My Aunt" and "To My Grandmother."

What age is this person that remembers "Miss Loo"?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Old Susan</i>	Walter de la Mare
<i>The Last Leaf</i>	Oliver Wendell Holmes
<i>My Aunt</i>	
<i>A Letter of Advice</i>	Winthrop Mackworth Praed
<i>To My Grandmother</i>	Frederick Locker-Lampson
<i>The Poor Relations</i>	Edwin Arlington Robinson
<i>A Parental Ode to My Son</i>	Thomas Hood

TIRED TIM

WALTER DE LA MARE

POOR tired Tim! It's sad for him.
 He lags the long bright morning through,
 Ever so tired of nothing to do;
 He moons and mopes the livelong day,
 Nothing to think about, nothing to say;
 Up to bed with his candle to creep,
 Too tired to yawn; too tired to sleep;
 Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him.

Do you know such a character? Contrast this with the character in Campbell's "I Will Go with My Father A-Plowing." Explain and comment on the poet's use of the word *poor* in both "Miss Loo" and "Tired Tim."

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Miniver Cheevy</i>	Edwin Arlington Robinson
<i>Old Ben</i>	Walter de la Mare
<i>A Portrait</i>	Emily Dickinson
<i>The Song of Brother Hilario</i>	Stephen Chalmers

SONG

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI¹

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,	I shall not see the shadows,
Sing no sad songs for me;	I shall not feel the rain;
Plant thou no roses at my head,	I shall not hear the nightingale
Nor shady cypress tree:	Sing on, as if in pain;
Be the green grass above me	And dreaming through the twilight
With showers and dewdrops wet;	That does not rise nor set,
And if thou wilt, remember,	Haply I may remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.	And haply may forget.

How does this differ from sentiments expressed by others? Do you agree with this expression?

ROSE AYLMER

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR²

AH what avails the sceptered race,
 Ah what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

Rose, daughter of the fourth Baron Aylmer, died in India in 1800. Compare this poem with "Annabel Lee" and "Evelyn Hope." Does Landor gain by his extreme simplicity?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Three Roses</i>	Walter Savage Landor
<i>Requiescat</i>	Matthew Arnold
<i>In School-Days</i>	John Greenleaf Whittier

HIGHLAND MARY

ROBERT BURNS³

YE BANKS and braes and streams	Your waters never drumlie!
around	There simmer first unfauld her robes,
The castle o' Montgomery,	And there the langest tarry;
Green be your woods, and fair your	For there I took the last fareweel
flowers,	O' my sweet Highland Mary.

¹ 1830-1894. English poet of Italian parentage.² 1775-1864. English poet and essayist.³ 1759-1796. Scotch poet; among the world's best song-writers.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade

I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings

Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;

But O! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling
glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

It will be well to read also the last three stanzas of "To Mary in Heaven," which describe so vividly the betrothal scene: the two lovers plighted their troth by standing on opposite sides of the brook and holding a Bible between them. Other poems written as tributes to Mary Campbell are "Sweet Afton" and "My Highland Lassie."

FURTHER READINGS:

A Persian Love Song.....Sarojini Naidu
A Sea-Dream.....John Greenleaf Whittier
Auld Robin Gray.....Lady Anne Lindsay

BREDON HILL

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN¹

IN SUMMERTIME on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the colored counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;

Good people, come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

¹ 1859 —. English professor and author, whose fame as a poet rests upon one volume, *A Shropshire Lad*.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people,"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

Compare this with Gibson's poem, "The Stone," included in this volume. Which gives the story by suggestion? Is this an advantage?

FURTHER READINGS:

Helen of Kirconnel.....Anonymous
The Silent Tower of Bottreau.....Robert Stephen Hawker

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

SHE fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweighed
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day.
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

¹ 1828-1882. English poet and painter of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
 Our mother went where Margaret
 lay,
 Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should
 they
 Have broken her long-watched-for
 rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and
 turned;
 But suddenly turned back again;
 And all her features seemed in pain
 With woe, and her eyes gazed and
 yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
 And held my breath, and spoke no
 word:

There was none spoken; but I
 heard
 The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
 And both my arms fell, and I said,
 "God knows I knew that she was
 dead."
 And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling upon Christmas morn
 A little after twelve o'clock
 We said, ere the first quarter struck,
 "Christ's blessing on the newly
 born!"

Note the simplicity and the concreteness of the poem. Where has the poet shown fine management of pauses? Is there straining after effect? Critics have said that Rossetti might as well have painted his poems and written his pictures. Does it seem so with this poem? Many of his poems were written to accompany his paintings.

FURTHER READINGS:

Asleep.....William Winter
The Death-Bed.....Thomas Hood
Telling the Bees.....Lizette Woodworth Reese

I.M.

MARGARITÆ SORORI

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY¹

A LATE LARK twitters from the quiet
 skies:
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The
 spires

Shine, and are changed. In the val-
 ley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on.
 The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of triumphing
 night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

¹ 1849-1903. English poet and journalist



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long
 day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

Comment upon the form of the poem. How is the leading idea made emphatic? Translate the title.

THE STONE¹WILFRID WILSON GIBSON²

"AND will you cut a stone for him,
 To set above his head?
 And will you cut a stone for him—
 A stone for him?" she said.

And when I came, she stood,
 alone 30
 A woman, turned to stone:
 And, though no word at all she said,
 I knew that all was known.

Three days before, a splintered rock,
 Had struck her lover dead—
 Had struck him in the quarry dead,
 Where, careless of the warning call,
 He loitered, while the shot was fired—
 A lively stripling, brave and tall, 10
 And sure of all his heart desired . . .
 A flash, a shock,
 A rumbling fall . . .
 And, broken 'neath the broken rock,
 A lifeless heap, with face of clay; 15
 And still as any stone he lay,
 With eyes that saw the end of all.

Because her heart was dead,
 She did not sigh nor moan, 35
 His mother wept:
 She could not weep.
 Her lover slept:
 She could not sleep.
 Three days, three nights, 40
 She did not stir:
 Three days, three nights,
 Were one to her,
 Who never closed her eyes
 From sunset to sunrise, 45
 From dawn to evenfall:
 Her tearless, staring eyes,
 That seeing naught, saw all.

I went to break the news to her;
 And I could hear my own heart beat
 With dread of what my lips might
 say. 20
 But, some poor fool had sped before;
 And flinging wide her father's door,
 Had blurted out the news to her,
 Had struck her lover dead for her,
 Had struck the girl's heart dead in
 her, 25
 Had struck life, lifeless, at a word,
 And dropped it at her feet:
 Then hurried on his witless way,
 Scarce knowing she had heard.

The fourth night when I came from
 work,
 I found her at my door. 50
 "And will you cut a stone for him?"
 She said: and spoke no more:
 But followed me, as I went in,
 And sank upon a chair;
 And fixed her grey eyes on my face, 55
 With still, unseeing stare.
 And, as she waited patiently,
 I could not bear to feel

¹ This selection from W. W. Gibson's *Collected Poems* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1878 ——. English poet, with power to make prosaic subjects poetic.

Those still, grey eyes that followed
me,
Those eyes that plucked the heart
from me 60
Those eyes that sucked the breath
from me,
And curdled the warm blood in me.
Those eyes that cut me to the bone,
And pierced my marrow like cold
steel.

And so I rose, and sought a stone; 65
And cut it, smooth and square:
And, as I worked, she sat and
watched,
Beside me, in her chair.
Night after night, by candlelight,
I cut her lover's name: 70
Night after night, so still and white,
And like a ghost she came;
And sat beside me in her chair;
And watched with eyes aflame.

She eyed each stroke; 75
And hardly stirred;
She never spoke

A single word:
And not a sound or murmur broke.
The quiet, save the mallet-stroke. 80

With still eyes ever on my hands,
With eyes that seemed to burn my
hands,
My wincing, overweariéd hands,
She watched, with bloodless lips
apart,
And silent, indrawn breath: 85
And every stroke my chisel cut,
Death cut still deeper in her heart:
The two of us were chiselling,
Together, I and death.

And when at length the job was done, 90
And I had laid the mallet by,
As if, at last, her peace were won,
She breathed his name; and, with a
sigh,
Passed slowly through the open door:
And never crossed my threshold
more. 95

Next night I labored late, alone,
To cut her name upon the stone.

What makes the telling of the story so effective? What is the effect of the irregularities in length of line, rime scheme, and stanza form?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Brothers.....Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
The May Queen.....Alfred Tennyson

REQUIEM¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON²

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

¹ From *Poems* by Robert Louis Stevenson; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

² 1850-1894. Scotch novelist, essayist, short story writer and poet.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hills.

Why is this appropriate for Stevenson's tomb?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Vagrant's Epitaph.....Theodore Roberts
Epitaph.....Emily Dickinson

ELEGY

ROBERT BRIDGES ¹

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
 Within whose magic tents
 Rich hues have marriage made
 With sweet unmemoried scents:
 A honeymoon delight,—
 A joy of love at sight,
 That ages in an hour:—
 My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
 Before their charm is writ
 Along a liquid sky
 Trembling to welcome it.

Notes, that with pulse of fire
 Proclaim the spirit's desire,
 Then die, and are nowhere:—
 My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
 And wither as a bloom:
 Fear not a flowery death,
 Dread not an airy tomb!
 Fly with delight, fly hence!
 'Twas thine love's tender sense
 To feast; now on thy bier
 Beauty shall shed a tear.

Explain the comparisons. What is the central idea?

FURTHER READING:

The Secret.....Emily Dickinson

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY ²

| Music, when soft voices die,
 | Vibrates in the memory—
 | Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
 | Live within the sense they quicken.
 | Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 | Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
 | And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 | Love itself shall slumber on.

Compare this with Mr. Bridges' "Elegy." What is the likeness in imagery? What is the difference in idea? Why?

¹ 1844 ——. Poet Laureate of England since 1913.

² 1792-1822. English lyric poet.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE¹

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
 Where may the grave of that good man be?—
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
 Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
 The Knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust;—
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

FURTHER READINGS :

Inscription for his Tomb.....William Shakespeare
An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet W. Shakespeare.....John Milton
Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.....William Browne
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.....John Keats

THE MADMEN'S SONG

JOHN WEBSTER²

O, LET ME howl some heavy note,
 Some deadly doggèd howl,
 Sounding as from the threatening throat
 Of beasts and fatal fowl!

As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
 We'll bell and bawl our parts,
 Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
 And corrosived your hearts.

At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
 Our bodies being blest,
 We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
 And die in love and rest.

This song is from *The Duchess of Malfi*. The stage directions call for a "dismal kind of music." Explain the reference to the swan.

FURTHER READINGS :

In the Poppy Field.....James Stephens
The Castaway.....William Cowper

¹ 1772-1834. English poet, critic, and philosopher.

² 1580-1625. English tragic dramatist.

MAD SONG

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE WILD winds weep,
 And the night is a-cold;
 Come hither, Sleep,
 And my griefs enfold! . . .
 But lo! the morning peeps
 Over the eastern steeps,
 And the rustling birds of morn
 The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
 Of paved heaven,
 With sorrow fraught,
 My notes are driven:

They strike the ear of Night,
 Make weak the eyes of Day;
 They make mad the roaring winds,
 And with the tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
 With howling woe
 After night I do crowd
 And with night will go;
 I turn my back to the east
 Whence comforts have increased;
 For light doth seize my brain
 With frantic pain.

State briefly the thought of the poem. What is the effect of the variations in meter and rime?

FURTHER READINGS:

Mad Blake.....William Rose Benet
To One in Bedlam.....Ernest Dowson
The Asylum.....William Rose Benet

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING²

FEAR DEATH?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.

¹ 1757-1827. English poet and painter, noted for his intellectual eccentricity.

² 1812-1889. English poet and dramatist.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

"Prospice" was written in the autumn following Mrs. Browning's death. What lines intensify the association? What is the meaning of the title? What is the spirit of the poem? Comment upon the imagery, the movement, the climax. Compare the poem with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Which gives the stronger expression of the expectation of the soul's victory over death?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Epilogue</i> (to "Asolando").....	Robert Browning
<i>No Coward's Song</i>	James Elroy Flecker
<i>How Did You Die?</i>	Edmund Vance Cooke
<i>Crossing the Bar</i>	Alfred Tennyson

COURAGE

JOHN GALSWORTHY¹

COURAGE is but a word; and yet, of words,
 The only sentinel of permanence;
 The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,
 We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
 And on. For faith—without it—has no sense;
 And love, to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
 And life, forever, quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not; before it prayer will blush;
 Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.
 'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,
 But hales us on and on to breast the rush
 Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
 And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—
 Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

Describe the courage that Mr. Galsworthy has in mind. Make a list of other famous poems that glorify courage.

¹ 1867 —, English poet, novelist, and dramatist.

FURTHER READINGS:

The King of Kings.....James Shirley
McPherson's Farewell.....Robert Burns

THE HEAD OF BRAN THE BLEST

GEORGE MEREDITH ¹

WHEN the head of Bran
 Was firm on British shoulders,
 "God made a man!"
 Cried all beholders.

Steel could not resist
 The weight his arm would rattle;
 He with naked fist
 Has brained a knight in battle.

He marched on the foe
 And never counted numbers;
 Foreign widows know
 The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan
 That's towered by the steeple,
 So the head of Bran
 Rose o'er his people.

"DEATH's my neighbor,"
 Quoth Bran the Blest;
 "Christian labor
 Brings Christian rest.
 From the trunk sever
 The head of Bran?
 That which never
 Has bent to man!

"That which never
 To man has bowed
 Shall live ever
 To shame the shroud;
 Shall live ever
 To face the foe;
 Sever it, sever,
 And with one blow.

"Be it written
 That all I wrought
 Was for Britain
 In deed and thought:

Be it written
 That while I die,
Glory to Britain!
 Is my last cry.
"Glory to Britain!"
 Death echoes me round.
Glory to Britain!
 The world shall resound.
Glory to Britain!
 In ruin and fall,
Glory to Britain!
 Is heard over all."

BURN, Sun, down the sea!
 Bran lies low with thee.
 Burst, Morn, from the main!
 Bran so shall rise again.
 Blow, Wind, from the field!
 Bran's Head is the Briton's shield.
 Beam, Star, in the west!
 Bright burns the Head of Bran the
 Blest.

CRIMSON-FOOTED, like the stork,
 From great ruts of slaughter,
 Warriors of the Golden Torque
 Cross the lifting water.
 Princes seven, enchaining hands,
 Bear the live Head homeward.
 Lo! it speaks, and still commands:
 Gazing far out foamward.
 Fiery words of lightning sense
 Down the hollows thunder;
 Forest hostels know not whence
 Comes the speech, and wonder.
 City-castles, on the steep
 Where the faithful Severn
 House at midnight, hear, in sleep
 Laughter under heaven.

¹ 1829-1909. English novelist, poet, and essayist.

Lilies, swimming on the mere,
 In the castle shadow,
 Under draw their heads, and Fear
 Walks the misty meadow;
 Tremble not, it is not Death
 Pledging dark espousal:
 'Tis the Head of endless breath,
 Challenging carousal!

Brim the horn! a health is drunk,
 Now, that shall keep going:
 Life is but the pebble sunk,
 Deeds, the circle growing!
 Fill, and pledge the Head of Bran!
 While his lead they follow,
 Long shall heads in Britain plan
 Speech Death cannot swallow.

This ballad was suggested by the story of Bran, son of Llyr. He was the hero of the Welsh Mabinogi of Branwen.

What is the central idea of each of the four parts? Of the entire poem?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Invictus</i>	William Ernest Henley
<i>The Last Journey</i>	John Davidson
<i>Play the Game</i>	Henry Newbolt

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR PROBLEMS OF YOUTH, AGE, AND DEATH

[Before this summing up is undertaken, it will be well to study in the prose section Lamb's essay, *The Superannuated Man*; Hearn's sketch, *A Dream of a Summer's Day*; and the following short stories: Kipling's *The Man That Was*, and Fiona Macleod's *Fisher of Men*.]

"Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and passage to another world is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due to nature, is weak."—*Francis Bacon, "Of Death."*

How is death "the Arch Fear"? What do you understand by "victory over death"? by "unconquerable soul"? How do the poems by Browning and Henley differ in spirit? How is Tennyson different from either? How can a person be "master of his fate"? In what different ways is death represented or personified?

Have one student read the old morality play, *Everyman*, and report to the class. Which was the only friend that would accompany Everyman to meet death? Have another read and report on Shakespeare's great tragedy of old age, *King Lear*.

Consider death from the point of view of friends left behind. What wisdom in Christina Rossetti's "Song"? What consolation in Burns's "Highland Mary"? In the last lines of Rossetti's "My Sister's Sleep"? Couple this with his "Blessed Damozel" read in the preceding section. If, as Rossetti says, those "are just born,

being dead," how are we to think of Wordsworth's description of *our* birth as "a sleep and a forgetting," and that our soul "hath had elsewhere its setting"? If there is such an "Age of Gold" from which, as Seumas O'Sullivan says, we are "exiled wanderers," why can we not have more definite memory of it? Examine Hearn's statement beginning "I have memory of a place and a magical time" for further suggestions. In what sense had he "lost the charm"? Is the older person's recollection of childhood merely think-so? What causes the wistfulness of maturity? Would it be better if middle age could say with Browning:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, "A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new:
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armor to imbue.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

Consider Charles Lamb's life in connection with his statement, "I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were, and the wood had entered my soul." Was the last of his life the best, "for which the first was made"? Would we have "The Man That Was" recover? What is the attitude towards life and death in "A Fisher of Men"?

DEMOCRACY AND WAR

A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER

1852

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE¹

PUSH hard across the sand,
For the salt wind gathers breath;
Shoulder and wrist and hand,
Push hard as the push of death.
The wind is as iron that rings,
The foam-heads loosen and flee;
It swells and welters and swings,
The pulse of the tide of the sea.
And up on the yellow cliff
The long corn flickers and shakes;
Push, for the wind holds stiff,
And the gunwale dips and rakes.
Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the sea!
(While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.
Out to the sea with her there,
Out with her over the sand,
Let the kings keep the earth for their
share!
We have done with the sharers of
land.
They have tied the world in a
tether,
They have bought over God with a
fee;
While three men held together,
The kingdoms are less by three.
We have done with the kisses that
sting,
The thief's mouth red from the
feast,

The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the
wind!

The old red shall be floated again
When the ranks that are thin shall be
thinned,

When the names that were twenty
are ten;

Let the wind shake our flag like a
feather,

Like the plumes of the foam of the
sea!

While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to
bear,

From Cayenne to the Austrian
whips;

Forth, with the rain in our hair
And the salt sweet foam on our
lips:

In the teeth of the hard glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

¹ 1837-1909. British poet, so intensely democratic and revolutionary that in spite of his leadership in poetry, Queen Victoria would not appoint him Poet Laureate after the death of Tennyson.

What is the meaning of the irregularly used refrain? What is the poet driving at? Which are the most vivid pictures?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Avenue of the Allies</i>	Alfred Noyes
<i>The Choice</i>	John Masefield
<i>The Kings</i>	Louise Imogen Guiney
<i>Tecumseh and the Eagles</i>	Bliss Carman

SONG FROM "GITÁNJALI"¹

RABINDRANATH TAGORE²

WHERE THE MIND is without fear and the head is held high;
 Where knowledge is free;
 Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
 Where words come out from the depth of truth;
 Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
 Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
 Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

How does ours measure up to this ideal country? Specify our shortcomings.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Pro Patria</i>	Sir Owen Seaman
<i>The Landing of the Pilgrims</i>	Felicia Hemans
<i>The Concord Hymn</i>	Ralph Waldo Emerson
<i>The American Flag</i>	Joseph Rodman Drake
<i>The Union</i>	Alfred Noyes

SONNET ON CHILLON

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON³

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,

¹This selection from Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

²1861 ——. Hindu poet and dramatist who translates his own poetry and that of others into English.

³1788-1824. English poet, European in the swing of his genius; of the revolutionary school of poets.

Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

This sonnet is prefixed to the poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," in which the chief character is somewhat like Bonnivard. See the last section of poetry in this text. The difference between the historic and the fictitious character has led the editor to separate the sonnet from the poem.

THOUGHTS OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

Two VOICES are there; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

For each of these sonnets summarize the thought about liberty. The Tyrant mentioned was Napoleon. As Switzerland is associated with mountain liberty, what country or countries may be associated with liberty secured by the ocean?

FURTHER READINGS:

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.....William Wordsworth
France: an Ode.....Samuel Taylor Coleridge

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

WINIFRED M. LETTS²

I saw the spires of Oxford	The years go fast in Oxford,
As I was passing by,	The golden years and gay,
The grey spires of Oxford	The hoary Colleges look down
Against the pearl-grey sky.	On careless boys at play.
My heart was with the Oxford men	But when the bugles sounded war
Who went abroad to die.	They put their games away.

¹ 1770-1850. English poet; Laureate, 1843-1850.

² 1887 —. Irish poet of peasant life.

They left the peaceful river,
 The cricket-field, the quad,
 The shaven lawns of Oxford,
 To seek a bloody sod—
 They gave their merry youth away
 For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
 Who laid your good lives down,
 Who took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.
 God bring you to a fairer place
 Than even Oxford town.

Explain the effect of nobility in the poem. What are the characteristics of Oxford? How old are some of the colleges there? What old carol is echoed in the last stanza?

FURTHER READINGS:

Marco Bozzaris.....Fitz-Greene Halleck
Clifton Chapel.....Henry Newbolt
The Connaught Rangers.....Winifred M. Letts

SONGS FROM AN EVIL WOOD

LORD DUNSANY¹

THERE is no wrath in the stars,
 They do not rage in the sky;
 I look from the evil wood
 And find myself wondering why.

Why do they not scream out
 And grapple star against star,
 Seeking for blood in the wood
 As all things round me are?

They do not glare like the sky
 Or flash like the deeps of the wood;
 But they shine softly on
 In their sacred solitude.

To their high, happy haunts
 Silence from us has flown,
 She whom we loved of old
 And know it now she is gone.

When will she come again
 Though for one second only?
 She whom we loved is gone
 And the whole world is lonely.

SOMEWHERE lost in the haze
 The sun goes down in the cold,
 And the birds in this evil wood
 Chirrup home as of old;

Chirrup, stir, and are still
 On the high twigs frozen and thin.
 There is no more noise of them now,
 And the long night sets in.

Of all the wonderful things
 That I have seen in the wood,
 I marvel most at the birds
 And their wonderful quietude.

For a giant smites with his club
 All day on the tops of the hill;
 Sometimes he rests at night,
 Oftener he beats them still.

And a dwarf with a grim black mane
 Raps with repeated rage
 All night in the valley below
 On the wooden walls of his cage.

And the elder giants come
 Sometimes, trampling from far
 Through the weird and flickering
 light
 Made by an earthly star.

¹ 1876 ——. Edward John Morton Drax Plunkett, Irish poet, dramatist and story-writer.

And the giant with his club,	They are all abroad tonight
And the dwarf with rage in his breath,	And are breaking the hills with their brood,—
And the elder giants from far,	And the birds are all asleep
They are all the children of Death.	Even in Plug Street Wood!

THE GREAT GUNS of England, they listen mile on mile
To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their throats and smile;
But the old woods are fallen
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
They will come back some springtime with the warm winds and the rain,
For Nature guardeth her children
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
She shall bring back her children
And dry their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord will never cease to flow,
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-winds blow;
He shall always weep for his widows,
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
When he slaughtered a little people
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on
With the listless falling of streams that find not oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone.

I MET with Death in his country
With his scythe and his hollow eye,
Walking the roads of Belgium.
I looked and he passed me by.

Since he passed me by in Plug Street,
In the wood of the evil name,
I shall not now lie with the heroes,
I shall not share their fame;

I shall never be as they are,
A name in the lands of the Free,
Since I looked on Death in Flanders
And he did not look at me.

Plug Street Wood was the British Tommy's name for Ploegsteert Wood, Belgium, where bitter battles were fought during the World War. Lord Dunsany served throughout the war. Why does the soldier here so greatly long for silence?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>In the Trenches</i>	Richard Aldington
<i>Battle of the Marne</i>	Herbert Trench
<i>By the Wood</i>	Robert Nichols
<i>I Have a Rendezvous with Death</i>	Alan Seeger
<i>Does It Matter?</i>	Siegfried Sassoon
<i>In England Now</i>	Lina Jephson
<i>Here: and There</i>	F. W. Bourdillon

AFTERMATH

SIEGFRIED SASSOON¹

HAVE *you* forgotten yet? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same,—and War's a bloody game. . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

What is his attitude towards war? What clearly is his purpose?
Is it suitable to poetic treatment?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Prayer of a Soldier in France</i>	Joyce Kilmer
<i>To Lucasta on Going to the War—for the Fourth Time</i>	Robert Graves
<i>August, 1914</i>	John Masefield

¹ 1886 —. British poet and heroic soldier.

THE MESSAGES¹WILFRID WILSON GIBSON²

"I CANNOT quite remember. . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee,
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

"I cannot quite remember. . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench, and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

"Their friends are waiting, wondering how they thrive—
Waiting a word in silence patiently. . . .
But what they said, or who their friends may be

"I cannot quite remember. . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

What shows the condition of the speaker? Does it tally with the poet's description of him in the second stanza?

FURTHER READINGS:

Little Giffn.....Francis Orrery Ticknor
The Kiss.....Siegfried Sassoon
The Question.....Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

THE LAST POST

ROBERT GRAVES³

THE BUGLER sent a call of high romance—
"Lights out! Lights out!" to the deserted square.
On the thin brazen notes he threw a prayer:
"God, if it's *this* for me next time in France . . .
O spare the phantom bugle as I lie
Dead in the gas and smoke and roar of guns,
Dead in a row with other broken ones,
Lying so stiff and still under the sky—
Jolly young Fusiliers, too good to die . . ."

The music ceased, and the red sunset flare
Was blood about his head as he stood there.

¹ This selection from W. W. Gibson's *Battle and Other Poems* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1878 ——. English poet of vigor and power.

³ 1895 ——. English soldier poet.

Compare Graves's idea of war with Sassoon's and Dunsany's.
What is the substance of the bugler's prayer?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Round Trip.....McLandburgh Wilson
Conscript.....Siegfried Sassoon
The Fear.....Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

IT'S A QUEER TIME

ROBERT GRAVES

It's hard to know if you're alive or dead
When steel and fire go roaring through your head.

One moment you'll be crouching at your gun
Traversing, mowing heaps down half in fun:
The next, you choke and clutch at your right breast—
No time to think—leave all—and off you go . . .
To Treasure Island where the Spice winds blow,
To lovely groves of mango, quince and lime—
Breathe no good-bye, but ho, for the Red West!
It's a queer time.

You're charging madly at them yelling "Fag!"
When somehow something gives and your feet drag.
You fall and strike your head; yet feel no pain
And find . . . you're digging tunnels through the hay
In the Big Barn, 'cause it's a rainy day.
Oh, springy hay, and lovely beams to climb!
You're back in the old sailor suit again.
It's a queer time.

Or you'll be dozing safe in your dug-out—
A great roar—the trench shakes and falls about—
You're struggling, gasping, struggling, then . . . hullo!
Elsie comes tripping gaily down the trench,
Hanky to nose—that lyddite makes a stench—
Getting her pinafore all over grime.
Funny! because she died ten years ago!
It's a queer time.

The trouble is, things happen much too quick;
Up jump the Boches, rifles thump and click.
You stagger, and the whole scene fades away:
Even good Christians don't like passing straight
From Tipperary or their Hymn of Hate
To Alleluiah-chanting, and the chime
Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not well today . . .
It's a queer time.

What is the effect of the quaint turn of thought in each section?
Should the tone be more serious for this subject matter?

FURTHER READINGS:

Fuzzy-Wuzzy Rudyard Kipling
The Iron Music Ford Madox Hueffer

WATERLOO

(From *Childe Harold*, Canto III, Stanzas XXI, XXII, XXIV, XXV,
XXVII, XXVIII.)

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON¹

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, Hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

¹ 1788-1824. English revolutionary poet.

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon behind them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

The ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, on the night before Waterloo. Read the poem aloud. What qualities of great oratory do you note?

FURTHER READINGS:

Destruction of Sennacherib.....Lord Byron
Agincourt.....Michael Drayton
Charge of the Light Brigade.....Alfred Tennyson

ODE

Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746.

WILLIAM COLLINS¹

How SLEEP the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed!
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

¹ 1721-1759. English poet. He wrote but little. What he did write gives him high rank.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

In 1746 England was engaged in both foreign and civil war (War of the Austrian Succession and the Jacobite uprising). The Battle of Culloden was fought in 1746. What has made this lyric a favorite memory gem?

FURTHER READINGS:

In Flanders Fields.....John McCrea
The Anxious Dead.....
The Blue and the Gray.....Francis Miles Finch

BEFORE SEDAN

AUSTIN DOBSON¹

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

HERE, in this leafy place
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies:
 'Tis but another dead;
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves:
 So this man's eye is dim;—
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched
 There, at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died;—
 Message or wish, may be;—
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled!—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look! She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died;—But no;—
 Death will not have it so.

Compare with Southey's "After Blenheim." How does each make the thought concrete and effective?

¹ 1840 ——. English poet and biographer.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>The Bivouac of the Dead</i>	Theodore O'Hara
<i>Character of the Happy Warrior</i>	William Wordsworth
<i>Dirge for a Soldier</i>	George Henry Boker
<i>The Day of Battle</i>	Alfred Edward Housman
<i>Henry V to his Troops before Harfleur</i>	William Shakespeare

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING DEMOCRACY AND WAR

[Before class discussion of these suggested questions, it will be well for the class to study in the prose section the following speeches: "The American Spirit of Liberty" by Burke; "On Affairs in America" by Pitt; and "On the Death of Queen Victoria" by Laurier.]

"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

"Democracy is a method of progress."—*Frederick D. Bramhall*.

"Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as the others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics."—*James Russell Lowell*.

"Democracy is not the reverse of kingship. Nations have abolished kings and substituted anarchy or degradation instead of democracy for them; and nations have retained kings and accepted the spirit of democracy. The Problem of democracy is not the problem of getting rid of kings. It is the problem of clothing the *whole people* with elements of kingship. To make kings and queens out of a hundred million of people: That is the Problem of American democracy."—*Frederic C. Morehouse*.

"The first item in the democratic program must always be that no member of a state should be forced to live under conditions of uncheered drudgery and degrading poverty. But that once achieved, the object must not be to reduce everything to a dead level, but to encourage everything which rises above that level; to produce an aristocracy, not of wealth and rank, but of intellect and character, and to see that such an aristocracy has the direction of affairs, not for its own profit, but for the profit of all."—*Arthur C. Benson*.

What is the relation of liberty to democracy? Which of the five preceding statements come nearest your idea of what democracy means? Discuss also Theodore Parker's saying: "Democracy means not, 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" Did the Declaration of Independence intend to establish our freedom? Did the makers of our Constitution intend to establish a democracy? What did they create which is helping democracy to develop? Did they follow the English fundamentals developed through the centuries following Magna Charta, or did they turn rather to French philosophers expounding the rights of man? What

did the party led by Andrew Jackson during the development of the West some thirty years later play in establishing democracy? What part did the Civil War play? The World War? The late amendments to the Constitution?

Is democracy an ideal? Or does the term apply to an accomplished fact? Is it more the product of evolution in government, or of revolution? Show the elements and the processes suggested in Tagore's *Song*, as necessary to "that heaven of freedom." What is the function of such poets as Byron and Swinburne in the struggle for a better world? What has been the part of the World War in "making the world safe for democracy"? What have the soldier poets taught us by their poems? What has been their attitude, in the main, towards war? Has this differed from the attitude of poets of preceding generations? Let one of the pupils read and report on Scott's *Marmion* and the causes of the Battle of Flodden. Which nation was in the right? Does the poet acknowledge this? With which side does he lead us to sympathize? Do battles and wars usually settle what is right and wrong? Would you say that they always do?

Let one in the class read Southey's "After Blenheim" aloud. What attitude does old Kaspar represent? What difference in war does it make whether a soldier is an unlearned peasant or a university graduate? Does it matter as much as in times of peace? If, after the world has been made safe for political democracy, the next step should be to develop industrial democracy, what part must education play? Which is the natural agency for industrial democracy, evolution or revolution? What definitely disqualifies revolution in this connection? Under what circumstances only should it be resorted to?

Discuss these suggestions regarding education in democracies:

"Infinitely the most important factor in the democratic system of a country is its system of education."—*A. C. Benson*.

"Here is the program of our educational system—to make plain highways from every corner of the state to every occupation which history has proved good."—*William Lowe Bryan*.

"As matters now stand, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington, or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs."—*James Russell Lowell*.

THE SEA

SEA FEVER¹

JOHN MASEFIELD²

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking . . .

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray, and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Masefield, though born a farmer's boy, was a sea-farer from the time he was fourteen till shortly before he took up authorship. He here expresses the love of sea-faring that has characterized the English race since the dawn of its history.

Explain the word *trick*. Comment upon the language and the imagery of the poem. Do they fit the spirit?

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships</i>	Psalm CVII
<i>Where Is the Sea?</i>	Felicia Hemans
<i>Roadways</i>	John Masefield
<i>John Winter</i>	Lawrence Binyon
<i>Dreams of the Sea</i>	William H. Davies
<i>Deep Water Jack</i>	Cicely Fox Smith
<i>The Undersong</i>	Fiona Macleod

A SONG OF THE SEA

"BARRY CORNWALL" (BRYAN WALLER PROCTER)³

THE SEA! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions
 round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks
 the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue
 below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake
 the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

¹ This selection from John Masefield's *Salt Water Poems and Ballads* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1878 ———. English poet, novelist, and dramatist.

³ 1787-1874. English poet and dramatist.



THE ARIEL AND TAEPING

Two of the finest tea-clippers, racing home, off the Lizard, on September 6, 1866

I love, O! how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the
 moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world be-
 low,
 And why the southwest blasts do
 blow.

I never was on the dull, tame
 shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and
 more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy
 breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
 nest;
 And a mother she was, and is, to
 me;
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the
 morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the por-
 poise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs
 of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry
 wild
 As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and
 strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power
 to range,
 But never have sought nor sighed
 for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to
 me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded
 sea!

How does the speaker here differ from the speaker in "Sea-Fever"?

FURTHER READINGS:

Song for All Seas, All Ships.....Walt Whitman
Ships and the Sea.....Cale Young Rice
I Know Your Heart, O Sea.....
The Little Waves of Breffny.....Eva Gore-Booth

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM ¹

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my
 boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free;
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea!

¹ 1784-1842. Scotch poet, brought up a stonemason.

The love of the sea seems dateless in English literature. At least twelve centuries ago an unknown bard, in a poem now known as "The Sea-farer," expressed his love in memorable verse. The following selections, from the translation by LaMotte Iddings, illustrate the feeling:

The hail flew in showers about me; and there I heard only
The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the swan;
For pastime the gannets' cry served me; the kittiwakes' chatter
For laughter of men; and for mead-drink the call of the sea-mews.

No heart for the harp has he, nor for acceptance of treasure,
No pleasure has he in a wife, no delight in the world,
Nor in aught save the roll of the billows; but always a longing,
A yearning uneasiness, hastens him on to the sea.

Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow chamber,
Now wanders forth over the tide, o'er the home of the whale,
To the ends of the earth—and comes back to me. Eager and greedy,
The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my soul onward,
Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea.

The following is a more recent translation of the poem, preserving more of the original poetic form and making the parts very clear to the reader:

THE SEA-FARER

ANONYMOUS¹

The Old Sailor:

True is the tale that I tell of my travels,
Sing of my sea-faring sorrows and woes;
Hunger and hardship's heaviest burdens,
Tempest and terrible toil of the deep,
Daily I've borne on the deck of my boat.
Fearful the welter of waves that encompassed me,
Watching at night on the narrow bow,
As she drove by the rocks, and drenched me with spray.
Fast to the deck my feet were frozen,
Gripped by the cold, while care's hot surges
My heart o'erwhelmed, and hunger's pangs
Sapped the strength of my sea-weary spirit.

Little he knows whose lot is happy,
Who lives at ease in the lap of the earth,
How, sick at heart, o'er icy seas,
Wretched I ranged the winter through,

¹ This translation is by J. Duncan Spaeth, Professor of English at Princeton University. The date of the poem is unknown. It is thought to belong to the eighth century.

Bare of joys, and banished from friends,
 Hung with icicles, stung by hail-stones.
 Nought I heard but the hollow boom
 Of wintry waves, or the wild-swan's whoop.
 For singing I had the solan's scream;
 For peals of laughter, the yelp of the seal;
 The sea-mew's cry, for the mirth of the mead-hall.
 Shrill through the roar of the shrieking gale
 Lashing along the sea-cliff's edge,
 Pierces the ice-plumed petrel's defiance,
 And the wet-winged eagle's answering scream.

Little he dreams that drinks life's pleasure,
 By danger untouched in the shelter of towns
 Insolent and wine-proud, how utterly weary
 Oft I wintered on open seas.
 Night fell black, from the north it snowed
 Harvest of hail.

The Youth:

Oh wildly my heart
 Beats in my bosom and bids me to try
 The tumble and surge of seas tumultuous,
 Breeze and brine and the breakers' roar.
 Daily, hourly, drives me my spirit
 Outward to sail, far countries to see.
 Liveth no man so large in his soul,
 So gracious in giving, so gay in his youth,
 In deeds so daring, so dear to his lord,
 But frets his soul for his sea-adventure,
 Fain to try what fortune shall send.
 Harping he heeds not, nor hoarding of treasure;
 Nor woman can win him, nor joys of the world.
 Nothing doth please but the plunging billows;
 Ever he longs, who is lured by the sea.
 Woods are abloom, the wide world awakens,
 Gay are the mansions, the meadows most fair;
 These are but warnings, that haste on his journey
 Him whose heart is hungry to taste
 The perils and pleasures of the pathless deep.

The Old Sailor:

Dost mind the cuckoo mournfully calling?
 The summer's watchman sorrow forbodes.
 What does the landsman that wantons in luxury,
 What does he reck of the rough sea's woe,
 The cares of exile whose keel has explored
 The uttermost parts of the ocean-ways!

The Youth:

Sudden my soul starts from her prison-house,
 Soareth afar o'er the sounding main;
 Hovers on high, o'er the home of the whale;
 Back to me darts the bird-sprite and beckons,
 Winging her way o'er woodland and plain,
 Hungry to roam, and bring me where glisten
 Glorious tracts of glimmering foam.
 This life on land is lingering death to me;
 Give me the gladness of God's great sea.

What different "lyric moods" are here expressed? Compare each with Masfield's mood in "Sea Fever." Compare Professor Spaeth's translation with the selections from LaMotte Iddings, showing the difference in length of line, accents, and alliteration. Describe the alliteration arrangement in Old English poetry.

FURTHER READINGS FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY:

<i>Widsith</i>	Anonymous
<i>The Wanderer</i>	"
<i>The Ruined City</i>	"
<i>Deor's Lament</i>	"
<i>The Husband's Message</i>	"

THE OLD SHIPS

JAMES ELROY FLECKER¹

*Greek
 Trojan*

I HAVE SEEN old ships sail like swans asleep
 Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
 With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
 For Famagusta and the hidden sun
 That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
 And all those ships were certainly so old
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
 The pirate Genoese
 Hell-raked them till they rolled
 Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold.
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn,
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,

¹1884-1914. English poet, and consul at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Beyrout. He was a lover of the East, and married a Greek girl.

Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
 (Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
 And with great lies about his wooden horse
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

Greek ship

Who was the "talkative, bald-headed seaman"? Tell the story of his wooden horse. Whose home was on the island of Ææa? How old would the ship be, if it had been the property of Ulysses? Read Tennyson's poem, "Ulysses" printed in this text.

FURTHER READINGS:

The First Ship.....Dugald Moore
The White Ships and the Red.....Joyce Kilmer
The Ships.....Francis Sinclair
Cargoes.....John Masefield
Ships That Pass.....Cicely Fox Smith

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG¹

and

JOHN MASEFIELD²

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
 With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
 And a bos'un in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
 Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
 The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
 With roses in red thread worked upon her sails;
 With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering,
 Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
 Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the trails.

I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking,
 With glittering sea-water splashing on her decks,
 With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking,
 Pulling claret-bottles down, and knocking off the necks;
 The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the wrecks.

¹This selection from John Masefield's *Story of a Roundhouse* is used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, publisher.

²1878 ——. English poet, with strong ties to America. He has power to tell a story such as has rarely been seen since the time of Chaucer.

What do these pictures suggest? What sort of men? What sort of work? What sort of lives? What "Old Song" is referred to?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Billy's Yarn</i>	Cicely Fox Smith
<i>The Red West Road</i>	Will Lawson
<i>Homeward Bound</i>	D. H. Rogers
<i>To Sea</i>	Thomas Lovell Beddoes

SAILOR TOWN

CICELY FOX SMITH¹

Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whisper goes
Of the wind among the anchored ships, the wind that blows
Off a broad brimming water, where the summer day has died
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

There's a big China liner, gleaming like a gull,
And her lit ports flashing; there's the long gaunt hull
Of a Blue Funnel freighter with her derricks dark and still;
And a tall barque loading at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of thing
That the sailormen buy there, or the ships' crews bring;
Shackles for a sea-chest and pink cockatoos,
Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead men's shoes.

You can hear the gulls crying, and the cheerful noise
Of a concertina going, and a singer's voice—
And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning soft and low
Hum old tunes in sailor town that seamen know.

I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream and vain,
Of ships and men departed, of old days come again—
And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing
When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening.

What tone does the evening give to the details? Why are these particular details selected? Comment upon the movement of the verse.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Secret of the Sea</i>	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
<i>Home</i>	William Ernest Henley
<i>Ocean's Own</i>	Will Lawson
<i>"In Prize"</i>	Cicely Fox Smith

¹ Contemporary English poet, a descendant of Captain John Smith of Virginia. She has lived on the Pacific coast of Canada.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

CHARLES DIBDEN ¹

ONE NIGHT came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turned his
 quid
 And said to Billy Bowling,
 "A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
 Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?
 Lord help 'em, how I pities them
 Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
 What dangers they are all in,
 And now lie quaking in their beds,
 For fear the roof should fall in;
 Poor creatures! how they envies us,
 And wishes, I've a notion,
 For our good luck, in such a storm,
 To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home,
 To cheer their babes and spouses,—
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-
 pots
 About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
 How men are killed and undone
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London;
 We know what risks all landmen
 run,
 From noblemen to tailors;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors."

Compare this speaker with the one in "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." Which rings truer? Is the exaggeration in one conscious?

FURTHER READINGS:

Black-Eyed Susan.....John Gay
Tom Bowling.....Charles Dibden
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....Epes Sargent
Philosophy.....Cicely Fox Smith
MessmatesHenry Newbolt

FROM *ECHOES* (XXIV)WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY ²

THE FULL SEA rolls and thunders
 In glory and in glee;
 O, bury me not in the senseless earth
 But in the living sea!
 Ay, bury me where it surges
 A thousand miles from shore,
 And in its brotherly unrest
 I'll range forevermore.

What sort of character is here speaking?

¹ 1745-1814. English dramatist and poet, famous for his sea-songs. He also composed the music.

² 1849-1903. English poet and journalist.

FURTHER READINGS:

A Song of the Open.....Bliss Carman
The Sea.....Emily Dickinson

A SON OF THE SEA

BLISS CARMAN¹

I WAS BORN for deep-sea faring;
 I was bred to put to sea;
 Stories of my father's daring
 Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges,
 I was cubbed beside the foam;
 All my heart is in its verges,
 And the sea-wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal
 Bourns of being, came to me
 Dream-like, plangent, and eternal
 Memories of the plunging sea.

Is this true to the importance of childhood environment? Explain *plangent*.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Sea Gypsy.....Richard Hovey
Salt.....C. G. D. Roberts

THE JUMBLIES

EDWARD LEAR²

THEY WENT to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea;
 In spite of all their friends could say,
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
 In a sieve they went to sea.
 And when the sieve turned round and round
 And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
 But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig;
 In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

Nonsense

¹ 1861 ——. A Canadian poet and journalist now living in the United States.

² 1812-1888. English painter and poet, famous for his nonsense poetry.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
 And every one said who saw them go,
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
 For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
 And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
 In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;
 The water it soon came in:
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat:
 And they fastened it down with a pin.
 And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
 And each of them said, "How wise we are!
 Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
 Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
 While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;
 And, when the sun went down,
 They whistled and warbled a moony song
 To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
 In the shade of the mountains brown,
 "O Tinballoo! How happy we are
 When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
 And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
 We sail away with a pea-green sail
 In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
 To a land all covered with trees:
 And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
 And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees;
 And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
 And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—
 In twenty years or more;
 And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
 For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;



H.M.S. *ROYAL GEORGE*, 100 GUNS, 2047 TONS, FOUNDERED IN 1782

And every one said, "If we only live,
 We, too, will go to sea in a sieve.
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

What are the elements in this nonsense verse? Why should grownups have liked it as well as children have?

FURTHER READINGS:

Dolor Oogo.....A. T. Quiller-Couch
The Busy Child.....Josephine Preston Peabody
Polly.....William Brighty Rands
Jabberwocky....."Lewis Carroll"

THE SHIP OF RIO

WALTER DE LA MARE¹

THERE was a ship of Rio
 Sailed out into the blue,
And nine and ninety monkeys
Were all her jovial crew.
 From bos'un to the cabin boy,
 From quarter to caboose,
 There weren't a stitch of calico
 To breech 'em—tight or loose;
 From spar to deck, from deck to keel,
 From barnacle to shroud,
 There weren't one pair of reach-me-
 downs
 To all that jabbering crowd.

But wasn't it a gladsome sight,
 When roared the deep-sea gales,
 To see them reef her fore and aft,
 A-swinging by their tails!
 Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,
 When glassy calm did come,
 To see them squatting tailor-wise
 Around a keg of rum!
 Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,
 When in she sailed to land,
 To see them all a-scrampering skip
 For nuts across the sand!

Compare this with Lear's "The Jumblies." What makes both so successful as child poems?

FURTHER READINGS:

Little Billie.....William Makepeace Thackeray
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.....Edward Lear

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

WILLIAM COWPER²

TOLL for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore'

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

¹ 1873 ——. English poet, famous for his child poems and character-studies.
² 1731-1800. English poet and hymn writer,

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

This ship was lost off Spithead, 1792. What qualities in this ballad have made it so popular?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Loss of the "Birkenhead".....Sir Francis Hastings Doyle
Sir Patrick Spens.....Anonymous
The Wreck of the Hesperus.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

HENRY NEWBOLT¹

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.

¹ 1862 —. English poet, writing chiefly naval ballads.

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of the great days done.
 There's a far bell ringing,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of renown for ever clinging
 To the great days done.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 And she's fading down the river,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 And she's fading down the river,
 But in England's song for ever
 She's the *Fighting Téméraire*.

Why are two stanzas in italics? Show the structure of the stanzas, especially with regard to repetition. See, if possible, a copy of Turner's painting, "The Fighting Téméraire."

FURTHER READINGS:

Drake's Drum.....Henry Newbolt
The Admiral's Ghost.....Alfred Noyes

THE OLD NAVY

FREDERICK MARRYAT¹

THE CAPTAIN stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
 "Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with *we*.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds, but I've gained the victory!"

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
 'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
 I haven't the gift of gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
 If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

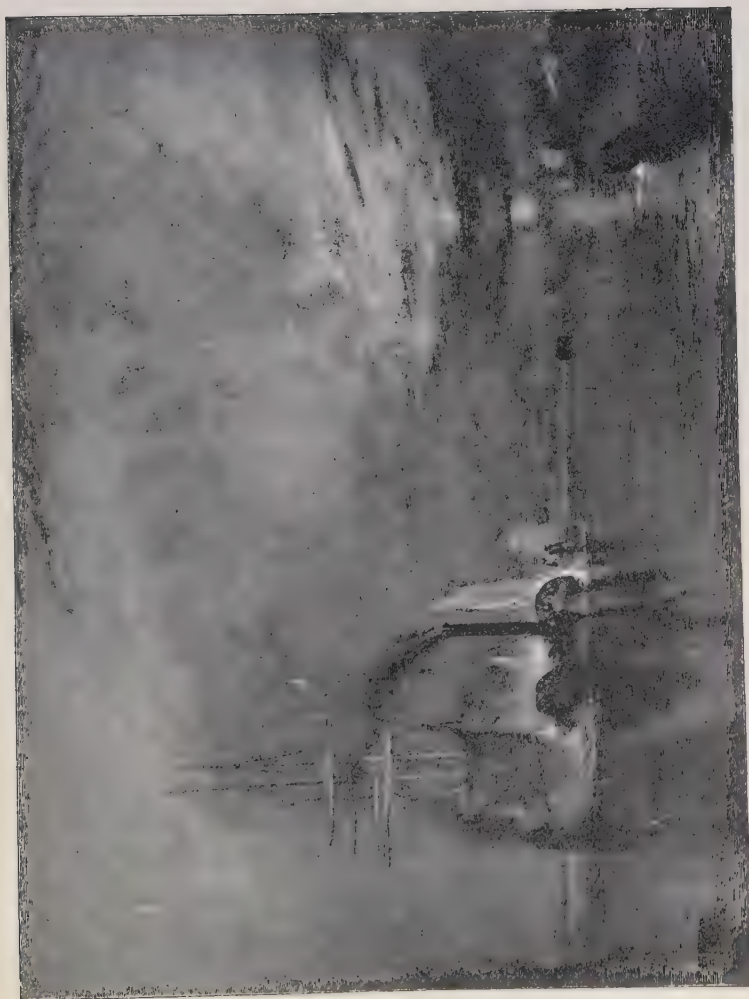
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
 "I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff";
 Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*;
 "I haven't the gift of gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he,
 "I haven't the gift of gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
 You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
 If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
 For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
 I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory!"

¹ 1792-1848. English novelist and writer; a sea captain famous for his sea tales.



From the painting by Turner

THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE
Tugged to her last berth to be broken up, 1838

This poem is from the novel, *Snarley-you, or the Dog Fiend*.
What is the character of the captain? of his men?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Casabianca</i>	Felicia Hemans
<i>The Armada</i>	Thomas Babington Macaulay
<i>A Sea-Fight</i>	Walt Whitman
<i>A Ballad of the Armada</i>	Austin Dobson

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

THOMAS CAMPBELL¹

YE MARINERS of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand
years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of
fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-
waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

How is this poem an expression of British patriotic spirit?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Battle of the Baltic</i>	Thomas Campbell
<i>The Revenge, a Ballad of the Fleet</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>Rule, Britannia</i>	James Thompson
<i>Hervé Riel</i>	Robert Browning

¹ 1777-1844. British poet, author of famous war poems.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THE ENGLISH AS A SEA-FARING RACE

[Consider, in connection with these fifteen sea-poems, the following, also found in this volume: "Elegiac Stanzas" by Wordsworth; "The Ocean" by Byron; "The Shell" by Stephens; "Coromandel Fishers" by Mrs. Naidu; "The Forsaken Merman," "Saint Brandan," and "Dover Beach" by Arnold; "A Song in Time of Order" by Swinburne; "Where Lies the Land" by Clough; "Outbound" by Carman; and "Lord Arnaldos" by Flecker.]

Previous to the age of exploration (Columbus, Magellan, De Gama, etc.) what bodies of water were known as *the sea*? What was the ancient conception of the Atlantic? When was the Pacific discovered? By what name was it first known? What was meant by the "Spanish main"? When was the sea-power of Spain decisively overthrown? What island empires now lead on the Atlantic and the Pacific? Why should island peoples become sea-faring nations? Why has a small Continental country like Holland also become a strong sea-faring nation? What canals have greatly shortened routes and lessened the dangers of ocean voyages?

What methods of propulsion were used in ancient voyages? A common epithet of Anglo-Saxon poetry is "oar-blended sea." Note also Flecker's term, "A drowsy ship of some yet older day." What inventions have greatly increased the speed and safety of ocean travel? What has been the effect upon the picturesqueness of shipping? As shown by the following lines translated by Stopford Brooke from the Anglo-Saxon poem *Andreas*, what simile was common?

"Foaming Ocean beats our steed; full of speed our boat is;
Fares along foam-throated, fieth on the wave,
Likest to a bird."

Compare also Flecker's

"I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep."


What have been the effects of these changes upon the type of seamen? In what sense does the sea belong to all nations? Of what importance is the sea as a subject for international law? What is meant by the freedom of the seas? Why did piracy flourish so long without successful check?

How long have the English been a sea-faring race? In *Beowulf*, the folk epic that the race probably brought with it when it

migrated to Britain in the fifth century, the poet speaks of sailing the *mere-stræta* (sea-streets) as we would speak of a pleasant walk down an avenue in a city. Compare this with the present use of the term *ocean lanes*. Why are the fiercer aspects of the sea most often considered by poets? The early English Vikings, like the Norsemen, liked to make their attack upon coast towns in the midst of a tempest. Why does Byron say

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in *tempests*"?

Why do poets like Cunningham, who was a landsman, speak of "our heritage the sea"? How can you explain Swinburne's phrase, "the salt sweet foam on our lips"? Explain such terms as "old ocean's melancholy waste" and "the eternal note of sadness." Does the shore-dweller's feeling for the sea differ from the sea-farer's?



MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY¹

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles
blown.

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles
blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:

Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the
keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles
blown, England—
Round the Pit on your bugles
blown!

Mother of ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own.
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles
blown!

How deep is his faith in his country? Here he calls England "mother of ships." In the Prologue to "Hawthorne and Lavender" he calls England "Mother of mothering girls and governing men."

¹ 1849-1903. English poet and journalist.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>London</i>	John Davidson
<i>Hands All Round</i>	Alfred Tennyson
<i>The Lost Leader</i>	Robert Browning
<i>London Town</i>	John Masefield
<i>England</i>	Wilfred Campbell
<i>A Hymn of Empire</i>	Frederick G. Scott

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING¹

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Captains and the Kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we
 loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee
 in awe—
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to
 guard,—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
 AMEN.

What is a recessional? This poem was written for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. What is the poet's earnest plea? Why has the poem been so popular? What is the effect of the refrain? Of varying it in the last stanza? The best-suited musical setting is by Reginald de Koven.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Awakening</i>	William Watson
<i>A Chant of Love for England</i>	Helen Gray Cone
<i>The Habitant's Jubilee Ode</i>	William Henry Drummond

AVE IMPERATRIX

OSCAR WILDE²

Set in the stormy Northern sea,
 Queen of these restless fields of tide,
 England! what shall men say of thee,
 Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
 Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
 And through its heart of crystal pass,
 Like shadows through a twilight
 land,

¹ 1865 ——. English poet, essayist, novelist, and story writer.

² 1854-1900. Irish poet and dramatist.

The spears of crimson-suited war,
 The long white-crested waves of
 fight,
 And all the deadly fires which are
 The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and
 lean,
 The treacherous Russian knows so
 well,
 With gaping blackened jaws are seen
 Leap through the hail of screaming
 shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
 Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
 To battle with the storm that mars
 The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
 Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
 And the high steepes of Indian snows
 Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afgan chief, who lies
 Beneath his cool pomegranate-
 trees,
 Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
 When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who
 comes
 To tell how he hath heard afar
 The measured roll of English drums
 Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind
 meet
 Where, girt and crowned by sword
 and fire,
 England with bare and bloody feet
 Climbs the steep road of wide em-
 pire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
 Grey pillar of the Indian sky,
 Where saw'st thou last in clanging
 flight
 Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
 Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
 And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
 The grave white-turbaned mer-
 chants go:

And on from thence to Ispahan,
 The gilded garden of the sun,
 Whence the long dusty caravan
 Brings cedar wood and vermillion;

And that dread city of Cabool
 Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
 Whose marble tanks are ever full
 With water for the noonday heat:

Where through the narrow straight
 Bazaar
 A little maid Circassian
 Is led, a present from the Czar
 Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
 And flapped wide wings in fiery
 fight;
 But the sad dove, that sits alone
 In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
 To greet her love with love-lit
 eyes:
 Down in some treacherous black ra-
 vine,
 Clutching his flag, the dead boy
 lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
 The lingering wistful children wait
 To climb upon their father's knee;
 And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
 Will kiss the relics of the slain—
 Some tarnished epaulette—some
 sword—
 Poor toys to soothe such anguished
 pain.

For not in quiet English fields
 Are these, our brothers, laid to rest;
 Where we might deck their broken
 shields
 With all the flowers the dead love
 best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
 And many in the Afgan land,
 And many where the Ganges falls
 Through seven mouths of shifting
 sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
 And others in the seas which are
 The portals to the East, or by
 The wind-swept heights of Trafal-
 gar.

O wandering graves! O restless
 sleep!
 O silence of the sunless day!
 O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your
prey!

And thou whose wounds are never
 healed,
 Whose weary race is never won,
 O Cromwell's England! Must thou
 yield
 For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-
 crowned head,
 Change thy glad song to song of
 pain;
 Wind and wild wave have got thy
 dead,
 And will not yield them back
 again.

Is the poet's protest just? What do you think his closing
 prophecy means? What do you think of it?

Compare the thought of Wilde's poem with Arnold's in these
 lines from "Heine's Grave":

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
 Upbraidings often assailed
 England, my country—for we,
 Heavy and sad, for her sons,

Wave and wild wind and foreign
 shore
 Possess the flower of English land—
 Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
 Hands that shall never clasp thy
 hand.

What profit now that we have bound
 The whole round world with nets
 of gold,
 If hidden in our heart is found
 The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
 Pine forest-like, on every main?
 Ruin and wreck are at our side,
 Grim warders of the house of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the
 fleet?

Where is our English chivalry?
 Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
 And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
 What word of love can dead lips
 send?

(O wasted dust! O senseless clay!)
 (Is this the end? is this the end?)

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble
 dead

To vex their solemn slumber so;
 Though childless, and with thorn-
 crowned head

Up the steep road must England
 go,—

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
 Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of
war.

Long since deep in our hearts,
 Echo the blame of her foes.
 We, too, sigh that she flags;
 We, too, say that she now—
 Scarce comprehending the voice
 Of her greatest, golden-mouthed sons
 Of a former age any more—
 Stupidly travels her rounds
 Of mechanic business, and lets
 Slow die out of her life
 Glory, and genius, and joy.

So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
 So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
 The weary Titan, with deaf
 Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
 Regarding neither to right
 Nor left, goes passively by,
 Staggering on to her goal;
 Bearing on shoulders immense,
 Atlantéan, the load,

Wellnigh not to be borne,
 Of the too vast orb of her fate.

But compare also Henley's robust lines in the Prologue to "Hawthorne and Lavender":

They call us proud?—Look at our English rose!
 Shedders of blood?—When hath our own been spared?
 Shopkeepers?—Our accompt the High God knows.
 Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.
 They hate us, and they envy?—Envy and hate
 Should drive them to the Pit's edge? Be it so!
 That race is damned which misesteems its fate;
 And this, in God's good time, they all shall know.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Soldier</i>	Rupert Brooke
<i>The Dying Patriot</i>	James Elroy Flecker
<i>On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines</i>	William Vaughn Moody
<i>Happy Is England Now</i>	John Freeman

DESTINY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"

¹ 1770-1850. English poet, famous for his nature poetry.

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's best blood, have titles manifold.

What are some of the "titles manifold"? What is England's "armory"?

FURTHER READING:

England.....Algernon Charles Swinburne

1887

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN¹

FROM CLEE to heaven the beacon
burns,
The shires have seen it plain,
From north and south the sign returns
And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are
bright,
The dales are light between,
Because 'tis fifty years tonight
That God has saved the Queen.

Now, when the flame they watch not,
towers
About the soil they trod,
Lads, we'll remember friends of ours
Who shared the work with God.

To skies that knit their heartstrings
right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The saviors come not home tonight;
Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia, tombstones show
And Shropshire names are read;
And the Nile spills his overflow
Beside the Severn's dead.

We pledge in peace by farm and town
The Queen they served in war,
And fire beacons up and down
The land they perished for.

"God save the Queen" we living sing,
From height to height 'tis heard;
And with the rest your voices ring,
Lads of the Fifty-third.

Oh, God will save her, fear you not:
Be you the men you've been,
Get you the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the Queen.

Compare this with "England, My England," "Ave Imperatrix," and "The Recessional." Which comes nearer the American spirit? What is the significance of the date used as title?

¹ 1859 —. English professor and author, whose fame as a poet rests upon one volume, *A Shropshire Lad*.

FURTHER READINGS :

Give a Rouse.....Robert Browning
God Save the King.....Attributed to Henry Carey

"ITALIA, IO TI SALUTO!"

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI ¹

To COME BACK from the sweet South, to the North
 Where I was born, bred, look to die;
 Come back to do my day's work in its day,
 Play out my play—
 Amen, amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own
 Nor hear the half-familiar speech,
 Amen, I say; I turn to that bleak North
 Whence I came forth—
 The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
 To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
 The tears may come again into my eyes
 On the old wise,
 And the sweet name to my mouth.

The father of the Rossettis was a political exile from Italy.

FURTHER READINGS :

The Italian in England.....Robert Browning
In London.....Dora Wilcox
A Jacobite in Exile.....Algernon Charles Swinburne
The Harbour.....Winifred M. Letts
Hame, Hame, Hame.....Allan Cunningham

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING ²

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs of the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

¹ 1830-1894. English poet of Italian parentage.

² 1812-1889. English poet, long resident with his invalid wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in Italy.

And after April, when May follows,
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark! where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Who speaks? Where is he? What scenes does he recall? Trace the course of his imagination. Comment upon the intensity of his feeling. Compare this with Christina Rossetti's feeling for Italy while she lives in her adopted England.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Sun Rises Bright in France.....Allan Cunningham
My Heart's in the Highlands.....Robert Burns
I Traveled Among Unknown Men.....William Wordsworth
Irish Skies.....Winifred M. Letts

MY COUNTRY

DORTHEA MACKELLAR¹

THE LOVE of field and coppice,
 Of green and shaded lanes,
 Of ordered woods and gardens
 Is running in your veins;
 Strong love of grey-blue distance,
 Brown streams and soft, dim
 skies—
 I know but cannot share it,
 My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
 A land of sweeping plains,
 Of ragged mountain ranges,
 Of droughts and flooding rains.
 I love her far horizons,
 I love her jewel-sea,
 Her beauty and her terror—
 The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
 All tragic to the moon,
 The sapphire-misted mountains,
 The hot gold hush of noon.
 Green tangle of the brushes,
 Where lithe lianas coil,
 And orchids deck the tree-tops
 And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
 Her pitiless blue sky,
 When sick at heart, around us,
 We see the cattle die—
 But then the grey clouds gather,
 And we can bless again
 The drumming of an army,
 The steady, soaking rain.

¹ Contemporary Australian poet of great promise. She has resided for some time in England.

Core of my heart, my country!
 Land of the Rainbow Gold,
 For flood and fire and famine,
 She pays us back threefold;
 Over the thirsty paddocks,
 Watch, after many days,
 The filmy veil of greenness
 That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
 A wilful, lavish land—
 All you who have not loved her,
 You will not understand—
 Though earth holds many splendors,
 Wherever I may die,
 I know to what brown country
 My homing thoughts will fly.

Contrast Australian landscapes with those we know. What in Miss Mackellar's poem breathes the spirit of patriotism?

FURTHER READINGS:

Canadian Streams.....C. G. D. Roberts
The Australian.....Arthur Adams
In Defense of the Bush.....Andrew Barton Paterson
The Dominion of Australia.....James Brunton Stephens

WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA¹

ARTHUR H. ADAMS²

THE WIDE sun stares without a
 cloud:

Whipped by his glances truculent
 The earth lies quivering and cowed.
 My heart is hot with discontent:
 I hate this haggard continent.

*But over the loping leagues of sea
 A lone land calls to her children free:
 My own land holding her arms to
 me—*

*But oh, the long loping leagues of
 sea.*

This grey old city is dumb with heat;
 No breeze comes leaping, naked,
 rude,
 Adown the narrow, high-walled
 street;
 Upon the night thick perfumes
 brood:
 The evening oozes lassitude.

But over the edges of my town,
 Swept in a tide that ne'er abates,

The riotous breezes tumble down;
 My heart looks home, looks home
 where waits
 The Windy City of the Straits!

This land lies desolate and stripped;
 Across its waste has thinly strayed
 A tattered host of eucalypt
 From whose gaunt uniform is made
 A ragged penury of shade.

But over my isles the forest drew
 A mantle thick—save where a peak
 Shows his grim teeth asnarl—and
 through
 The filtered coolness creek and
 creek
 Tangled in ferns, in whispers speak.

And there the placid great lakes are;
 And brimming rivers proudly force
 Their ice-cold tides. Here, like a
 scar,

Dry-lipped, a withered water-course
 Crawls from a long-forgotten
 source.

¹ Published by permission of Whitcombe and Tombs, Christchurch, New Zealand.

² 1872 ——. A New Zealand poet who has lived of late years in Australia.

My glance, home-gazing, scarce
discerns
This listless girl, in whose dark
hair
A starry red hibiscus burns;
Her pallid cheeks are like a pair
Of nuns, bloom-ravished, yet so
fair.

And like a sin her warm lips flame
In her wan face; swift passions
brim
In those brown eyes too soft for
blame;
Her form is sinuous and slim—
That lyric line of breast and limb!

But one there waits whose brown face
glows,
Whose cheeks with Winter's kisses
smart—
The flushing petals of a rose.
Of earth and sun she is a part;
Her brow is Greek and Greek her
heart.

At love she laughs a faint disdain;
Her heart no weakly one to charm;
Robust and fragrant as the rain,
The dark bush soothed her with
his balm,
The mountains gave her of their
calm.

Her fresh young figure, lithe and tall,
Her radiant eyes, her brow benign,
She is the peerless queen of all—
The maid, the country, that I
shrine
In this far-banished heart of mine!

*And over the loping leagues of green
A lone land waits with a hope
serene—
My own land calls like a prisoner
queen—
But oh, the long loping leagues
between!*

Compare the Australian picture given here with Miss Mackellar's. What causes the difference? Contrast Australia with the poet's home country. What is his home country? Can you prove it from the poem? Can you find which of the four chief cities there is the "Windy City of the Straits"?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Four Queens.....Arthur H. Adams
The Homeland.....Dana Burnett
Home Thoughts from the Sea.....Robert Browning
Canada.....C. G. D. Roberts
Corrymeela.....Moirá O'Neill

NEW ZEALAND

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES¹

GOD GIRT her about with the surges
And winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and
leap;

He filled from the life of their
motion
Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
And gave her afar in the ocean
A citadel free.

¹1857 —. New Zealand poet and journalist.

Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
 Nor drought of the desert may
 blight,
 Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
 Vast cities of clamorous night,
 But the voice of abundance of waters,
 Cold rivers that stay not nor sleep,
 Greet children, the sons and the
 daughters
 Of light and the deep.

Lo! here where each league hath its
 fountains

In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
 And breezes snow-cooled on the
 mountains,

Or keen from the limitless brine,
 See men to the battlefield pressing
 To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
 Their kingship in labor expressing,
 Their lordship in toil.

Though young they are heirs of the
 ages,

Though few they are freemen and
 peers,

Plain workers—yet sure of the wages
 Slow Destiny pays with the years.
 Though least they and latest their
 nation,
 Yet this they have won without
 sword—
 That Woman with Man shall have
 station,
 And Labor be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven
 Speed pure to her kissed by the
 foam;

The steeds of her ocean undriven,
 Unbitted and riderless roam,
 And clear from her lamp newly
 lighted

Shall stream o'er the billows
 upcurled

A light as of wrongs at length
 righted,
 Of hope to the world.

What characteristics of New Zealand are touched upon? What
 worth-while accomplishment? What hope? Why? Why should
 Labor be lord?

FURTHER READING:

A Spring Afternoon in New Zealand.....Anne Glenny Wilson

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN McKENZIE

JESSIE MACKAY¹

THEY PLAYED him home to the House of Stones,

 All the way, all the way,

To his grave in the sound of the winter sea.

 The sky was dour, the sky was grey.

They played him home with the chieftain's dirge

To the wail was wed to the rolling surge.

They played him home with a sorrowful will

To his grave at the foot of the Holy Hill;

 And the pipes went mourning all the way.

Contemporary New Zealand poet.

Strong hands that had struck for right

All the day, all the day,

Folded now in the dark of earth,—

The veiled dawn of the upper way!

Strong hands that had struck with his

From days that were to the day that is

Carry him now from the house of woe

To ride the way the Chief must go;

And his peers went mourning all the way.

Son and brother at his right hand

All the way, all the way;

And O for them and O for her

Who stayed within, the dowie day!

Son and brother and near of kin

Go out with the Chief who never comes in!

And of all who loved him far and near

'Twas the nearest most that held him dear;

And his kin went mourning all the way.

The clan went on with the pipes before

All the way, all the way;

A wider clan than ever he knew

Followed him home that dowie day.

And who were they of the wider clan?—

The landless man and the No Man's man,

The man that lacked and the man unlearned,

The man that lived but as he earned;

And the clan went mourning all the way.

The heart of New Zealand went beside

All the way, all the way,

To the resting-place of her Highland Chief:

Much she thought she could not say.

He found her a land of many domains,

Maiden forest and fallow plains:

He left her a land of many homes,—

The pearl of the world, where the sea-wind roams;

And New Zealand went mourning all the way!

A typical Scotch Highland shepherd boy, John McKenzie emigrated to New Zealand, where later he became Minister of Lands. From the poem, can you judge his policy and its degree of success?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>A Colonist in his Garden</i>	William Pember Reeves
<i>Lullaby</i>	Arthur H. Adams
<i>For Love of Appin</i>	Jessie Mackay
<i>The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna</i>	Charles Wolfe

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

SIR WALTER SCOTT¹

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

This song is sung by the aged harper in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Yarrow and Ettrick are small streams in southern Scotland.

¹ 1771-1832. Scotch poet and novelist.

FURTHER READINGS :

Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled.....Robert Burns
The Old Scottish Cavalier.....William Edmonstoune Aytoun
The Blue Bells of Scotland.....Anonymous
The Campbells are Coming.....“

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL

ROBERT BURNS ¹*Chorus:*

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in his wae days,
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley!

Chorus:

Wha in a brulzie
 Would first cry “a parley”?
 Never the lads
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!

bear meal, barley meal; *brulzie*, brawl.

FURTHER READING :

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.....Robert Burns

HOLY LAND

SHANE LESLIE ²

OH, had the Lord once chosen thee, O Ireland,
 And led thy dreaming Druids with a Star,
 Oh, had He chosen thee to be his Sireland,
 Thy hills would not be holier than they are.

Not holier—had in Irish been the prayer
 Of her to whom Saint Gabriel was sent,
 And had Saint Joseph trudged to Galway fair
 To pay the middleman his bit of rent.

Nor dearer would I love thee, had He spoken
 To tell the coming sorrow unto thee,
 And walked thy lanes and stood, oh, splendid token!
 Upon the Shannon as she strikes the sea.

And had he blessed the poor and weak, O Mother,
 Standing on some green mountain top of thine
 And breathed his life away upon another,
 To me thou wert not holier, Land of mine.

¹ 1759-1796. Scotland's plowman poet; among the world's greatest song-writers.

² 1886 ——. Irish poet and editor, active in the Celtic revival.



SCOTT'S STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Dear Land</i>	Sliabh Cuilinn
<i>The New Race</i>	Aubrey de Vere
<i>Ourselves Alone</i>	John O'Hagan
<i>Ireland</i>	Dora Sigerson
<i>Ireland</i>	John James Piatt
<i>To God and Ireland True</i>	Ellen O'Leary

THE SONG OF THE AXE

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD¹

HIGH grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
 And all was silent in the wilderness;
 In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
 Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her face
 While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work:

*"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
 What doth thy bold voice promise me?"*

*"I promise thee all joyous things
 That furnish forth the lives of kings;
 For every silver ringing blow
 Cities and palaces shall grow."*

*"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
 Tell wider prophecies to me."*

*"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
 A nation strong shall lift his head.
 His crown the very heavens shall smite;
 Æons shall build him in his might."*

*"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
 Bright seer, help on thy prophecy!"*

Max smote the snow-weighted tree, and lightly laughed.
 "See, friend!" he cried to one that looked and smiled,
 "My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—
 We build up nations, this my axe and I!"

FURTHER READING:

Hurrah for the New Dominion.....Alexander McLachlan

¹ 1850-1887. Canadian poet, of Irish parentage.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON PROBLEMS OF PATRIOTISM

[In connection with these poems consider Tagore's "Song from Gitanjali" and Shakespeare's *Henry V.* The speeches by Burke, Pitt, and Laurier in the last section of this book may well be studied just here. Such plays as *The Melting Pot* by Zangwill may also be brought into the discussion with profit.]

Explain the difference between nationalism and internationalism; between a nation and a race. Suppose that the thirteen American Colonies, after obtaining independence, should not have formed one nation, but instead had remained thirteen. What might have been their status today, judging by European example? Why are there so many nations in Europe? What results there when one race rules another? Consider especially the Poles and the Irish. How have French and English managed to get along in Canada? Boers and English in the Union of South Africa? Do Australia and New Zealand have an advantage in being of one race stock? Or has the "Melting Pot," such as the United States, the advantage? What efforts are Australia and New Zealand making to keep a pure race stock? Why doesn't the "Melting Pot" operate in Europe?

It has been said by many statesmen lately that the thousands of miles of unfortified boundary between the United States and Alaska on the one hand and the Dominion of Canada on the other is the most significant fact in contemporary history. Explain this. May it be in part responsible for the hundred years of peace recently celebrated? What was the reason for and the results of our Mason and Dixon's line? What movements in the world today are promoting internationalism? Can internationalism and nationalism co-exist harmoniously? What bearing upon this question has imperialism? Wilson's formula of self-determination? Of protection of racial minorities? Religious freedom? Religious fanaticism? Mention other helps and hindrances to internationalism.


Tennyson, in *Locksley Hall*, prophesies a time

When the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Does this mean that the present nations will have surrendered their sovereignty? That there will be a United States of the World?

Or that nations will still exist as nations, but guided by international law interpreted by international courts?

Does the nationalism of England now differ from the nationalism of England in the ages of Henry V and Queen Elizabeth? Or in the reign of George III? Why should both our wars with England have occurred in George III's reign? What light do Burke, Pitt, and Laurier throw upon this question? How has England's idea of empire changed? What are the possibilities when Canada may have attained a greater English population than the mother country? What the probabilities?



BROTHERHOOD

AN EXCELLENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

(AS WRITTEN BY THE GOOD PRIEST THOMAS ROWLEY, 1464)

THOMAS CHATTERTON¹

IN VIRGO now the sultry sun did sheene
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
The apple ruddied from its paly green
And the soft pear bended the leafy spray;
The pied chelandry sang the livelong day; *goldfinch*
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was dressed in its most neat aumere. *apparel*

The sun was gleaming in the mid of day,
Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue, *also*
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue, *black*
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side, *holly-tree*
Which did unto Saint Godwyn's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungente in his weed, *rustic in dress*
Long breast-full of the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan; *spirit*
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
Haste to the church-glebe-house, accursèd man! *churchyard earth*
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping-bed!
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves; *knights*
For Knights and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

¹ 1752-1770. English poet, a lover of the antique.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
 The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
 The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
 And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
 Dashed from the clouds, the waters gush again;
 The welkin opes; the yellow levin flies,
 And the hot fiery steam in the wide flame-lowe dies.

*terror; appall**lightning
fire glow*

List! now the thunder's rattling clamoring sound
 Moves slowly on, and then upswollen clangs,
 Shakes the high spire, and lost, dispended, drowned,
 Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs;
 The winds are up; the lofty elm-tree swangs;
 Again the leven, and the thunder, pours,
 And the full clouds are burst at once in stormy showers.

expended

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
 The Abbot of Saint Godwyn's convent came;
 His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
 His painted girdle met with muckle shame;
 He backwards told his bead-roll at the same;
 The storm increased; and now he drew aside,
 With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

*small round hat
great
he cursed*

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
 With a gold button fastened near his chin,
 His autremete was edged with golden twine,
 And his shoe's peak a lordling's might have been;
 Full well it showed he counted cost no sin.
 The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
 For the horse-milliner his head with roses dight.

*cloak**loose white robe**arrayed*

"An alms, Sir Priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "Oh! let me wait within your convent-door
 Till the sun shineth high above our head
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
 Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
 No house, no friend, no money in my pouch;
 All that I call my own is in my silver crouch."

crucifix

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
 This is no season alms and prayers to give;
 My porter never lets a beggar in;
 None touch my ring who not in honor live."
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
 The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

soon

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled;
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;
 Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold;
 His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean;
 A Limitour he was, of order seen;
 And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
 Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

short surplice
licensed begging friar

"An alms, Sir Priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "For sweet Saint Mary's and your order's sake!"
 The Limitour then loosened his pouch-thread
 And did thereout a groat of silver take;
 The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
 "Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care;
 We are God's stewards all,—nought of our own we bear.

small sum

"But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
 Scarce any give a rentroll to their Lord.
 Here, take my semicope,—thou'rt bare, I see;
 'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward!"
 He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
 Virgin and holy Saints who sit in gloure,
 Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!

short cape
pursued
glory
either . . . or

Chatterton pretended that his poems had been written by a fictitious fifteenth century poet, Thomas Rowley. What are the finest descriptions? Put into your own words the concluding thought.

FURTHER READINGS:

How the Great Guest Came.....Edwin Markham
The Parson (from Prologue to Canterbury Tales).....Geoffrey Chaucer
A Man's a Man for a' That.....Robert Burns
The Vision of Sir Launfal.....James Russell Lowell
The Legend Beautiful.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTEM

JAMES ELROY FLECKER¹

A LINNET who had lost her way
 Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
 Till all the ghosts remembered well
 The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
 When they heard music in that land,
 And some one there stole forth a hand
 To draw a brother to his side.

¹1884-1915. English poet and teacher.

What caused the memories in the spirits? What brought them to realize brotherhood? What does the title mean?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Pippa Passes</i>	Robert Browning
<i>Laodamia</i>	William Wordsworth
<i>The Ballad of the East and West</i>	Rudyard Kipling
<i>Mending Wall</i>	Robert Frost
<i>The Tuft of Flowers</i>	" "
<i>The House by the Side of the Road</i>	Sam Walter Foss

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT¹

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The Vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Why should Abou's name have led the rest? In what spirit did he ask to be written as a lover of his fellowmen? Does this love account for his "exceeding peace" even before he sees the angel? How did this make him bold? Can you guess the line that serves as Hunt's epitaph? Compare the lesson with the parable recorded in Luke XVI, 19-25.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Youngest Son of His Father's House</i>	Anna Hempstead Branch
<i>The Singing Leaves</i>	James Russell Lowell
<i>The Boy and the Angel</i>	Robert Browning
<i>The Bell of Atri</i>	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

¹ 1784-1859. English poet and essayist, a friend of Keats.

COUPLETS FROM AN ESSAY ON MAN

ALEXANDER POPE¹

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To Be, blest.

(All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man,

Two principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge; and Reason, to restrain.

(Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbor for himself.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Our partial Ill is universal Good.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

¹ 1688-1744. English poet, quoted next to Shakespeare.

Worth makes the man; and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

(A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.

How do these couplets and those of the following differ from the rest of the poetry in this book? Compare also with Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," which is also written in heroic couplets. How do Goldsmith's differ from Pope's?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Seven Ages of Man (From *As You Like It*) William Shakespeare
An Essay on Man Alexander Pope

COUPLETS FROM AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

ALEXANDER POPE

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant for fools.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

(A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed.

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

(Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.

(Nay, fly to altars: there they'll talk you dead:
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Do you agree with Pope's ideas? What has made these couplets favorite quotations? "An Essay on Criticism," so history records, took London by storm. How have ideas of poetry changed? Pope borrowed most of his philosophy from his contemporary, Lord Bolingbroke. In regard to the fourth couplet, "Trust not thyself," see Emerson's "Self-Reliance."

FURTHER READINGS:

Essay on Criticism.....Alexander Pope
Rape of the Lock....."

EPIGRAMS

AN EPIGRAM

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE¹

WHAT IS an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
It's body brevity, and wit its soul.

EPIGRAM

ALEXANDER POPE²

YOU BEAT your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

INSCRIBED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG

ALEXANDER POPE²

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir,—whose dog are you?

¹ 1772-1834. English poet, critic, and philosopher.

² 1688-1744. English poet, famous for his mastery of the couplet.

TAXING OTHERS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN¹

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise
That shall not fall on me."
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies
"For those you never see."

IF A MAN WHO TURNIPS CRIES

SAMUEL JOHNSON²

If a man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than a father.

THE WORLD A BUNDLE OF HAY

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON³

THE WORLD is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER⁴

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

SAINT BRANDAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD⁵

SAINT BRANDAN sails the northern main;	He heard, across the howling seas, Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
The brotherhood of saints are glad.	
He greets them once, he sails again;	He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
So late!—such storms!—The Saint is mad!	Twinkle the monastery-lights;

¹ 1751-1816. English orator, statesman, and dramatist.² 1709-1784. English philosopher and literary man, famous for his conversation, his dictionary, and his literary club, of which Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, Gibbon, and many others were members.³ 1788-1824. English poet of revolutionary fire.⁴ 1647-1680. English wit and courtier.⁵ 1822-1888. English poet, essayist and educator.

But north, still north, Saint Brandan
steered—

And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are neared,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell—
It is—Oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor Judas, out of hell!

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
The moon was bright, the iceberg
near.

He hears a voice sigh humbly:
“Wait!

By high permission I am here.

“One moment wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death, they
knew;

My name is under all men’s ban—
Ah, tell them of my respite too!

“Tell them, one blessed Christmas-
night—

(It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

“I felt, as I in torment lay
’Mid the souls plagued by heavenly
power,

An angel touch my arm, and say:
Go hence, and cool thyself an hour!

“‘Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?’ I
said.

*The Leper recollect, said he,
Who asked the passers-by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.*

“Then I remember’d how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,

One morn when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust with burning heat;

“And in the street a leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to
pate,
The hot wind fevered him fivefold.

“He gazed upon me as I passed
And murmured: *Help me, or I die!*—
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

“Oh, Brandan, think what grace di-
vine,
What blessing must full goodness
shower,
When fragment of it, small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

“Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that
one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my good as soon as done.

“That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

“Once every year, when carols wake,
On earth, the Christmas-night’s re-
pose,
Arising from the sinners’ lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

“I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
Oh, Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppa leper’s ease was pain.”—

Tears started to Saint Brandan’s
eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a
prayer—

Then looked, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

Why locate the incident in "the sea without a human shore"? Why have the time Christmas night? What effect does the appearance of Judas have? Why does Judas tell his story? Does he praise or belittle his act of charity? Explain his last expression. Would he have said more? If so, what? Effect of the story on Saint Brandan? What is the poet's chief thought?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Black Sheep</i>	Richard Burton
<i>The Bridge of Sighs</i>	Thomas Hood
<i>How Oswald Dined with God</i>	Edwin Markham
<i>The Ballad of Judas Iscariot</i>	Robert Buchanan
<i>The Pied Piper of Hamelin</i>	Robert Browning
<i>The White Ship</i>	Dante Gabriel Rossetti
<i>Address to the Unco Good and the Rigidly Righteous</i>	Robert Burns

TO MARGUERITE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

YES! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us
 thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they
 know.

But when the moon their hollows
 lights,
And they are swept by balms of
 spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels
 pour—

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery
 plain—
Oh, might our marges meet again!

Who ordered that their longing
 fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cooled?
Who renders vain their deep de-
 sire?—
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to
 be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging
 sea.

What descriptions are strongest? In what sense is the thought of the poem acceptable to you? In what way may it seem an overstatement? Is Arnold here a "poet of doubt"?

It will be well to have one in the class read the other poems in this same group by Arnold, under the title "Switzerland." The preceding one in the series is called "Isolation." The seventh and last poem in the series, "The Terrace at Berne," written ten years later, concludes as follows:

Like driftwood spars, which meet and pass
 Upon the boundless ocean-plain,
 So on the sea of life, alas!
 Man meets man—meets, and quits again.
 I knew it when my life was young;
 I feel it still, now youth is o'er.
 —The mists are on the mountains hung,
 And Marguerite I shall see no more.

Compare Arnold's thought and imagery with Kipling's in *The Light That Failed*: "We are all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding."

FURTHER READINGS:

The Inchcape Rock.....Robert Southey
Lord Ullin's Daughter.....Thomas Campbell
The Glove and the Lions.....Leigh Hunt


FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR QUESTIONS ON BROTHERHOOD

[Before considering these suggestions, it may be well to study in class from the prose section of this text Stevenson's *Beggars*, the Bible story *Naaman and Gehazi*, and either Mr. Noyes's Robin Hood play, *Sherwood*, or Mrs. Marks's (Josephine Preston Peabody's) *The Piper*.]

What difference between King Richard the Lion Hearted and his brother, King John? What has made Richard so popular? Robin Hood? The legendary King Arthur? What would have been the effect upon John's fame if he had been such a character as could give the English race the Magna Charta, instead of having it wrested from him? Why was Gehazi made a leper? What was Abou ben Adhem's reward? How had he deserved it? How had Judas in "Saint Brandan" won his respite? How could Stevenson find such comradeship with the beggars he describes?

What is the real meaning of the word charity? Upon what law or laws of life is it based? What other meaning or meanings of the word do you know? Why would Stevenson blot the word from our vocabulary? Why, on the other hand, does the Bible make it greater even than faith and hope? Why is giving such a delicate art, even among friends? How does the receiving test our manners? May it be true that some rich men neglect to give because of the fact that they cannot give without giving offense also? How can they make their gifts acceptable? What other motives prevent the rich from giving? To what extent does organized, centralized charity remove the difficulty? Where does it fail?

Have read aloud and discussed in class one or more of the poems for further reading; for example, "A Man's a Man for a' That," "The House by the Side of the Road," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Black Sheep," "The Youngest Son of His Father's House," and "Mending Wall." What movements are organized with a view to helping the "black sheep," the submerged individuals or classes? Should this be done by organizations or by individual interest and help? How, theoretically at least, does the world answer the inquiry of the murderer Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" How does it work out in practice? To what extent is Arnold's indictment true that "We mortal millions live *alone*"? Is it God's will that we should be islands instead of parts of a single continent? or that the separation between us should be "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"? Is there, fundamentally, egoism in our nature, or is altruism fundamental? "Greater love hath no man than this"—than what? Which seems to get more attention in the press—crime against our fellow men, or philanthropy? Whichever answer you give, of which do you infer that there really is the more?



LIFE'S PERPLEXITIES

A LESSON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
And recognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped and said, with inly muttered voice,
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue,"—
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favorite—then, worse truth,
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man! that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

What, in your own words, is the lesson? Does the poet think of the flower as a person, or only figuratively? How does his thought tally with Browning's in "Rabbi Ben Ezra"?—

"The last of life, for which the first was made."

FURTHER READINGS:

Thanatopsis.....William Cullen Bryant
In a Lecture Room.....Arthur Hugh Clough
Lines Written in Kensington Gardens.....Matthew Arnold

¹ 1770-1850. English poet; Laureate, and poet of nature.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH¹

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesterners rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

What is the central thought? In terms of what comparison is it put? Why are the inquiries and the answers repeated at the end of the poem?

FURTHER READINGS:

Where Lies the Land?.....William Wordsworth
A Passer-By (Whither, O splendid ship).....Robert Bridges
Come Back.....Arthur Hugh Clough
O Ship, Ship, Ship....." " " "
Self-Dependence.....Matthew Arnold

OUTBOUND

BLISS CARMAN²

A LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,
 I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
 The watch is long and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
 Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

¹ 1819-1861. English poet, educator, and traveler; known as a "poet of doubt."

² 1861 ——. A Canadian poet and journalist; his poems were for many years published in connection with those of our American poet, Richard Hovey.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear
From bourn to bourn of the dark I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the star, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

What is the thought? What is the imagery upon which the poem is founded?

FURTHER READINGS:

Gradatim.....Josiah Gilbert Holland
Life.....Edward Rowland Sill
Under the Red Mast-Lights.....J. P. Runcie

DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW. ARNOLD¹

THE SEA is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

¹ 1822-1888. English poet, essayist, and educator.

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.
 Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Into what two parts does the poem divide? What is the relation of the divisions? Picture the opening scene. What is the poet's mood? Why call some one to look upon the scene with him? What is the "eternal note of sadness"? Is it inherent in the music of the ocean? If not, whence does it come? What in Arnold's day caused the "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of retreating faith? Is faith still ebbing, or has the floodtide set in? Granted that faith be at ebbtide, is Arnold's closing picture too dark? From what source can help and comfort come? If a poet have not faith, would he not be wise to follow Arnold's example and cease writing poetry? Compare Arnold's closing picture with Shakespeare's in *Macbeth*:

Life is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

FURTHER READINGS :

The Sea Limits.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth.....Arthur Hugh Clough

COME HOME, COME HOME

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH¹

COME HOME, come home! and where is home for me,
 Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?
 To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
 To the wild waters, shall I turn and say
 To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
 You are my home?

¹ 1819-1861. English poet; like his friend Arnold, he is considered a poet of doubt rather than of faith.

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
 Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,
 These far, far back, behind me lie, before
 The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
 And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
 No word of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
 There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
 Where fields are green, and hands and hearts as true
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam
 Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveler hear,
 With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
 To thy true home.

Come home, come home! and where a home hath he
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
 Indeed our home?

What is the central thought? In terms of what comparison is it put? Is this, as has often been said, a "pagan poem"? Is it fitting that it should end with a question?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Pillar of Cloud.....John Henry Newman
The Stream of Life.....Arthur Hugh Clough
All is Well.....

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

ALFRED AUSTIN¹

Is LIFE worth living? Yes, so long	While children in the woodlands yet
As spring revives the year,	Adorn their little laps
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,	With ladysmock and violet,
To show that she is here;	And daisy-chain their caps;
So long as May of April takes,	While over orchard daffodils
In smiles and tears, farewell,	Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,	And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And primroses the dell;	And young lambs buck and bleat;

¹ 1835-1913. English poet; laureate, 1895-1913.

So long as that which bursts the bud
 And swells and tunes the rill
 Makes springtime in the maiden's
 blood,
 Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living! Come with
 me,

Now that, through vanishing veil,
 Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
 And milk foams in the pail;
 Now that June's sweltering sunlight
 bathes

With sweet the striplings lithe,
 As fall the long straight scented
 swathes

Over the crescent scythe;
 Now that the throstle never stops
 His self-sufficing strain,
 And woodbine-trails festoon the
 copse,

And eglantine the lane;
 Now rustic labor seems as sweet
 As leisure, and blithe herds
 Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
 Carolling like the birds;
 Now all, except the lover's vow,
 And nightingale, is still;
 Here, in the twilight hour, allow,
 Life is worth living still.

When summer, lingering half forlorn,
 On autumn loves to lean,
 And fields of slowly yellowing corn
 Are girt by woods still green;
 When hazelnuts wax brown and
 plump,

And apples rosy-red,
 And the owlet hoots from hollow
 stump,

And the dormouse makes its bed;
 When crammed are all the granary
 floors,

And the Hunter's moon is bright,
 And life again is sweet indoors,
 And logs again alight;

Ay, even when the houseless wind
 Waileth through cleft and chink,
 And in the twilight maids grow kind,
 And jugs are filled and clink;

When children clasp their hands and
 pray

"Be done Thy Heavenly will!"
 Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
 "Life is worth living still"?

Is Life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,

Wail of the weak against the strong,
 Or tyranny to fight;

Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,

One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;

Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,

And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;

So long as Faith with Freedom
reigns,

And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious charity remains

To leaven lowly lives;
 While there is one untrodden tract

For Intellect or Will,
 And men are free to think and act!—
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
 Nestle in English trees,
 And England's Trident-Scepter roams
 Her territorial seas!

Not live while English songs are sung
 Wherever blows the wind,
 And England's laws and England's
 tongue

Enfranchise half mankind!
 So long as in Pacific main,
 Or on Atlantic strand,

Our kin transmit the parent strain,
 And love the Motherland;

So long as in this ocean realm,
 Victoria and her Line

Retain the heritage of the helm,
 By loyalty divine;

So long as flashes English steel,
 And English trumpets shrill,
 He is dead already who doth not feel
 Life is worth living still.

Summarize the reasons why life is worth living. Have any been omitted? How does Austin's spirit differ from Arnold's and Clough's? Is Austin too optimistic? How does the last stanza compare as poetry with the preceding ones? Is it a fitting climax? Is it necessary in the poem?

FURTHER READINGS :

The River of Life.....Thomas Campbell
Carrowmore....."A. E." (George William Russell)

A DIRGE

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY¹

ROUGH WIND, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches strain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,—
 Wail for the world's wrong!

Compare this with the following sonnet from Keats:

To ONE who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 Even like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

What is the difference in the spirit of the two men? Read other poetry by the same men, and say whether or not you think the difference is fundamental.

¹ 1792-1822. English lyric and narrative poet.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH¹

As SHIPS, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart
 descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the
 breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they
 plied,

Nor dreamt but each the self-same
 seas

By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so, but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year un-
 changed,

Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul es-
 tranged?

At dead of night their sails were
 filled,

And onward each rejoicing steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn ap-
 peared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward
 strain,

Brave barks! In light, in darkness
 too,

Through winds and tides one com-
 pass guides—

To that, and your own selves, be
 true.

But O blithe breeze; and O great
 seas,

Though ne'er, that earliest parting
 past,

On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they
 sought,

One purpose hold where'er they
 fare,—

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there!

What is the thought? Show the appropriateness of the ima-
 gery. Compare this with Arnold's "To Marguerite."

FURTHER READINGS:

Gloucester Moors.....William Vaughn Moody
At the Crossroads.....Richard Hovey
The Road Not Taken.....Robert Frost
The House and the Road.....Josephine Preston Peabody

UP-HILL

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI²

DOES THE ROAD wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

¹ 1819-1861. English poet; like Matthew Arnold, considered a poet of doubt rather than of faith.

² 1830-1894. English poet of Italian parentage.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yes, beds for all who come.

What is gained by the question and answer series? Compare the imagery with that in Clough's poems. Which is more appropriate?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Broken Song.....Moirá O'Neill
Man.....William H. Davies

TO DAFFODILS

ROBERT HERRICK¹

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

 We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Compare this with the following poem, both in thought and form.

¹ 1591-1674. English clergyman and poet.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

FRANCIS BEAUMONT¹

LIKE to the falling star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past,—and man forgot.

Do these poems imply that there is no immortality? Or do they simply call attention to mortality?

FURTHER READINGS:

My Life Is Like the Summer Rose.....Richard Henry Wilde
The Lost Pleiad.....William Gilmore Simms

VIRTUE

GEORGE HERBERT²

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!	Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
The bridal of the earth and sky—	A box where sweets compacted lie,
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;	My music shows ye have your closes,
For thou must die.	And all must die.
•	
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,	Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,	Like seasoned timber, never gives;
Thy root is ever in its grave,	But though the whole world turn to coal
And thou must die. *	Then chiefly lives.

The *angry* and *brave* hue of the rose means *red* and *splendid*.

What does Herbert give us more than the two preceding poets? Which stanzas are the best? Memorize one.

¹ 1584-1616. English dramatic poet, who wrote in collaboration with John Fletcher.

² 1593-1633. English poet, born in Wales.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

JOHN KEATS¹

MY HEART ACHES, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

¹ 1795-1821. English poet, lover of the beautiful.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen: and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rime,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,—
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf:
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

Keats's heartache, as he here says, did not come from such a little thing as envy of the bird's happiness; it came from the death of his brother Tom, from the poet's knowledge of his own fatal illness, and from his realization that his suit to Fanny Brawne was hopeless because of this fatal illness. He longs to drown his grief

in wine; but he decides in favor of what finer flight of the mind?
In what sense is the nightingale immortal? What other kinds of
immortality are there?

FURTHER READINGS:

Suggested by a Cover of a Volume of Keats's Poems.....Amy Lowell
"O Nightingale, Thou Surely Art".....William Wordsworth
Philomela.....Matthew Arnold
The Veery.....Henry Van Dyke

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY¹

I MET a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

What "yet survive"? What two objects do these survive?
 What is the poet's thought? In what spirit does he speak?

FURTHER READING:

One Day I Wrote Her Name (from *Amoretti*)Edmund Spenser

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

WILLIAM COWPER²

I AM MONARCH of all I survey;	I am out of humanity's reach,
My right there is none to dispute;	I must finish my journey alone,
From the center all round to the	Never hear the sweet music of
sea	speech;
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.	I start at the sound of my own.
O Solitude! where are the charms	The beasts that roam over the plain
That sages have seen in thy face?	My form with indifference see;
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,	They are so unacquainted with man,
Than reign in this horrible place.	Their tameness is shocking to me.

¹ 1792-1822. English lyric and narrative poet.

² 1731-1800. English poet and hymn writer.

Society, Friendship, and Love
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 O, had I wings of a dove
 How soon I would taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of
 youth.

Ye winds that have made me your
 sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more:
 My friends, do they now and then
 send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I still have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its
 flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of
 light.
 When I think of my own native land
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her
 nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot.

Compare Cowper's treatment of this man's misfortune with De
 Foe's treatment of the same in *Robinson Crusoe*. Which is the
 better known, the historical character or the fictitious? Why?
 What familiar quotations has Cowper given us in this poem?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Sea-Lands.....Orrick Johns
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.....Fritz-Greene Halleck

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON¹

I.

MY HAIR is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden
 fears:
 My limbs are bowed, though not with
 toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose;
 For they have been a dungeon's
 spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of
 those

To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred—forbidden
 fare;
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted
 death;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place!
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage;

¹ 1788-1824. English poet and dramatist, of revolutionary spirit,



THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON

One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic
 mold,

In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and
 grey,

Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the
 cleft

Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;

That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother drooped and
 died,

And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column
 stone,

And we were three—yet, each alone;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but joined in
 heart,

'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,

To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,

A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be:
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did—my best;
 And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father
 loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as
 heaven—

For him my soul was sorely moved;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day—

(When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but other's
 ills,

And then they flowed like mountain
 rills,

Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had
 stood,

And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy:—but not in chains to
 pine:

His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did
 mine:

But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and
 wolf;

To him his dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls;
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave
 inthrals:

A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake

The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds
 were high

And wanton in the happy sky;

And then the very rock hath
 rocked,

And I have felt it shake,
 unshocked,

Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me
 free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined;
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and
 rude,

For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain
 goat

Was changed for water from the
 moat,

Our bread was such as captives'
 tears

Have moistened many a thousand
 years,

Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den;

But what were these to us or him?

These wasted not his heart or limb;

My brother's soul was of that mold

Which in a palace had grown cold,

Had his free breathing been denied

The range of the steep mountain's
 side;

But why delay the truth?—he died.

I saw, and could not hold his head,

Nor reach his dying hand—nor
 dead,—

Though hard I strove, but strove in
 vain,

To rend and gnash my bonds in
 twain.

He died, and they unlocked his chain,

And scooped for him a shallow grave

Even from the cold earth of our
 cave.

I begged them as a boon to lay

His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine—it was a foolish thought,

But then within my brain it wrought,

That even in death his freeborn
 breast

In such a dungeon could not rest.

I might have spared my idle prayer—

They coldly laughed, and laid him
 there:

The flat and turfless earth above

The being we so much did love;

His empty chain above it leant,

Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour,

His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest
thought,

My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day
free;

He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive
motion,

I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and
slow:

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose
bloom

Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon
bright,

And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and
less:

I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread

Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a
sound—

I burst my chain with one strong
bound,
And rushed to him:—I found him
not,

I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to
breathe:

I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas; my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:

I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I
wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and
grey;

It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no
time,
No check, no change, no good, no
crime.

But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and
motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;

It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;

But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it
came

That bird was perched, as fond and
tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;

A lovely bird, with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand
things,

And seemed to say them all for
me!

I never saw its like before,

I ne'er shall see its likeness more:

It seemed like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,

And cheering from my dungeon's
brink,

Had brought me back to feel and
think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for
thine!

Or if it were, in winged guise,

A visitant from Paradise;

For—Heaven forgive that thought!
the while

Which made me both to weep and
smile—

I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;

But then at last away it flew,

And then 'twas mortal well I knew,

For he would never thus have flown,

And left me twice so doubly lone,

Lone as the corse within its shroud,

Lone as a solitary cloud,—

A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,

That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is
gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,

My keepers grew compassionate;

I know not what had made them so,

They were inured to sights of woe;

But so it was:—my broken chain

With links unfastened did remain,

And it was liberty to stride

Along my cell from side to side,

And up and down, and then athwart,

And tread it over every part;

And round the pillars one by one,

Returning where my walk begun,

Avoiding only, as I trod,

My brothers' graves without a sod;

For if I thought with heedless tread

My step profaned their lowly bed,

My breath came gaspingly and thick,

And my crushed heart fell blind and
sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,

It was not therefrom to escape,

For I had buried one and all

Who loved me in a human shape;

And the whole earth would henceforth
be

A wider prison unto me:

No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me
 mad;

But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them, and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in
 frame;

I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;

A small green isle, it seemed no
 more,

Scarcely broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers
 growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;

And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as if a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to
 save,—

And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary
 mote;

At last men came to set me free;

I asked not why, and recked not
 where;

It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be,

I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home:

With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen
 trade,

Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to
 tell!

In quiet we had learned to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

Byron wrote this poem before he was “sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard.” There is, therefore, little in common between the hero of Byron’s romantic tale and the heroic prisoner of Chillon. Byron’s inspiration came from a sight of the dungeon where Bonnivard had been imprisoned for six years; the cause of

the imprisonment was more political than religious. Bonnivard, after his liberation, lived in honor in his native city, Geneva, for the liberties of which he had suffered. The castle is situated on an isolated rock at the east end of Lake Geneva; in the poem the lake is called by the older name, Lake Leman.

Is our chief interest here in plot or in character? What seems to you the purpose of the poem? What is the reason for the suffering? What seems the most tragic feature of this suffering? What is the purpose of dwelling upon the brothers and their deaths? Is there anything gained by having virtually but one character in the story? Does he impress you as real? What changes take place in him? Show the causes. What strong contrast runs throughout most of the poem?

What is your impression of the ending of the story? Compare the character here with those in the three poems at the end of the section of this book entitled "Youth, Age, and Death." How is the strong impression of the lapse of time created by Byron? Point out the best descriptive passages; the best narrative passages.

FURTHER READINGS:

Mazeppa.....George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron
The Ancient Mariner.....Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Christabel

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERING LIFE'S PERPLEXITIES

[Carlyle's "Everlasting Yea" should contribute to this discussion. *Macbeth*, *Strife*, and other dramas, take up single problems of life.]

Preceding sections have considered specific problems such as work, war, and brotherhood. The poems in this section deal rather with life as a whole, and with attitudes toward life.

What things in life are mysterious? How long have they troubled man? How long will they continue mysterious? A famous allegory was used fourteen centuries ago by a pagan chief in the debate on the question whether or not the Anglo-Saxons should accept Christianity. As reported by Bede, the first English historian, he said:

"The present life of man, O king, in comparison with the time that is hidden from us, is as the flight of a sparrow through the room where you sit at supper, with companions around you and a good fire on the hearth. Outside are the storms of wintry rain and snow. The sparrow flies in at one opening and instantly out at another: whilst he is within he is sheltered

from the winter storms; but after a moment of pleasant weather he speeds from winter back into winter again, and vanishes from your sight into the darkness whence he came. Even so the life of man appears for a little while; but of what went before, and of what comes after we are wholly ignorant. If this new religion can teach us anything of greater certainty, it surely deserves to be followed."

How does the Bible answer some of the perplexing questions of life? What part must faith play in understanding the Bible precepts? Compare the serenity of Christina Rossetti's answers to the perplexities of life with the doubt in Clough's answers, where he answers at all. Clough's vacillation is seen especially in two poems on "Easter Day." The first, "Naples, 1849," has for its refrain

Christ is not risen!
 Christ is not risen, no—
 He lies and moulders low;
 Christ is not risen.

By the end of this poem this has become a question:

Is He not risen? No—
 But lies and moulders low?
 Christ is not risen?

In the second poem, "Easter Day, II," he concludes,

Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
 Or at least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead;
 Not gone, though fled;
 Not lost, though vanishèd.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen.

As Arnold and Clough were poets of doubt, so Tennyson and Browning were poets of faith; and for that reason, if for no other, the latter were major poets of the Victorian age. What important poems by Tennyson deal with questions of immortality, free will, divine love, and kindred themes? Can you name one or two also by Browning? Milton's great epic poem, *Paradise Lost*, was written to

Assert Eternal Providence
 And justify the ways of God to men.

That he may be able to do this, he humbly invokes God:

What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support.

What do you understand by optimism? pessimism? Has the pessimist any proper place in life? Can optimism be too smug? Does shallow optimism cause thinking people to become pessimists? What is the effect upon the individual if he lives by hate or in despair? Dean Swift, in his *Gulliver's Travels*, is bitter in his satire upon "that hated and detestable animal called man," "the most pernicious race of vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." He seemed to believe that there is a soul of evil even in things good. (His own life and death were a tragic illustration of his belief.) Shakespeare, on the other hand, asserted that there is a soul of good in things evil. He portrays a world ruled by moral laws. What has been the attitude of poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson? of novelists like George Eliot and Dickens?

IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

ALFRED TENNYSON ¹

O young Mariner, You from the haven Under the sea-cliff, You that are watching The gray Magician With eyes of wonder, <i>I am Merlin,</i> And <i>I am dying,</i> <i>I am Merlin</i> Who follow The Gleam.		Then to the melody, Over a wilderness Gliding, and glancing at Elf of woodland, Gnome of the cavern, Griffin and Giant, And dancing Fairies In desolate hollows, And wraiths of the mountain, And rolling of dragons By warble of water, Or cataract music Of falling torrents, Flitted The Gleam.	35
Mighty the Wizard Who found me at sunrise Sleeping, and woke me And learned me magic! Great the Master, And sweet the Magic, When over the valley, In early summers, Over the mountain, On human faces, And all around me, Moving to melody, Floated The Gleam.	5 10 15 20	Down from the mountain And over the level, And streaming and shining on Silent river, Silvery willow, Pasture and plowland, Innocent maidens, Garrulous children, Homestead and harvest, Reaper and gleaner, And rough-ruddy faces Of lowly labor, Slided The Gleam—	40 45 50 55
Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it, A barbarous people, Blind to the Magic, And deaf to the melody, Snarled at and cursed me. The light retreated, The landskip darkened, The melody deadened; The Master whispered, "Follow The Gleam."	25 30	Then, with a melody Stronger and statelier, Led me at length To the city and palace Of Arthur the king; Touched at the golden Cross of the churches,	60 65

¹ 1809-1892. English poet and dramatist. Poet Laureate, 1850-1892. He felt the importance of the office and honored it more than has any other Laureate.

Flashed on the Tournament, Flickered and bickered From helmet to helmet, And last on the forehead Of Arthur the blameless Rested The Gleam.	70	And slower and fainter, Old and weary, But eager to follow, I saw, whenever In passing it glanced upon Hamlet or city, That under the Crosses The dead man's garden,	100
Clouds and darkness Closed upon Camelot; Arthur had vanished I knew not whither, The king who loved me And cannot die; For out of the darkness Silent and slowly The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer On icy fallow And faded forest, Drew to the valley Named of the shadow, And slowly brightening Out of the glimmer, And slowly moving again to the melody	75	The mortal hillock, Would break into blossom; And so to the land's Last limit I came— And can no longer, But die rejoicing, For through the Magic Of Him the Mighty, Who taught me in childhood, There on the border Of boundless Ocean, And all but in Heaven Hovers The Gleam.	105
Yearningly tender, Fell on the shadow, No longer shadow, But clothed with The Gleam.	80	Not of the sunlight, Not of the moonlight, Not of the starlight! O young Mariner, Down to the haven, Call your companions, Launch your vessel, And crowd your canvas, And, ere it vanishes Over the margin, After it, follow it, Follow The Gleam.	110
And broader and brighter The Gleam flying onward, Wed to the melody, Sang through the world;	85		115
	90		120
	95		125
			130

This poem tells Tennyson's life story. Merlin, the magician, represents Tennyson, who was led by the spirit of poetry to triumph in spite of adverse critics. If Merlin typifies Tennyson, what, then, does The Gleam typify? Who was the wizard who "woke him at sunrise"? What would the Raven represent? What important works of Tennyson are alluded to? Let one in the class read a biography of Tennyson and show how other lines in this poem apply to his life.

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>Song of the Chattahoochee</i>	Sidney Lanier
<i>A Ballad of Heaven</i>	John Davidson
<i>Abt Vogler</i>	Robert Browning
<i>Beyond the Path of the Outmost Sun</i>	Rudyard Kipling
<i>Eldorado</i>	Edgar Allan Poe

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GOOD BLADE carves the casques of
men,

My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth
high,

The hard brands shiver on the
steel,

The splintered spear-shafts crack and
fly,

The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat
stands,

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies'
hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!

For them I battle till the end,

To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,

My knees are bowed in crypt and
shrine;

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me
beam,

Me mightier transports move and
thrill;

So keep I fair through faith and
prayer

A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,

A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest
glows,

I hear a noise of hymns.

Then by some secret shrine I ride;

I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are
wide,

The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer
swings,
And solemn chants resound
between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-
meres

I find a magic bark.

I leap on board; no helmsman
steers;

I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the
stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas
morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand
and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling
storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odors haunt my dreams;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,⁷⁰
 This weight and size, this heart and
 eyes,
 Are touched, are turned to finest
 air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And through the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony⁷⁵
 Swells up and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses
 nod,

Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
 "O just and faithful knight of
 God!

Ride on! the prize is near."⁸⁰
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and
 pale,

All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail was the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. To find the Grail was to attain purity. The only knight who saw the vision face to face was Sir Galahad. Read Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites" and contrast the two characters as types of medieval religion. What famous paintings of Sir Galahad have you seen?

FURTHER READINGS:

He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed.....Shaemas O'Sheel
Dream-Pedlary.....Thomas Lovell Beddoes
If Only Dreams Abide.....Clinton Scollard
The Holy Grail (from Idylls of the King).....Alfred Tennyson
The Vision of Sir Launfal.....James Russell Lowell

STANZAS

EMILY BRONTË¹

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
 To those first feelings that were born with me,
 And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
 For idle dreams of things that cannot be:

Today I will seek not the shadowy region;
 Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
 And visions rising, legion after legion,
 Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
 And not in paths of high morality,
 And not among the half-distinguished faces,
 The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
 It vexes me to choose another guide:
 Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
 Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

¹1818-1848. English poet and novelist, sister of Charlotte.

What is the poet's thought about the feelings born with us?
About dreams and visions? Should we choose another guide than
our own nature?

FURTHER READINGS:

Whistle Fantasy.....Margaret Widdemer
Road Hymn for the Start.....William Vaughn Moody
Ode to Duty.....William Wordsworth

THE GLIMPSE

WILLIAM WATSON ¹

JUST for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,—
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,—
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;
Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.

What is the soul experience here described? Why does he fall
back on his "meaner world"? Why must he carry in his soul
the torment of the difference?

FURTHER READINGS:

They Went Forth to Battle, but They Always Fell.....Shaemas O'Sheel
Challenge.....Louis Untermeyer
Locksley Hall.....Alfred Tennyson

LONE DOG

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD ²

I'M A LEAN dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

¹ 1859 ——. English poet; an idealist, follower of Wordsworth and Tennyson.

² 1891 ——. Irish poet, [now Mrs. de Sélincourt].

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff and kick, and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind, and wild stars, and hunger of the quest!

What is there to admire in Lone Dog? Is he in any way like Tennyson's Ulysses?

FURTHER READINGS

The Wild Ride.....Louise Imogen Guiney
How They Brought the Good News.....Robert Browning

ULYSSES

ALFRED TENNYSON¹

IT LITTLE PROFITS that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me

¹ 1809-1892. English poet and dramatist; Poet Laureate from 1850 to 1892. He felt the importance of the office and honored it more than did any other Laureate.

Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

30

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
 Well-loved to me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail

35

40

In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—

45

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.

50

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

55

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

60

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

70

Why after ten years in the Trojan War and ten more years of wandering is Ulysses not content when he returns home? What has taken possession of the man? What do you find to admire

in his spirit? If you are partial to the opposite spirit, read "The Lotus Eaters."

FURTHER READING:

The Present Crisis.....James Russell Lowell

ANDREA DEL SARTO

(Called "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER")

ROBERT BROWNING^a

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,
 No, my Lucrezia! bear with me for once:
 Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
 You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
 I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear, 5
 Treat his own subject after his own way,
 Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
 And shut the money into this small hand
 When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
 Oh, I'll content him,—but tomorrow, Love! 10
 I often am much wearier than you think;
 This evening more than usual: and it seems
 As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
 Here by the window, with your hand in mine,
 And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole, 15
 Both of one mind, as married people use,
 Quietly, quietly the evening through,
 I might get up tomorrow to my work
 Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
 Tomorrow, how you shall be glad for this! 20
 Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
 And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
 Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve
 For each of the five pictures we require:
 It saves a model. So! keep looking so— 25
 My serpentine beauty, rounds on rounds!
 —How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
 Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
 My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
 Which everybody looks on and calls his, 30
 And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
 While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less.
 You smile? why, there's my picture ready made,
 There's what we painters call our harmony!
 A common grayness silvers everything,— 35
 All in a twilight, you and I alike
 —You, at the point of your first pride in me

^a 1812-1889. English poet and dramatist.

(That's gone, you know)—but I, at every point;
 My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
 To yonder sober pleasant Fiesola. 40
 There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
 That length of convent-wall across the way
 Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
 The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
 And autumn grows, autumn in everything.— 45
 Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape,
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
 How strange now looks the life he makes us lead; 50
 So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
 I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
 This chamber, for example—turn your head—
 All that's behind us! You don't understand
 Nor care to understand about my art, 55
 But you can hear at least when people speak:
 And that cartoon, the second from the door
 —It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
 Behold Madonna!—I am bold to say.
 I can do with my pencil what I know, 60
 What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
 Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
 I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
 Who listened to the Legate's talk last week; 65
 And just as much they used to say in France.
 At any rate 't is easy, all of it!
 No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
 I do what many dream of, all their lives,
 —Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do, 70
 And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
 On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
 Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,— 75
 Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
 (I know his name, no matter)—so much less!
 Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them,
 In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,— 80
 Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure enough, 85
 Though they come back and cannot tell the world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
 I, painting for myself and to myself, 90
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
 Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken: what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that? 95
 Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray,
 Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
 I know both what I want and what might gain, 100
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
 "Had I been two, another and myself,
 Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No doubt.
 Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
 The Urbinate who died five years ago. 105
 ('T is copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
 Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
 Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
 Above and through his art—for it gives way;
 That arm is wrongly put—and there again— 110
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right.
 He means right—that, a child may understand.
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it: 115
 But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
 Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!
 Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think— 120
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare— 125
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
 "God and the glory! never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo! 130
 Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
 I might have done it for you. So it seems:
 Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
 Besides, incentives come from the soul's self;
 The rest avail not. Why do I need you? 135

What wife had Raphael, or has Agnolo?
 (In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
 And who would do it, can not, I perceive:
 Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power;
 And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
 God, I conclude, compensates, punishes. 140
 'T is safer for me, if the award be strict.
 That I am something underrated here,
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
 I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
 For fear of chancing on the Paris lords. 145
 The best is when they pass and look aside;
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
 Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,
 And that long festal year at Fontainebleau! 150
 I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
 Put on the glory, Raphael's daily wear,
 In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
 One finger in his beard or twisted curl
 Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile, 155
 One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
 The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
 I painting proudly with his breath on me,
 All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
 Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls 160
 Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days? 165
 And had you not grown restless . . . but I know—
 'T is done and past; 't was right, my instinct said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not gray:
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his world. 170
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your heart.
 The triumph was—to reach and stay there; since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 (Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold, 175
 You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
 "Raphael did this, Andrea painted that;
 The Roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife"—
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge 180
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think. . .
 For do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
 Said one day Agnolo, his very self,

To Raphael . . . I had known it all these years . . . 185
 (When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it)
 "Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how, 190
 Who, were he set to plan and execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
 To Raphael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.
 I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see, 195
 Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!
 Ay, but the soul! he's Raphael! rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
 (What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
 Do you forget already words like those?) 200
 If really there was such a chance, so lost,—
 Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every night 205
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
 Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
 The cue-owls speak the name we call them by. 210
 Come from the window, love,—come in, at last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King Francis may forgive me: oft at nights
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired out, 215
 The walls become illumined, brick from brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
 The gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That Cousin here again? he waits outside? 220
 Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? You smiled for that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?
 While hand and eye and something of a heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth? 225
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The gray remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,—
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face, 230
Not yours this time! I want you at my side
 To hear them—that is, Michel Agnolo—
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.

Will you? Tomorrow, satisfy your friend.
 I take the subjects for his corridor,
 Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
 What's better, and what's all I care about,
 Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
 The Cousin! what does he to please you more?

(I am grown peaceful as old age tonight
 I regret little, I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
 My father and my mother died of want.
 Well, had I riches of my own? you see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
 And I have labored somewhat in my time
 And not been paid profusely. Some good son
 Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try.
 No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
 (You loved me quite enough, it seems tonight.
 This must suffice me here. What would one have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For Leonard, Raphael, Agnolo and me
 To cover—the three first without a wife,
 While I have mine! So—still they overcome
 Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

"In the Pitti Gallery in Florence there is a portrait of the artist Andrea del Sarto and his wife, Lucrezia, painted by the artist himself. The two are seated at the window opening toward the picturesque old town of Fiesole, three miles to the west. The artist's right arm rests upon the shoulder of his wife and his left hand is making a mild gesture in the attitude of one talking. He seems to be speaking half to her and half to himself. Lucrezia seems not to be listening to anything he says: her thoughts are elsewhere. She is a beautiful woman physically, but wholly wanting in intellectual or spiritual expression; there is no sign of love or conscience. . . .

Andrea's face is refined, melancholy, weak, helpless, weary. A gray tone pervades the picture, and one cannot look upon it without feeling that here is the story of a soul's tragedy."—WAITMAN BARBE in *Great Poems Interpreted*.

How is character revealed in this poem? What is a dramatic monologue? Show that this is a dramatic monologue. What is the husband proposing to do tomorrow? What does he desire tonight? The time and the place? Why is he weary? How does he regard his art? What merit has it? What does it lack? How explain this? Is it soulless because of his wrong-doing? Because of his wife's character? Do you sympathize with him? or condemn him? Where does he put the blame? What does his wife think of him? What does he desire of her? Indicate two or three problems of life presented here. What is the central thought? What lines embody it?

DOCTOR FAUSTUS TO THE VISION OF HELEN OF TROY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE¹

WAS THIS the face that launched a thousand ships
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [Kisses her.]
 Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wurtemberg be sacked:
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest:
 Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele:
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour. [Exeunt.]

Doctor Faustus had sold his immortal soul to Lucifer in return for a knowledge that gave universal power to the possessor. Doctor Faustus was to enjoy this power for twenty-four years, before sur-

¹ 1564-1593. English dramatist and poet, first to impress the greatness of blank verse for dramatic purposes.

rendering his soul. At the time that he called up this vision of Helen his twenty-four years were almost finished.

Point out examples of "Marlowe's mighty line," as Ben Jonson describes it.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY)

ROBERT BROWNING¹

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights:
You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foambows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.


¹ 1812-1889. English poet and dramatist.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
 Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
 Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
 Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
 Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
 And the bees keeps their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
 Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
 No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:
 You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
 By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
 Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
 At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot!
 And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
 Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
 And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
 Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
 "And moreover," (the sonnet goes rining,) "the skirts of Saint Paul have
 reached,
 Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he
 preached."
 Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and
 smart
 With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
 No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the pity!
 Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
 And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
 One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
 And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
 Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

What sort of man is speaking? How is his character revealed?
 Which does he prefer? Does the reader agree with him? Is he a
 good observer? Does he see beneath the surface? Does he describe
 nature well? What do you think of his education? Do you sup-
 pose he has always lived in a villa? What do you think of his reli-
 gion? What do you suppose he does at the villa? If he were now
 living in our country, what would he be interested in?



TO AN OLD FOGGY

(WHO CONTENTS THAT CHRISTMAS IS PLAYED OUT)

SIR OWEN SEAMAN¹

O FRANKLY BALD and obviously stout!
 And so you find that Christmas as a fête
 Dispassionately viewed, is getting out
 Of date.

The studied festal air is overdone;
 The humor of it grows a little thin;
 You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
 Comes in.

Visions of very heavy meals arise
 That tend to make your organism shiver;
 Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
 The liver;

Those pies at which you annually wince,
 Hearing the tale how happy months will follow
 Proportioned to the total mass of mince .
 You swallow.

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
 Who with the brutal verve of boyhood's prime
 Insist on being taken to the pant-
 -omime.

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
 Who run you on toboggans down the stair;
 Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
 A bear.

This takes your faultless trousers at the knees,
 The other hurts them rather more behind;
 And both effect a fracture in your ease
 Of mind.

My good dyspeptic, this will never do;
 Your weary withers must be sadly wrung!
 Yet once I well believe that even you
 Were young.

¹1861 ——. English poet, editor of *Punch*.

Time was when you devoured, like other boys,
 Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen;
 With cracker-mottoes hinting of the joys
 Of men.

Time was when 'mid the maidens you would pull
 The fiery raisin with profound delight;
 When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
 And right.

Old Christmas changes not! Long, long ago
 He won the treasure of eternal youth;
 Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
 The truth.

Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no fee:—
 Make others' happiness this once your own;
 All else may pass: that joy can never be
 Outgrown!

How does Christmas possess eternal youth? Is the prescription in the last stanza correct? Does the form of the stanza aid the humor? Compare with Holmes's "The Last Leaf."

FURTHER READINGS:

The Last Leaf.....Oliver Wendell Holmes
The Height of the Ridiculous.....
Strictly Germ Proof.....Arthur Guiterman
How a Cat Was Annoyed and a Poet Was Booted.....Guy Wetmore Carryl
The End of the Play.....William Makepeace Thackeray

HEATHER ALE¹

A GALLOWAY LEGEND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON²

FROM THE BONNY bells of heather
 They brewed a drink long-syne
 Was sweeter far than honey,
 Was stronger far than wine.
 They brewed it and they drank it,
 And lay in blessed swound
 For days and days together
 In their dwellings underground.

There rose a King in Scotland,
 A fell man to his foes,
 He smote the Picts in battle,
 He hunted them like roes.
 Over miles of the red mountain
 He hunted as they fled,
 And strewed the dwarfish bodies
 Of the dying and the dead.

¹ From "Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson"; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

² 1850-1894. Scotch novelist, essayist, short story writer and poet.

Summer came in the country,
 Red was the heather bell:
 But the manner of the brewing
 None was alive to tell.
 In graves that were like children's
 On many a mountain head
 The Brewsters of the Heather
 Lay numbered with the dead.

The King in the red moorland
 Rode on a summer's day:
 And the bees hummed, and the cur-
 lews
 Cried beside the way.
 The King rode, and was angry,
 Black was his brow and pale,
 To rule in a land of heather
 And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,
 Riding free on the heath,
 Came on a stone that was fallen
 And vermin hid beneath.
 Rudely plucked from their hiding,
 Never a word they spoke:
 A son and his aged father—
 Last of the dwarfish folk.

The King sat high on his charger;
 He looked on the little men;
 And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
 Looked at the King again.
 Down by the shore he had them;
 And there on the giddy brink—
 "I will give you life, ye vermin,
 For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and the father
 And they looked high and low:
 The heather was red around them,

The sea rumbled below.
 And up and spoke the father,
 Shrill was his voice to hear:
 "I have a word in private,
 A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,
 And honor a little thing:
 I would gladly sell the secret,"
 Quoth the Pict to the King.
 His voice was small as a sparrow's
 And shrill and wonderful clear;
 "I would gladly sell my secret,
 Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter,
 And death is nought to the young:
 And I dare not sell my honor
 Under the eye of my son.
 Take him, O King, and bind him,
 And cast him far in the deep,
 And it's I will tell the secret
 That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,
 Neck and heels in a thong,
 And a lad took him and swung him,
 And flung him far and strong.
 And the sea swallowed his body,
 Like that of a child of ten:—
 And there on the cliff stood the
 father
 Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
 Only my son I feared:
 For I doubt the sapling courage
 That goes without the beard.
 But now in vain is the torture,
 Fire shall never avail:
 Here dies in my bosom
 The secret of Heather Ale."

Is there sufficient motive for this tragic deed?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Revènge of Hamish.....Sidney Lanier
The Last of his Tribe.....Henry Clarence Kendall
Ticonderoga.....Robert Louis Stevenson

WINTER WEATHER

WILLIAM MORRIS¹

WE RODE together
 In winter weather
 To the broad mead under the hill;
 Though the skies did shiver
 With the cold, the river
 Ran, and was never still.

No cloud did darken
 The night; we did harken
 The hound's bark far away.
 It was solemn midnight
 In that dread, dread night,
 In the years that have passed for
 aye.

Two rode beside me,
 My banner did hide me,
 As it drooped adown from my
 lance;
 With its deep blue trapping,
 The mail over-lapping,
 My gallant horse did prance.

So ever together
 In sparkling weather
 Moved my banner and lance;
 And its laurel trapping,
 The steel over-lapping,
 The stars saw quiver and dance.

We met together
 In the winter weather
 By the town-walls under the hill;
 His mail rings came clinking,
 They broke on my thinking,
 For the night was hushed and still.

Two rode beside him,
 His banner did hide him,
 As it drooped down straight from
 his lance;
 With its blood-red trapping,
 The mail over-lapping,
 His mighty horse did prance.

And ever together
 In the solemn weather
 Moved his banner and lance;
 And the holly trapping,
 The steel over-lapping,
 Did shimmer and shiver, and
 dance.

Back reined the squires
 Till they saw the spires
 Over the city wall;
 Ten fathoms between us,
 No dames could have seen us
 Tilt from the city wall.

There we sat upright
 Till the full midnight
 Should be told from the city's
 chimes;
 Sharp from the towers
 Leaped forth the showers
 Of the many clanging rimes.

'Twas the midnight hour,
 Deep from the tower
 Boomed the following bell;
 Down go our lances,
 Shout for the lances!
 The last toll was his knell.

There he lay, dying;
 He had, for his lying,
 A spear in his traitorous mouth;
 A false tale made he
 Of my true, true lady;
 But the spear went through his
 mouth.

In the winter weather
 We rode back together
 From the broad mead under the
 hill;
 And the cock sung his warning
 As it grew toward morning,
 But the far-off hound was still.

¹ 1834-1896. English poet, novelist, printer, and manufacturer,

Black grew his tower
 As we rode down lower,
 Black from the barren hill;
 And our horses strode
 Up the winding road
 To the gateway dim and still.

At the gate of his tower,
 In the quiet hour,
 We laid his body there;
 But his helmet broken,

We took as a token;
 Shout for my lady fair!

We rode back together
 In the wintry weather
 From the broad mead under the
 hill;
 No cloud did darken
 The night; we did harken
 How the hound bayed from the
 hill.

Morris was imbued with the romance of chivalry, even more than Rossetti and other Pre-Raphaelites. This poem is typical of much of his work. As a manufacturer he designed new styles of furniture; the Morris chair still bears his name.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Haystack in the Floods.....William Morris
Shameful Death.....““

THE OLD STOIC

EMILY BRONTË¹

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
 And love I laugh to scorn;
 And lust of fame was but a dream,
 That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
 That moves my lips for me
 Is, “Leave the heart that now I bear,
 And give me liberty!”

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
 ’Tis all that I implore;
 In life and death a chainless soul,
 With courage to endure.

Explain the application of *stoic*. Why should he hold such views as are stated in the first stanza? If one has liberty, a “chainless soul,” why pray also for courage to endure?

FURTHER READING:

Awakening.....“A. E.” (George William Russell)

¹ 1818-1848. English poet and novelist.

• FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSING IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS

[In the prose section it will be well to read De Quincey's "Joan of Arc." For the sake of comparison, bring into the discussion also a number of selections from American authors, such as Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face," Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochie," and Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*.]

Why should "a man's reach exceed his grasp"? Is it necessary that, like Doctor Faustus, the individual sell his soul to buy what he longs to attain? Make a list of the terms used by the various authors to express the idea in the word *ideal*. Which terms seem most appropriate? What is the relation of the real to the ideal? What is the value of each? Is it well to be "a man of one idea"? of "singleness of purpose"? Must ideals be definite? Do vague longings produce progress? What is the result upon one's self should ideals be attained? Should unattainable ideals be set up? Consider in this connection this stanza from Browning's "Abt Vogler":

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

Examine biography to see what has been the influence of ideals in the development of great men. Can ideals be of a worthless nature? Can they be mistaken? wrong? Consider George III's ideals of kingship; also the divine right of kings as held by the Stuarts. Why should any one care to be like "Lone Dog"? Do Emily Brontë's "Stanzas" help answer? What shall one do when his ideals clash with family connections? with his country's laws? What is one's "duty"? Have Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" read in class. Does it help you answer? Can ideals and duty always be reconciled?

MAN AND GOD

MY GARDEN

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN¹

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! When the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

What makes the poet sure? Why has the fool contended for the contrary belief? How is the poet's idea emphasized?

FURTHER READINGS:

Lines Written in Kensington Gardens.....Matthew Arnold
The Garden.....Andrew Marvell
The Song of the Mystic.....Edward Rowland Sill
King Robert of Sicily.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

ISAAC WATTS²

OUR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,

From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

¹ 1830-1897. Poet of the Isle of Man.

² 1674-1748. English clergyman and poet, famous for his hymns.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide when troubles last,
And our eternal home!

In what does the strength of this hymn consist? What attributes of God does the poet emphasize?

FURTHER READINGS:

Light Shining Out of Darkness (from *Olney Hymns*) William Cowper
The Spacious Firmament on High Joseph Addison
The Pillar of the Cloud (Lead Kindly Light) . . John Henry, Cardinal Newman

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED TENNYSON

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

What idea of popular belief is here expressed? Why does the poet use *is* in the last line, when the subject is *God and man*?

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

WILLIAM BLAKE

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

FURTHER READINGS:

Symbols John Drinkwater
The Monk in the Kitchen Anna Hempstead Branch
The Higher Pantheism Alfred Tennyson
Out of the Morning Emily Dickinson

PHANTOMS

JOHN BANNISTER TABB¹

ARE YE the ghosts of fallen leaves,
O flakes of snow,
For which, through naked trees, the winds
A-mourning go?

¹ 1845-1909. American poet, teacher, and priest; famous for his very brief lyrics and epigrams.

Or are ye angels, bearing home
 The host unseen
 Of truant spirits, to be clad
 Again in green?

What two fancies here? How is each appropriate?

FURTHER READING:

Angels in the Morning.....Emily Dickinson

OUT OF BOUNDS

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

A LITTLE BOY of heavenly birth,
 But far from home today,
 Came down to find His ball, the Earth,
 That Sin had cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all
 Join in to get Him back His ball!

Explain the thought, and the application of the title. Compare with Milton's "At a Solemn Music."

FURTHER READINGS:

Evolution.....John Bannister Tabb
Sheep and Lambs.....Katherine Tynan Hinkson
Simon the Cyrenian.....Lucy Lyttelton

THE PULLEY

GEORGE HERBERT¹

WHEN GOD at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by—
 "Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

¹ 1593-1633. Welsh poet, the "Saintly Herbert." Professor George Herbert Palmer has spoken of him as "the first in English poetry to talk face to face with God."

"For if I should," said He,
 "Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

To what extent is our belief in God and Heaven a result of weariness and a desire for rest? Do you recall an old proverb about Satan and idle hands?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Elixir</i>	George Herbert
<i>The Bosom-sin</i>	" "
<i>Love</i>	" "

LAST LINES

EMILY BRONTË¹

(No COWARD soul is mine.)
 No trembler in the world's storm-
 troubled sphere:
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me
 from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in
 Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutter-
 ably vain;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless
 main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates,
 and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes cease to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could ren-
 der void:
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be
 destroyed.

¹ 1818-1848. English poet and novelist, sister of Charlotte.

Comment upon the poet's conception of God. How can one be "armed from fear"? Why are creeds so often vain? What is the poet's attitude towards death?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Creed.....Edwin Markham
Poor Soul, the Center of My Sinful Earth.....William Shakespeare
Harvest.....Eva Gore-Booth

THE VOICE OF THE WHIRLWIND

JOB: XXXVIII, AND PART OF XXXIX AND XL

THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
 "Who is this that darkeneth counsel
 By words without knowledge?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man;
 For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
 Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
 Or who laid the cornerstone thereof;
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

"Or who shut up the sea with doors,
 When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb?
 When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
 And thick darkness a swaddling band for it,
 And brake up for it my decreed place,
 And set bars and doors.
 And said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come; but no further;
 And here shall thy proud waves be stayed'?

"Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days;
 And caused the dayspring to know his place;
 That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
 That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
 It is turned as clay to the seal;
 And they stand as a garment.
 And from the wicked their light is withholden,
 And the high arm shall be broken.

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
 Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?
 Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?
 Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?
 Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?
 Declare if thou knowest it all.

"Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?
Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born?
Or because the number of thy days is great?

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war?

"By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?
Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?
Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Out of whose womb came the ice?
And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?
The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, 'Here we are'?
Who hath put wisdom into the inward parts?
Or who hast given understanding to the heart?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom?
Or who can stay the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together?

"Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?
Who provideth for the raven his food?
When his young ones cry unto God,
They wander for lack of meat.

"Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the barren land his dwellings.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.
The range of mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing.

"Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them.
She is hardened against her young ones,
As though they were not hers;
Her labor is in vain without fear;
Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.
What time she lifteth herself on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider.

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hath thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:
He goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, 'Ha, ha';
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

"Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,
And stretch her wings toward the south?
Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
Upon the crag of rock, and the strong place.
From thence she seeketh her prey,
And her eyes behold afar off.
Her young ones also suck up blood;
And where the slain are, there is she."

Moreover the Lord answered Job and said,

“Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him?
He that reproveth God, let him answer it.”

FURTHER READINGS :

Psalms 19, 23, 24, 91, 96, 103, 104.

Ecclesiastes 11 and 12.

The Song of Songs 2.

Isaiah 5.

Amos 5.

Hosea 14.

2 Samuel 1 (verses 19-27)

Judges 5.

The Song of Creation (Genesis, 1 and 2).

X -

NORTHUMBRIAN HYMN

CÆDMON¹

Now hymn we aloud the Lord of Heaven,
Praise his wisdom and wonderful power,
The glorious works of the great Creator,
How the Father Eternal founded this world.
First He set for the sons of men,
Heaven to roof them. The Holy Ruler,
The King of mankind, then cast the foundations
Of earth in the midst, and made thereafter
Land for the living, the Lord Almighty.

The translation here is by Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth of Princeton.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

FIONA MACLEOD (WILLIAM SHARP)²

IN THE SECRET Valley of Silence
No breath doth fall;
No wind stirs in the branches;
No bird doth call:
As on a white wall
A breathless lizard is still,
So silence lies on the valley
Breathlessly still.

In the dusk-grown heart of the valley
An altar rises white:
No rapt priest bends in awe
Before its silent light:
But sometimes a flight
Of breathless words of prayer
White-winged enclose the altar,
Eddies of prayer.

¹ A poet of Northumbrian England about the seventh century. He was a religious poet, and probably the first in England. The story of how he became a poet is told by the first English historian, Bede, in his *Ecclesiastical History*.

² 1855-1905. Scotch poet and story writer noted for his dual personality. His other self was the feminine Fiona Macleod. He actually believed that he was possessed of this other spirit. Certainly the style of Fiona Macleod was different, both in prose and poetry, from that of William Sharp, the college professor.

FURTHER READINGS:

The Eternal Goodness.....John Greenleaf Whittier
Silence.....Edgar Lee Masters
Song of the Mystic.....Father Ryan

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

ALEXANDER POPE¹

FATHER of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!

Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that Thou art
 good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill:
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to
 shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives:
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath;
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise;
 All nature's incense rise!

How is this prayer true to its title? Paraphrase each stanza.
 Is the answer to your first question proved?

FURTHER READING:

Prayers.....Howard Charles Beeching

¹ 1688-1744. English poet of the Classical period.

PROLOGUE TO *IN MEMORIAM*ALFRED TENNYSON¹

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy
 face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and
 shade;
 Thou madest Life in man and
 brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy
 foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast
 made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not
 why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art
 just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood,
 thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not
 how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them
 thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to
 be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than
 they.

~~We have but faith: we cannot know;~~
~~For knowledge is of things we see;~~
 And yet we trust it comes from
 thee,
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

(Let knowledge grow from more to
 more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according
 well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not
 fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy
 light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
 What seemed my worth since I
 began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so
 fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering
 cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in
 truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

The short lyric, "Break, Break, Break," was Tennyson's first expression of his grief after the news of the death of Arthur Hallam came. For fifteen years more the poet pondered the problem of death, writing the one hundred thirty-one short poems that make up *In Memoriam*. The foregoing introduction was written after the memorial poem had been completed in 1849.

¹ 1809-1892. English poet; laureate, 1850-1892.

Consider this as a prayer. What faith does Tennyson express? What is his argument about immortality? about free will? about moral systems? about faith and wisdom?

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERING MAN'S RELATIONS TO GOD

[It will be well to study in the prose section *The Fisher of Men* by Fiona Macleod, and to study or have reported on *The Piper* by Josephine Preston Peabody and *Silas Marner* by George Eliot. Reëxamine, for the purpose of this study, the following poems: "At a Solemn Music," "The Mountaineer," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Blessed Damozel," "Evelyn Hope," "My Sister's Sleep," "The Recessional," "Abou Ben Adhem," "Virtue," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Sir Galahad," "The Old Stoic," and "The Forsaken Merman."]

✓Through what agencies do we arrive at our conception of God?
 ✓Are all of these available in uncivilized lands and ages? ✓Or is there one or more that come with civilization? The first message sent over the telegraph when it was invented was: "What hath God wrought!" ✓In this and in other wonder-working inventions, what is God's part? ✓What part must man play? Consider Cowper's line in "The Task":

God made the country, and man made the town.

How much truth is there in this poetry? ✓What are the purposes and what the results of our movements for living closer to nature? ✓Does the scientific study of nature by microscope and telescope increase our knowledge of God? ✓What else increases when knowledge increases? What is the effect of so many questions in "The Voice in the Whirlwind"?

✓What are the ways of serving God? ✓What is a hymn? ✓a prayer? ✓a sermon? ✓What is the purpose of each? ✓of Bible study? ✓What in "Abou Ben Adhem" seems to be put highest in measuring love of God? ✓Can you quote from the Bible passages to bear out Hunt's thought? What is Herbert's thought in "Virtue"? Milton concludes his famous mask, "Comus," by having the Attendant Spirit sing:

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free;
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime:
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

✓ To lead us to do the right, is there any motive higher than loving the right?

What does Pope mean by "Great First Cause"? In what way has God "left free the human will"? Should we pursue "what conscience dictates" more than we pursue heaven, as Pope says? What is his thought regarding "dealing damnation round the land"? Explain Tennyson's lines,

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou."

If God is both human and divine, and man is both human and divine, wherein lies the difference?

THE SUPERNATURAL

TRUE THOMAS AND THE ELFLAND QUEEN

ANONYMOUS¹

TRUE THOMAS lay over yon grassy bank,
And he beheld a lady gay,
A lady that was brisk and bold,
Come riding over the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine,
Her hawk and hounds were at her side,
And her bugle-horn with gold did shine.

Her steed was of the dapple gray,
And at its mane hung gold bells nine;
He thought he heard that lady say,
"Those golden bells shall all be thine."

True Thomas he took off his hat
And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"Oh no, oh no, True Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp along with me;
And if you dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Soon he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

¹ Although this is a folk ballad, author of course unknown, True Thomas was himself a poet. Thomas the Rhymer or Thomas of Erceldoune, who lived in Scotland in the thirteenth century. He won great reputation by his prophetic sayings, a reputation which still clings to him after six centuries, especially among the Scotch peasants.

"Now you must go with me, Thomas," she said,
"True Thomas, you must go with me;
For you must serve me seven years
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She turned about her dapple steed,
And took True Thomas up behind;
And aye whenever her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

Oh, they rode on, and farther on,
The steed flew swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, Thomas," she said,
"And lean your head upon my knee;
Light down and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"Oh, see not ye that broad broad road
That lies across you lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye yon narrow road
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see not ye that bonny road
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But Thomas, you maun hold your tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see,
For if one word you should chance to speak,
You will never get back to your own countrie."

Oh, they rode on, and farther on,
And waded through red blood to the knee;
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, there was no starlight,
And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that's shed on earth
Runs through the springs of that countrie.

Then they rode on, and farther on,
Until they came to a garden green.
To pull an apple he put up his hand;
For the lack of food he was like to tyne.

"Oh no, oh no, True Thomas," she said,
"That fruit maun not be touched by thee;
For all the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"Each seven years, Thomas," she said,
"We pay our thythings unto hell;
And you're so leesome and so strong
That I fear, Thomas, it will be yoursell.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine.
And now ere we go farther on,
We'll rest awhile, and you may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee;
Take this for thy wages, Thomas," she said;
"It will give you the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is my own," True Thomas he said,
"A goodly gift you would give to me!
I never dought to buy nor sell
At fair or tryste where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince nor peer,
Nor ask for grace from fair ladye!"
"Now hold thy tongue, Thomas!" she said,
"For as I say, so must it be.

"Now when you come to our court, Thomas,
See that a weel-learned man ye be;
For they will ask ye, one and all,
But ye maun answer none but me.

"And when no answer they obtain,
Then will they come and question me,
And I will answer them again
That I got your oath at the Eildon Tree."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of the velvet green;
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

the Eildon Tree, in the Eildon Hills, near where Thomas the Rhymer lived. A large stone marks the traditional site. *Harp and carp*, sing to the accompaniment of the harp, and talk. *weird shall never daunten*, destiny shall never frighten. *lily leven*, lovely lawn, *ferlies*, wonders, *chance to speak*, compare Shakespeare's line in *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die." *tyne*, perish. *leesome*, lovesome, pleasant. *dought*, could. *even cloth*, cloth with the nap well shorn.

What superstitions of the folk are found in this ballad? Compare these with other superstitions in the following ballads:

FURTHER READINGS:

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.....Anonymous
The Wife of Usher's Well....."
The Two Sisters....."

THE WIFE FROM FAIRYLAND

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE¹

HER TALK was all of woodland things, Of little lives that pass Away in one green afternoon, Deep in the haunted grass;	Of gratitude upon her face; As though a little while, She loitered in magnificence Of marble and of gold, And waited to be home again When the dull tale was told.
For she had come from fairyland, The morning of a day When the world that still was April Was turning into May.	Sometimes, in the chill galleries, Unseen, she deemed, unheard, I found her dancing like a leaf And singing like a bird.
Green leaves and silence and two eyes— 'T was so she seemed to me, A silver shadow of the woods, Whisper and mystery.	So lone a thing I never saw In lonely earth or sky, So merry and so sad a thing, One sad, one laughing, eye.
I looked into her woodland eyes, And all my heart was hers, And then I led her by the hand Home up my marble stairs;	There came a day when on her heart A wildwood blossom lay, And the world that still was April Was turning into May.
And all my granite and my gold Was hers for her green eyes, And all my sinful heart was hers From sunset to sunrise;	In the green eyes I saw a smile That turned my heart to stone: My wife that came from fairyland No longer was alone.
I gave her all delight and ease That God had given to me, I listened to fulfil her dreams, Rapt with expectancy.	For there had come a little hand To show the green way home, Home through the leaves, home through the dew, Home through the greenwood— home.
But all I gave, and all I did, Brought but a weary smile	

¹ 1866 ——. English poet, critic and journalist.

Only in what sense can you find human reality in this poem? Compare it with "The Folk of the Air" and "The Forsaken Mer-man."

FURTHER READING:

The Shadow People.....Francis Ledwidge

A SONG OF SHERWOOD¹

ALFRED NOYES²

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marion is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marion is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking can and grey goose-feather.

¹ Reprinted by permission from "Collected Poems, Vol. I," by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1913; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

² 1880 —, English poet and dramatist,

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?



SHERWOOD FOREST

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day,

In what sense are Robin Hood and his merry men still ranging Sherwood forest? Why has the poet made the time daybreak? Is there an inherent mystery in twilight?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Spell for a Fairy.....Alfred Noyes
Fairies.....William Allingham

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN¹WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS²

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
 Was weary night and day;
 For half his flock were in their beds,
 Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
 For people die and die";
 And after cried he, "God forgive!
 My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
 He prayed and fell asleep;
 And the moth-hour went from the
 fields,
 And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
 And leaves shook in the wind;
 And God covered the world with
 shade,
 And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
 When the moths came once more,
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has
 died,
 While I slept on the chair";
 He roused his horse out of its sleep,
 And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
 By rocky lane and fen;
 The sick man's wife opened the door:
 "Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he
 cried.

"He died an hour ago."
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and
 died
 As merry as a bird."
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
 For souls, who tire and bleed,
 Sent one of His great angels down
 To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
 With planets in His care,
 Had pity on the least of things
 Asleep upon a chair."

Why isn't the vision of the angel helper given? Why was the angel sent? Why shouldn't the wife know that it was an angel instead of the priest? Compare this poem with "Saint Brandan."

¹ Reprinted from William Butler Yeats' *Collected Poems* by special arrangement with the author and the Macmillan Company, publisher.

² 1865 —. Irish poet and dramatist, leader of the Celtic revival.

LORD ARNALDOS

JAMES ELROY FLECKER¹

THE STRANGEST of adventures,
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the evening of St. John;
For he was out a-hunting—
A huntsman bold was he!—
When he beheld a little ship
And close to land was she.
Her cords were all of silver,
Her sails of cramasy;
And he who sailed the little ship
Was singing at the helm:
The waves stood still to hear him,

The wind was soft and low;
The fish who dwell in darkness
Ascended through the sea,
And all the birds in heaven
Flew down to his mast-tree.
Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,
(Well shall you hear his words!)
"Tell me for God's sake, sailor,
What song may that song be?"
The sailor spake in answer,
And answer thus made he:
"I only tell my song to those
Who sail away with me."

Compare Longfellow's treatment with Flecker's.

FURTHER READING:

The Secret of the Sea.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE HOST OF THE AIR²WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS³

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and tufted weeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the weeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And he dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young
girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red
wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

¹ 1884-1915. English poet and teacher.

² Reprinted from William Butler Yeats' *Collected Poems* by special arrangement with the author and the Macmillan Company, publisher.

³ 1865—. Irish poet and dramatist.

He bore her away in his arms,
 The handsomest young man there,
 And his neck and his breast and his
 arms
 Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll got up from the grass
 And scattered the cards with a cry;
 But the old men and dancers were
 gone
 As a cloud faded into the sky.

He knew now the folk of the air,
 And his heart was blackened by
 dread,
 And he ran to the door of his house,
 Old women were keening the
 dead;

But he heard high up in the air
 A piper piping away;
 And never was piping so sad
 And never was piping so gay.

Point out the various elements of mysticism. The belief in the Sidhe or "folk of the air" is ingrained among the people of west Ireland. "They are as many as the blades of grass," writes Lady Gregory; "their music is more beautiful than any of this world." It is the custom of the peasants, when the folk of the air pass by in a gust of wind, to say a prayer; for some of their own dead, they believe, may be among the Sidhe. How can the same song or the same face be both sad and gay? How much of this poem is telepathy? imagination? supernatural?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Moon Child.....Fiona Macleod
Goblin Market.....Christina Rossetti
The Flight of the Fairies.....Alice Brown

THE BALLAD OF SEMMERWATER

WILLIAM WATSON ¹

DEEP asleep, deep asleep,
 Deep asleep it lies,
 The still lake of Semmerwater
 Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
 Many a fathom below,
 In a king's tower and a queen's bower
 The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
 A mickle town and tall;
 King's tower and queen's bower,
 And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
 "I faint for lack of bread."

King's tower and queen's bower
 Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the ells's
 cot,
 The ells's cot in the dale.
 They gave him of their oatcake,
 They gave him of their ale.

He has cursed aloud that city proud,
 He has cursed it in its pride;
 He has cursed it into Semmerwater
 Down the brant hillside;
 He has cursed it into Semmerwater,
 There to bide.

¹ 1859 —. English poet; an idealist.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin,
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And weed and reed in the gloom;
And a lost city in Semmerwater,
Deep asleep till Doom.

Compare the story and the theme with "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; also with Chatterton's "An Excellente Balade of Charitie."

FURTHER READINGS:

The City in the Sea.....Edgar Allan Poe
Veneta.....Mary E. Coleridge

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED TENNYSON¹

PART I

ON EITHER side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye
That clothe the wold and meet the
sky;

And through the field the road runs
by

To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her
hand?

Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to towered Camelot:
And by moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

• And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;

¹ 1809-1892. English poet and dramatist; Laureate 1850-1892.

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot:
And sometimes through the mirror
blue

The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the
leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-
leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame
together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight
glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse
trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the
room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me!" cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

IN THE STORMY east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks
complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,

Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she
 lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Through the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot;
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot.

For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her
 name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

What is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights of Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

This same legend is told again by Tennyson in "Lancelot and Elaine" in *The Idylls of the King*. A few members of the class should report on this more complete story.

What seems the purpose of this poem? What thought is developed in each of the four parts? Characterize the Lady; also Lancelot. What is the curse? Why does it come upon her when it does? Why the voyage to Camelot? What is the purpose of the closing lines?

FURTHER READINGS:

Mariana.....Alfred Tennyson
Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.....Robert Browning

SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERING THE SUPERNATURAL

[In the prose section, study Addison's "Popular Superstitions" and Bacon's essay "On Superstition." Consider also the weird sisters in *Macbeth* and the fairies in *Sherwood* and *The Land of Heart's Desire*. For purposes of this study, reëxamine the following selections: "Saint Brandan," "The Head of Bran," and "The Fisher of Men."]

Is superstition due to "an unworthy opinion" regarding God?
 ✓What is the relation between superstition and religion? Are myths

such as that about Kronos eating his children degraded ideas about God, or are they symbolical; as, for instance, in interpreting the Kronos myth, that he (Time) consumes all that he creates? How can superstition be worse than atheism, as Bacon argues? What superstitions does the English race have that go back to the heathen times? Do we regard these seriously or playfully? Are fairy stories read and told as truths, or as symbols of truths? Will a fairy story live long if it hasn't truth in it? Why is childhood the period for fairy tales? Would it be better to bring the child up on hard facts? Is the myth of Santa Claus, for instance, false or true? Should we teach the myth of Santa Claus without the spirit that the story should inculcate?

Why does belief in ghosts and witchcraft persist throughout the centuries? What is the prevalent contemporary attitude towards each of these? Towards dreams? Visions? Telepathy? Fairies, elves, gnomes, brownies? Angels and demons? What races believe most in such phenomena? Why? What races believe least? Why? Are such beliefs more common in the country than in the city? When we at present read of fairies or ghosts, or see them in a play, how do we regard them? Do we regard them thus because we want to seem enlightened and superior to other people? Or is there a lurking half-belief? For the purposes of the play, must there be full belief? Compare the treatment of the subject of ghosts in a Shakespearian play such as *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet*, with the ghost in *The Return of Peter Grimm* or any other play written during late years. What differences and what likenesses do you note? Did Shakespeare rise above his age? Did he cater to the beliefs of his age? Or did he see in the beliefs of his age that which is universal?

QUESTIONS FOR TENNYSON'S *IDYLLS OF THE KING*

IN THE early part of the sixth century the West Britons, retaining to some extent the Christianity which had come to them during the Roman Occupation, defended themselves gallantly against the invading Saxons and Angles, who were still heathen tribes. The Britons' leader was King Arthur; the Christianity of his realm, like that of Ireland under the contemporary Saint Patrick, antedates the coming of Saint Augustine to England by more than a century. Since the twelfth century, King Arthur, although a hero of the Britons, has been made the foremost hero of English romance. In the fifteenth century Sir Thomas Malory wrote his famous prose version, *Morte d'Arthur*. This, with Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, a collection of Welsh (West British) folk lore, furnished Tennyson with his materials for the *Idylls of the King*.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR:

What was the condition of the country before Arthur's time? What in the description brings this home to us most vividly? What were the various stories about Arthur's origin? What is the real reason for rebellion against any such rule as Arthur's? What were his reasons for desiring to be united to Guinevere? What finally causes Leodogran to consent? What vows of friendship do Arthur and Lancelot take on the field of battle? Describe the instituting of the Round Table. Why does the King send Lancelot for his bride? Describe the marriage. What is the significance of the song sung by Arthur's knighthood? What estimate does Arthur put on truthfulness? As the beast in man grew stronger and stronger, the man grew less and less; what, then, does Arthur's coming really signify? Has the King now any enemies whom he fears?

GARETH AND LYNETTE:

What is Gareth's ambition? his ideal? What arguments does he use to persuade his mother to let him go to Arthur's court? Explain the allegory in 11. 98—118. What is an allegory? What to Gareth is the true test of kingship? Why does the mother make such a condition regarding her son's going? Is filial obedience essential to a true knight? Why was Gareth silent at first? Why is this prospective vassalage not revolting to Gareth? Why does he choose an early hour for departure? Is the city anything like Gareth's anticipations? Can you explain any part of the allegorical adornments?

What purpose has the old man in playing upon Gareth? How has Gareth mocked him? What are Gareth's impressions within the city? Why did he like the sound of clashing arms? Why does his young heart hammer at his ears? What impressions did King Arthur make upon him? What characteristics does the King show in his decisions in the trials?

What seems the ruling purpose of his life? Why does Gareth lean so heavily upon his men when he appears before the King?

What was the difference between Kay and Lancelot in their judgments of men? What in Gareth's conduct during his service shows his noble character? Why does he still wish to conceal his name? What is the mood and character of Lynette? Why does she desire to have Lancelot for her champion? Why does the King say that Gareth is "worthy to be knight"? What in Lynette leads her to scorn the King's offer?

What is the true nature of the conflict between Gareth and Lynette? Why does he endure her taunts and not confess his noble birth? Why does she mock him so bitterly just before the fight with the Morning Star? What does the Morning Star represent? the Evening Star? Why does Gareth insist on Lynette's asking him to spare the Morning Star? In what regard does Gareth follow out the ideals of Arthur's court in his treatment of the conquered knight? Why does she still revile him? What does she mean by her song? Did any change in her follow the second fight? How do you explain her confidence in his ability now? What change in her followed the third fight? Why do her cries encourage him to strike more strongly in this last battle?

What lesson has she learned? What purpose is served by having Gareth overthrown by Lancelot? Why is Lynette so angry when she learns who Gareth is? What do we admire in Lancelot? Why does Lynette wish Gareth to complete the adventure? What signifies the exchange of shields? Why does she ask Gareth to yield the last combat to Lancelot? What is Gareth's way of fighting? How is this in keeping with his character?

With which ending do you agree,—Tennyson's or Malory's? What is the greater quest that Gareth has achieved? Do you find any weakness in Gareth? What ideals did he strive to follow? Whom of Arthur's knights did he most admire? What have you learned in this Idyll about King Arthur? his court? the Round Table? Which descriptions are best? In what sections is the verse most beautiful?

LANCELOT AND ELAINE:

What idea of Elaine does each epithet applied to her give you? What is the suggestion in such words as *guarded* and *sacred*? What in Elaine is revealed by the fact that she placed the shield where morning's earliest rays might strike it and awaken her with its gleam? by her embroidering a case of silk for it? by the design? by her conjecturing? How and why have the diamond jousts been instituted? Why did Lancelot wish to win all the diamonds? What is the King's attitude towards his chief knight? Why does the Queen love Lancelot more than she loves the King? Why does she wish him to go to the tournament in disguise? How does Lancelot regard the King? How has the court changed since the days when Gareth first came there?

Explain the significance of Elaine's dream. What is the nature of family ties in the household? Contrast Elaine and Guinevere. What are Lancelot's admirable qualities? His one great fault? Why does Elaine love him? Explain the sacred fear that comes over him. Why has he never won favor before? What leads him to consent now? Is he justified?

Is he thoughtless? Why does he make himself known to Lavaine? Compare and contrast this tournament with that in *Ivanhoe*.

What qualities cause Arthur to think the winner is Lancelot? How does Gawain fail to fulfil the King's ideal of knighthood? How does Arthur receive his report? Account for the King's dark mood. What does the Queen's amazement indicate? Is her love for Lancelot genuine? Compare it with Elaine's. What words show the intensity of the Queen's mood?

What was Elaine's excuse for going to Camelot? Her real reason? What especially pleases her when she first enters the cave? How does Lancelot learn that she loves him? Did he treat her gently? justly? Does her desire to follow him change our idea of her purity? What tribute does Lancelot pay her? What is his discourtesy? Who is to blame for her death? Why write the letter? Why wish to be taken to Camelot? Why to be decked like a queen? How does her song interpret her to us?

How had Lancelot offended Guinevere? Why is she still angry when he presents the jewels? Is she sincere in her reference to Arthur? Why are only Percivale and Galahad permitted to touch Elaine? What is Gawain's attitude? Lancelot's? the Queen's? How did the King receive the letter? Effect upon those assembled? What is the purpose of Lancelot's speech? How does the Queen receive it? Has Elaine's goodness awakened any slumbering aspiration of the Queen's? Why does Lancelot "answer nothing"? What is indicated by his going apart? What reveals the depth of his anguish?

Is Arthur a real character or an idealization? What has the poet gained by plunging into the midst of the story rather than beginning at the beginning, as in "Gareth and Lynette"?

Read Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" and Browning's "Evelyn Hope."

GUINEVERE:

What does Modred represent? To what extent has the Queen realized beforehand the widespread results of her transgression? What is the effect when the sin of the court is made known to the world? Why does the Queen go to the holy house instead of with Lancelot? What is the effect of the novice's song? Of the novice's prattle?

Memorize the passage giving the vows that the knights took. ("I made them lay their hands in mine and swear.")

Is the King just to Guinevere in his parting speech? What is her final realization of the King?

Read William Morris's "Defense of Guinevere."

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR:

What doubt is in the King's mind? What is his conclusion? Why does he feel that he has failed? What hope has he for the future? Explain the true nature of the confusion that had fallen upon the heart of the King. How has his house been his doom? Why does he wish to slay Modred before he passes?

Where was the battle fought? What time of year? Conclusion of the battle? In what sense shall Arthur come to rule once more? What is the meaning of his sword Excalibur? Why is it to be thrown into the lake? What in Bedivere keeps him from doing this? In Arthur's farewell what does each sentence mean with reference to Arthur's life? Which words in it best represent Arthur himself?

What is the theme, or moral purpose, of the Idylls?



SECTION TWO

DRAMA

UNLIKE the best poems, the best plays are long. For this reason a collection of plays cannot be printed in this text. The reading and study of drama, however, has become, in the present condition of our American stage, remarkably widespread and increasingly discriminating. In addition to *Macbeth*, one or more of the plays for which suggested questions are given in the following pages should be studied; and a few of the others should be read in the library and discussed in class. For still wider guidance in reading in this field the following titles for home or club reading are suggested:

Plays:

Quality Street.....	J. M. Barrie
Milestones.....	Bennett and Knoblauch
Love and Geography.....	Björnsterne Björnson
The Mob.....	John Galsworthy
The Sunken Bell.....	Gerhardt Hauptmann
The Lady from the Sea.....	Henrik Ibsen
An Enemy of the People.....	Henrik Ibsen
The Passing of the Third Floor Back.....	Jerome K. Jerome
The Servant in the House.....	Charles Rann Kennedy
Jeanne D'Arc.....	Percy Mackaye
The Bluebird.....	Maurice Maeterlinck
Ulysses.....	Stephen Phillips
Playboy of the Western World.....	John M. Synge
The Importance of Being Earnest.....	Oscar Wilde
The Melting-Pot.....	Israel Zangwill

Shorter Plays:

The following collections are especially valuable, the first four having been compiled for high-school classes:

Short Plays by Representative Authors (Macmillan)..... Alice M. Smith
Contains, among others, *The Hraun Farm* (Sigurjonsson); *The Merry Merry Cuckoo*; *The Locked Chest*; *The Post-Office* (Tagore); *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil* (Walker); *The Rider of Dreams*; *Spreading the News*; *The Man on the Kerb*.

- One-Act Plays by Modern Authors (Harcourt).....Helen L. Cohen
 Contains, among others, *Beauty and the Jacobin* (Tarkington);
Spreading the News; *Welsh Honeymoon* (Marks); *Riders to the Sea*;
A Night at an Inn (Dunsany); *The Little Man* (Galsworthy).
 Plays for Classroom Interpretation (Holt).....Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker
 Contains, among others, *The Golden Doom* (Dunsany); *Spreading the*
News; *Allison's Lad* (Dix).
 The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays (Atlantic Monthly Press).....
 Stirling A. Leonard
 Contains, among others, *Spreading the News*; *Riders to the Sea*; *Land*
of Heart's Desire.
 Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors...Margaret G. Mayorga
 Contains, among others, *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil* (Walker);
The Merry Merry Cuckoo; *Allison's Lad* (Dix); *Mrs. Pat and the*
Law (Aldis); *Lima Beans* (Kreymborg); *Suppressed Desires* (Cook
 and Glaspell); *Martha's Mourning* (Hoffman); *Ryland* (Stevens and
 Goodman).

The following can be found usually in smaller collections of
 from two to ten plays:

- A Proposal under Difficulties.....John Kendrik Bangs
 The Will.....James M. Barrie
 The Twelve Pound Look....." " "
 The Clod.....Lewis Beach
 The Bank Account.....Howard Brock
 Joint Owners in Spain.....Alice Brown
 The Kleptomaniac.....Margaret Cameron
 The Lion and the Lady (in *Dramatic Episodes*).....Marjorie Benton Cooke
 Miss Civilization.....Richard Harding Davis
 The Lost Silk Hat.....Lord Dunsany
 'Op-o-Me-Thumb.....Fenn and Pryce
 The Man who Married a Dumb Wife.....Anatole France
 Neighbors.....Zona Gale
 Overtones.....Alice Gerstenberg
 Trifles.....Susan Glaspell
 Suppressed Desires....." "
 Hyacinth Halevy.....Lady Gregory
 The Workhouse Ward....." "
 The Dear Departed.....Stanley Houghton
 The Florist Shop.....Winifred Hawkrigde
 Sunset.....Jerome K. Jerome
 The Terrible Meek.....Charles Rann Kennedy
 Why the Chimes Rang.....Elizabeth McFadden
 Embers.....George Middleton
 Circles....." "
 Tradition....." "
 Night.....James Oppenheim
 The Far-Away Princess.....Hermann Sudermann
 Shadow of the Glen.....John M. Synge

Nevertheless.....	Stuart Walker
The Hour Glass.....	William Butler Yeats
The Pot of Broth.....	" " "
Cathleen Ni Houlihan.....	" " "

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland.</i>	An English Doctor.
MALCOLM, } <i>his Sons.</i>	A Scottish Doctor.
DONALBAIN, }	A Sergeant.
MACBETH, } <i>Generals of the King's</i>	A Porter.
BANQUO, } <i>Army.</i>	An Old Man.
MACDUFF, }	
LENNOX, }	Lady MACBETH.
ROSS, }	Lady MACDUFF.
MENTEITH, } <i>Noblemen of Scotland.</i>	A Gentlewoman, <i>attending on Lady</i>
ANGUS, }	<i>Macbeth.</i>
CAITHNESS, }	
FLEANCE, <i>Son to Banquo.</i>	HECATE.
SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland,</i>	Three Witches.
<i>General of the English</i>	Apparitions.
<i>Forces.</i>	
Young SIWARD, <i>his Son.</i>	Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers,
SEYTON, <i>an Officer attending on</i>	Murderers, Servants, Attendants,
<i>Macbeth.</i>	and Messengers.
Boy, <i>Son to Macduff.</i>	

SCENE

Acts I, II, III—SCOTLAND. Act IV—SCOTLAND and ENGLAND.

Act V—SCOTLAND

Acts III and IV indicate that the time was during the reign of Edward the Confessor, or just before the Norman Conquest, 1066. At the time that Duncan had been elected king by the Council of Nobles, his first cousin Macbeth (and also his wife, granddaughter of Kenneth III) had a claim to the throne. Macbeth, though brooding over his loss, had been active in three campaigns for King Duncan. His wife especially felt the loss of the election.

Shakespeare got his material from Holinshed's *Description and Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, but the story is freely handled to make a tragedy instead of a chronicle play. The characters, the psychology, and even the shaping of the story, are Shakespeare only; they make a play that is among his greatest.

Only a few years before this play was written, several hundred women had been put to death on the charge of witchcraft. Whether or not Shakespeare held such superstitious beliefs, he would use them for dramatic material, as he was writing for an audience that did believe; furthermore,

he found the Fatal Sisters in Holinshed's account, where they played a decisive part at the two turning-points in Macbeth's career.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—[A Wild Place in the Scottish Highlands.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun. 5

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

Second Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch.

Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt. 10

1. 8.—*Graymalkin*, old female cat; *Paddock*, crooked-back frog; *Anon*, at once. In this line 8, each witch answers her familiar spirit or demon.

In what sense does this short scene strike the keynote? Is moral confusion as well as confusion of the elements indicated? What has the scene to do with Macbeth? Should you like to be in his place? Are the witches like our usual conception, or does Shakespeare's term, "Weird Sisters" fit them better? (Wyrd was the Old English goddess of Fate.) Do you think they know who will win the battle? How is their present environment fitting? Do you expect the same weather when they meet Macbeth? How do they *act*? How do they *speak*?

SCENE II.—[The King's Camp near Forres.]

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil

As thou didst leave it. 5

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together



MRS. SIDDONS AS LADY MACBETH

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
 The multiplying villainies of nature
 Do swarm upon him!—from the Western Isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
 Showed like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak; 15
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name!—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valor's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection 25
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;—
 No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. 35
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
 I cannot tell—
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honor both.—Go get him surgeons.
Exit Sergeant, attended.

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross. 45

Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
 he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
With terrible numbers,—
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor,—began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons, 55
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's King, craves composition; 60
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go pronounce his present death, 65
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt.

1. 13.—*kerms and gallowglasses*, light-armed soldiers and men-at-arms.
1. 19.—*minion*, darling. 1. 22.—*navc*, navel. 1. 24.—*cousin*; Macbeth and Duncan were first cousins. 1. 32.—*furished*, in good order. 1. 45.—*Thane*, a king's officer of rank. 1. 54.—*Bellona's Bridegroom*; Bellona was the Roman goddess of war; Macbeth would be wedded to war; *lapped in proof*, wrapped in proof armor. 6. 62.—*Inch*, island.

What connection between this and Scene I? In that early age, what was especially expected of a king in time of war? Is Duncan too old to lead his forces in battle? How does the dramatist make known to the audience who the Macbeth of the Weird Sisters is? What is the effect of having this praise of Macbeth by a bloody sergeant forgetful of his gaping wounds? Does the Sergeant bring in mention of the second general, Banquo? Who does? With what possible motive? How is Macbeth's superiority effectively suggested? Does Ross's account agree with the Sergeant's? What is Macbeth's reward? What is the main purpose of this scene?

SCENE III.—[A Blasted Heath.]

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, Sister?

Second Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me," quoth I. 5
 "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger*;
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
 And the very ports they blow, 15
 All the quarters that they know
 I' th' shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se'nnights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine,
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25
 Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come. 30

All. The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go, about, about;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is 't called to Forres? What are these, 40
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women, 45
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction 55
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
 Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Second Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater! 65

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none!
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. 70
 By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be King
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75
 You owe this strange intelligence, or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanished? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner? 85

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

- Ross.* The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 95
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale
 Came post with post, and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defense
 And poured them down before him.
- Angus.* We are sent 100
 To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.
- Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honor,
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor; 105
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
 For it is thine.
- Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?
- Macb.* The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
 In borrowed robes?
- Ang.* Who was the Thane, lives yet,
 But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
 bined
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
 He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confessed and proved, 115
 Have overthrown him.
- Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor;
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.
 —Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
 Promised no less to them?
- Ban.* That trusted home, 120
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's 125
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.
- Macb.* [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

- [*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings;
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not. 130
- Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt!
Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me King, why, chance
 may crown me,
 Without my stir. 135
- Ban.* New honors come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
 But with the aid of use. 145
- Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor; my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registered where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. [*To Banquo*] Let us toward the
 King. 150
- Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.
- Ban.* Very gladly. 155
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. *Exeunt.*

l. 6.—*rump-fed ronyon*, a mangy animal fed on scraps from the kitchen.
 l. 9.—*like*, in the likeness of. l. 17.—*shipman's card*, sailor's stiff paper with
 the thirty points of the mariner's compass marked on it. l. 20.—*penthouse*, a
 shed with sloping roof; here the eyelid. l. 23.—*peak*, waste away. l. 33.—*pos-
 ters*, those who travel by post. l. 53.—*fantastical*, imaginary. l. 81.—*corporal*,
 material. l. 97.—*tale*, tallying. l. 104.—*earnest*, pledge. l. 106.—*addition*, title.
 l. 112.—*line*, reinforce (cf. the lining of a coat).

What are the Weird Sisters discussing? What definite impres-
 sions of them do you get? Does their mood change when Macbeth
 approaches? Why have Banquo with Macbeth when they meet on
 the heath? What echo of any words of scene 1 in Macbeth's first
 speech? Effect of this upon the audience? What was Macbeth's
 meaning? Why do the Weird Sisters not answer Banquo, but at
 once answer Macbeth? When they "all-hail" him "king hereafter,"

is the idea new to him? What is the difference between Banquo's attitude towards what they say, and Macbeth's? Why does he cross-question them? Why do they vanish when they do? Have their words suggested any evil? Did each man fix upon the point in the prophecy significant to the other as well as to himself? What is the effect upon Macbeth of the news that Ross and Angus bring? Why? What is the value of the asides here? What is Macbeth's attitude towards the temptation when he realizes what is involved? What evidence that Banquo is worried? What proof that Macbeth here thinks of murder? What evidence of good in him? What is his state of mind at the end of this scene? Are you convinced that he will make no stir?

SCENE IV.—[*Forres. The King's Palace.*]

Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,

Lennox, and Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons, 5
Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now 15
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
 Is to receive our duties; and our duties
 Are to your throne and state children and servants;
 Which do but what they should, by doing everything
 Safe toward your love and honor. 25

Dun. Welcome hither;
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
 No less to have done so; let me infold thee
 And hold thee to my heart. 30

Banquo. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you. 35 40

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you;
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave. 45

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
 Let not light see my black and deep desires;
 The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. *Exit.* 50

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations I am fed;
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
 It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.* 55

l. 10.—*owed*, possessed. l. 37.—*establish our estate*, settle the succession to the kingdom. l. 42.—*Inverness*, seat of Macbeth's castle. l. 52.—*wink*, be purposely blind.

About whom is Duncan's second speech? Who immediately enters? Does the speech apply to him too? What is the effect upon Macbeth of the King's extravagant welcome, coupled with

the message that he had sent by Ross that the title given was to be "an earnest of a greater honor"? What honor may Macbeth anticipate? What honor does Duncan bestow? Upon whom? What is the effect upon Macbeth? What was the importance of the title, "Prince of Cumberland"? (Although the succession to the Scottish throne depended upon election, the nomination of a successor by a reigning king carried great weight with the Council of Nobles.) Why does Macbeth say that he will himself be the harbinger and make joyful the ears of his wife with the news that Duncan is coming to visit them? How does Duncan interpret his eagerness to get away? What is the most important act of the king in this scene? Compare Macbeth's state of mind at the end of this scene with his state at the end of the preceding. Has he concluded that chance will not crown him "without his stir"?

SCENE V.—[Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.]

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady Macbeth. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
 highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries "Thus thou must do!" if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue

15

20

25

All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings? 30

Messenger. The King comes here tonight.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,

Would have informed for preparatiön.

Mess. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming;

One of my fellows had the speed of him, 35

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;

He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger*]

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements.—Come, you spirits 40

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature 45

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, 50

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! 55

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never 60

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower, 65
 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

l. 6.—*missives*, messengers. l. 20.—*illness*, wickedness. l. 28.—*golden round*, crown. l. 29.—*metaphysical*, beyond the physical. l. 49.—*sightless substances*, invisible bodies. l. 51.—*pall thee*, veil thyself. l. 71.—*clear*, unruffled. l. 73.—*favor*, countenance; *ever is to fear*, always awakens suspicions.

When was this letter written? What was Macbeth's motive? Is this the beginning of the letter? Did he expect it to affect Lady Macbeth as it did? What was this effect? What are her reasons for wishing her husband king? Of what importance to the audience is her character sketch of him? Is it a true one? What are Lady Macbeth's chief characteristics? Is she gross and cruel? What is the effect upon her of the messenger's tidings? Is she a fiend, or a woman willing herself to do fiendish things? Is there any proof, after her husband's entrance, that the two have entertained thoughts of murder before the play began? What, according to her proposition, does she assign herself, and what to her husband?

SCENE VI.—[*Inverness. Before Macbeth's Castle.*]

Hautboys and torches. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath 5
 Smells wooingly here;—no jutting, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
 The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honored hostess! 10

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service 15
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

Lady M. Your servants ever 25
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces toward him. 30
By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

l. 7.—*coign of vantage*, corner offering advantage. l. 13.—'ild, reward.
l. 19.—*hermits*, praying for the king's welfare. l. 26.—*compt*, account. l. 30.—*graces*, favors.

Why does Shakespeare present such a peaceful scene here? What effect is made upon us by Duncan's complete faith in his host? Why has Lady Macbeth alone appeared to welcome him? Does the king notice his host's absence? What is the effect of Lady Macbeth's giving her hand to the king as they enter?

SCENE VII.—[*Within Macbeth's Castle.*]

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants, with dishes and service, over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all,—here, 5
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return
 To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice 10
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supped; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk 35

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valor 40
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"

Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb.

Prithee, peace:

45

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M.

What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would

50

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;

55

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

60

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,

65

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbec only. When in swinish sleep

Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

70

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb.

Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be received,

When we have marked with blood those sleepy two

75

Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,

That they have done't?

Lady M.

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our grief and clamor roar

Upon his death?

Macb.

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

80

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

1. 1.—*done*; explain each of these emphatic words. 1. 4.—*surcease*, ceasing to be. 1. 7.—*jump*, take the risk of. 1. 8.—*still*, always; *have judgment*, receive sentence. 1. 23.—*sightless couriers of the air*, unseen winds. 1. 25.—*tears shall drown the wind*, the wind decreases in a shower. 1. 45.—*cat i' the adage*,—"The cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet"—Heywood's *Prov-*

erbs. 1. 64.—*wassail*, ale and wine sweetened and flavored with spices and fruit. 1. 67.—*limbec*, a still. 1. 72.—*quell*, murder.

Why has Macbeth left the banquet? From his soliloquy here, what above all other reasons is making him hesitate to kill Duncan? What other reasons does he bring to his aid? Does the thought of the wickedness of the act itself have any place in his mind? What is Lady Macbeth's state of mind? What is her method, in each case, of counteracting her husband's reluctance? What has been the chief cause of his final decision? This scene has been called perfect dramatic writing. Why?

What has been accomplished by Act I? What is the theme of this act? Where does the plot begin? What elements cause Macbeth to yield to temptation?

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.*]

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle.

I take 't 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—

Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed;

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices;

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb.

Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban.

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters:

To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, 25
 It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 30

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
 As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still; 45
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing!

It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
 The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design 55
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Exit.

l. 4.—*husbandry*, thrift. l. 14.—*largess*, gifts freely bestowed. l. 28.—*franchised*, free. l. 36.—*sensible*, perceptible by the senses. l. 46.—*dudgeon*, wooden hilt of a dagger; *gouts*, drops. l. 52.—*Hecate*, goddess of ghosts and magic. l. 55.—*Tarquin*: Sextus, one of the Tarquin kings of Rome, ravished Lucretia; this crime led to the expulsion of kings from Rome.

What is the time? Why is Banquo in the courtyard? What is troubling him? Why does Macbeth go into the courtyard? Why does Banquo mention Duncan's gifts to Lady Macbeth? Why does he tell Macbeth of his dream? Does he suspect that Macbeth may try to get the throne? Does he expect anything to happen on this night? Why Macbeth's order to his servant? Explain the vision of the dagger. What is the difference between this state of mind and insanity? What is his state of mind as he goes to obey the summons of the bell? Why is he quite strong here?

SCENE II.—[*The Same.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—Hark!
Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [*Within.*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done; th' attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did you not speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.

Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Looks at his hands.

20

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say "A sorry sight."

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them.

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them

Again to sleep.

Lady M.

There are two lodged together.

25

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M.

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!

35

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

Lady M.

What do you mean?

40

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:—

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

45

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there; go carry them, and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb.

I'll go no more:

50

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M.

Infirm of purpose.

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

55

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

Exit Lady Macbeth. Knock within.

Macb.

Whence is that knocking?

How is it with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red. 60

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking 65
 At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy is it then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knock.*] Hark! more
 knocking.
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us 70
 And show us to be watchers; be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knock.
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
Exeunt.

l. 6.—*possets*, hot milk and ale, with sugar, biscuit, and eggs boiled in it.
 l. 10.—*and not*, without. l. 35.—*methought*, it seemed to me. l. 63.—*one red*,
 entirely red.

What is Lady Macbeth's mental and physical condition at first? What indication of a softer nature in her? What are the sounds she hears? Why does Macbeth call out? What marks the moment of the fatal stab? In what tone is the conversation after Macbeth enters? What is his mental condition? Why is his wife so much calmer now than before he entered? Does he show remorse? Does she? Why has the poet put a prayer on the lips of Duncan's sons? What was the voice that Macbeth heard? How had he bungled their plans? What is her feeling as she goes to take back the daggers? Why the pun on her lips? What is the dramatic effect of the knocking at the gate? Why does she say, "My hands are of your color"? Where does Macbeth's reaction from the crime find its highest expression? What is accomplished by this scene?

SCENE III.—[*The Same. The South Entry.*]

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow

about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven; oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose; come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; . . .

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awakened him; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I had almost* slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduff.*

Len. Goes the King hence today?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion and confused events,
 New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
 Clamored the livelong night. Some say, the earth
 Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.

50

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
 Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' the building.

55

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
 With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
 See, and then speak yourselves.

60

Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

65

Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business?

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

70

Macd. O gentle Lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.—

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

75

What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant 80
 There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't! 85
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't:
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood; 90
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows;
 They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury, 95
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
 The expedition of my violent love
 Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, 100
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
 And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
 Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breeched with gore.—Who could refrain, 105
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?—

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours? 110

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where
 our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brewed.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; 115
Lady Macbeth is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

120

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

125

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

130

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

135

Exeunt.

1. 2.—*hell-gate*, the hell-mouth of the miracle plays, into which the devils drove lost souls. 1. 5.—*expectation of plenty*, ruinously low prices. 1. 8.—*equivocator*, one who swears to whatever he pleases, and makes mental reservations. 1. 14.—*French hose* were close fitting. 1. 15.—*goose*, the tailor's smoothing iron. 1. 21.—*remember the porter*, give me a tip. 1. 51.—*fellow*, match. 1. 60.—*Gorgon*; the Gorgon head of Medusa turned to stone all who looked upon it. 1. 67.—*sprites*, spirits. 1. 81.—*mortality*, earthly existence. 1. 82.—*toys*, trifles. 1. 84.—*vault*, wine cellar. 1. 105.—*unmannerly breeched*; with blood instead of the proper dress, the sheath. 1. 110.—*argument*, brief story. 1. 118.—*question*, examine into.

What is the purpose of this scene? Does it assist in the tragedy? Who have knocked at the gate? Why? What is the dramatic value of the Porter scene? What is indicated by the brevity of Macbeth's speeches? Is he or is his wife the stronger to meet the situation? Notice the one remark she makes before she faints, and Banquo's reply. How did Macbeth blunder in killing the grooms? Why did he do it? Why did Lady Macbeth faint? Was this real or was it pretended? What determination has Banquo come to? Which speech shows his character at its best? Why do Malcolm and Donalbain run away? Why do they not go together?

X

SCENE IV.—[*Outside Macbeth's Castle.*]*Enter Ross, with an old Man.*

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah; good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
 Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
 A falcon towering in her pride of place
 Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and
 certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
 That looked upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
 How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned.

(Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.)

Ross. 'Gainst nature still;—

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up

Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

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Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors

And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone? 35

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those 40

That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

Exeunt.

1. 12.—*towering*, flying high. 1. 24.—*suborned*, bribed. 1. 28.—*ravin up*, eat up ravenously. 1. 33.—*Colme-kill*, a monastery on the island of Iona, the most famous religious center in Scotland. Kings of Scotland and kings of Ireland were buried there. 1. 40.—*benison*, blessing or benediction.

What are the purposes of this scene? What information is given in the conversation between Ross and the old man? What do the unnatural events seem to typify? Are there any indications that Macduff's suspicions are aroused?

What has been accomplished by the scenes in Act II?

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Forres. The Palace.*]

Enter Banquo.

Banquo. Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised, and I fear

Thou playedst most foully for 't. Yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father 5

Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,

Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well

And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth.

If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit. 15

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride? 20

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain. 25

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inventions; but of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? 30

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon 's. 35

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!— 40

Exeunt all but Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you; attend those men
Our pleasure? 45

Servant. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— *Exit Servant.*

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like 50
55

They hailed him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, 60
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered; 65
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common Enemy of Man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, 70
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches?—Know 75

That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been

Our innocent self. This I made good to you

In our last conference; passed in probation with you,

How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instru- 80

ments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say, "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find 85

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,

To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave

And beggared yours forever?

First Mur.

We are men, my liege. 90

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs. The valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 95

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike; and so of men. 100

Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect. 105

Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another 110
 So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance 115
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life; and though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine, 120
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down; and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord, 125
 Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
 most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,—
 The moment on 't; for 't must be done tonight, 130
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness; and with him—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
 Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me 135
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.—

Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. 140

Exit.

l. 13.—*all-thing*, entirely. l. 21.—*still*, always. l. 67.—*eternal jewel*, immortal soul. l. 71.—*to the utterance*, till death (French *a outrance*). l. 79.—*probation*, proof. l. 93.—*clept*, called. l. 129.—*perfect spy*, accomplished spy, the third murderer.

What is Banquo's mental state here? Why hasn't he said or done anything about the matter? How long has it been since the murder of Duncan? What does Macbeth mean by the "solemn supper"? What particular information does he wish to get from Banquo? Why speak to him about the stories that Malcolm and Donalbain are telling in England and Ireland? Why does he dismiss his train till supper time? What are his reasons for planning to get rid of Banquo? Why is he so careful about whether Fleance will be with Banquo? Who are the murderers? Under what circumstances had Macbeth talked with them before? How does he persuade them to do his work? How does he insure that it will be well done? What has been accomplished by this scene?

SCENE II.—[*The Same.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv.

Madam, I will.

Exit.

Lady M.

Naught's had, all's spent,

(Where our desire is got without content;

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.—

5

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making;

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard; what's done is done.

10

Macbeth. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

15

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

20

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further. 25

Lady M. Come on,
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, pray, be you.
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue;
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are. 30

Lady M. You must leave this. 35

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable.
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note. 40

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to the rocky wood;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
 Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill: 55
 So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt.*

1. 13.—*scotched*, hacked, cut. 1. 22.—*ecstasy*, frenzy. 1. 34.—*vizards*, masks. 1. 38.—*eterne*, everlasting.

What effect has crime had upon Macbeth's feeling for his wife? Is she enjoying her queenship? Why does he not tell her all his plans now? Why does she upbraid him? Which one is now really making companions of "sorriest fancies"? What does Macbeth mean by the "great bond which keeps me pale"? How does each feel regarding the crime?

SCENE III.—[*An Approach to the Palace. The Palace at a Distance.*]

Enter three Murderers.

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer. Macbeth.

Second Murderer. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.—
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the 'lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

5

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Banquo. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he. The rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

10

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

15

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

First Mur. Let it come down.

They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost

20

Best half of our affair.

First. Mur. Well, let's away and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

1. 2.—*He needs not our mistrust*, we need not mistrust him (the Third Murderer). 1. 10.—*note of expectation*, list of expected guests.

What is the importance of this scene? Why? What is implied in the very first word, *but*? Has Macbeth sent the Third Murderer,

or is he the third murderer himself? Could he have had any motive in this case?

SCENE IV.—[*The Hall of the Palace.*]

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

5

We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.

10

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.—[*Approaching the door*] There's
blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he despatched?

15

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

20

Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again; I had else been
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air;

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

25

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's
fed

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

30

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: tomorrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again.

Exit Murderer.

Lady M.

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
 That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it. 35

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both!

Lennox. May't please your Highness sit.

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
 Who, may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance! 40

Ross. His absence, sir.
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
 To grace us with your royal company. 45

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
 Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
 Thy gory locks at me. 50

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought
 He will again be well. If much you note him,
 You shall offend him and extend his passion;
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man? 55

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
 Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear;
 This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
 You look but on a stool. 65

Macb. Prithee, see there! Behold! look! lo! How say
 you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send 70

Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. *Ghost vanishes.*

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, 75
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; 85
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full;—

Re-enter the Ghost of Banquo.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. 90
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all!

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge!

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me 105
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!— *Ghost vanishes.*

Why, so, being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,

With most admired disorder.

- Macb.* Can such things be, 110
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 115
 When mine is blanched with fear.
- Ross.* What sights, my lord?
- Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
 Question enrages him; at once, good night.
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.
- Len.* Good night; and better health 120
 Attend his Majesty!
- Lady M.* A kind good night to all!
Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.
- Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
 Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
 Augurs and understood relations have
 By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth 125
 The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
- Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
- Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?
- Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?
- Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send. 130
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow,
 And betimes I will, to the Weird Sisters.
 More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good 135
 All causes shall give away. I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned. 140
- Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
- Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
 We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

1. 1.—*degrees*, relative ranks. 1. 5.—*her state*, her higher position. 1. 40.—*country's honor*, Scottish nobility. 1. 63.—*flaws*, bursts of passion. 1. 95.—*speculation*, power of sight. 1. 105.—*inhabit*, delay. 1. 106.—*baby*, doll. 1. 110.—*admired*, wonderful. 1. 128.—*denies his person*, refuses to attend in person. 1. 142.—*self-abuse*, self-deception.

Plan the arrangement of furniture for this scene. Where should you place the banquet table? the two throne chairs? Where at the table would you have the vacant chair? How would you

manage to have the murderer report without having the talk heard by the guests? Why does the queen "keep her state"? Was the vacant seat intended for Banquo or for Macbeth? What exceptions to court etiquette did Macbeth make? Where does he show impaired judgment? What effect on him does the murderer's report have? What, evidently, is he doing when Lady Macbeth calls to him? What is the meaning of her words? Why does Macbeth, but not the others, see the ghost? Would he have seen it if Fleance had been killed? Should the ghost be represented on the stage? Reasons? What shows that this insane fit came on gradually? Why did he wish for Banquo's presence? Why is Lady Macbeth so composed at first? Is her excuse for her husband a good one? Do the lords believe her? Why does the ghost vanish? Why should Macbeth give the same excuse that his wife gave? Is it a true one? Why does the ghost come again? Why did Lady Macbeth command the lords to go at once? What is her state of mind after they are gone? What new crimes has Macbeth in mind? What is indicated by his keeping a spy in every castle? Why does he plan to seek the Weird Sisters? What is the importance of this scene?

SCENE V.—[A Heath..

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate, you look angerly!

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning. Thither he

Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

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Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon.
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distilled by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
 And you all know security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

25

30

[*Music and a song within.*]

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Exit.*

35

[*Song within: "Come away, come away," etc.*]

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
 again. *Exeunt.*

1. 2.—*beldams, hags.* 1. 7.—*close, secret.*

Who is Hecate? Why is she angry? Why are the Weird Sisters
 against Macbeth? Compare this with the first scene of the play.

SCENE VI.—[*Forres. The Palace.*]

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther. Only I say
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead;
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
 Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have angered any heart alive
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
 As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

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Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, 25
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the Holy King, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35
Do faithful homage and receive free honors;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated the King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt.

l. 8.—*want*, lack. l. 19.—*an't*, if it. l. 21.—*broad words*, plain speaking.
l. 25.—*holds*, withholds. l. 27.—*Edward*, Edward the Confessor (1004-1066).

What is the purpose of this scene? What bits of information are given? What preparation is here made for resolving the difficulties of the situation? Siward's daughter had married Duncan; Malcolm and Donalbain were her sons.

What is the chief accomplishment of Act III?

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Entrance to a Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Caldron.*]

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

First Witch. Round about the caldron go:

In the poisoned entrails throw.

5

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

10

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog;

15

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's legs and howlet's wing;

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

20

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock diggèd i' the dark,

25

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew,

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

30

Ditch-delivered by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab.

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,

For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

35

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other Three Witches.

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains:

40

And now about the caldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: "Black spirits," etc.*] *Hecate vanishes.*

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes:—

45

Open, locks,

Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down; 55
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's 'germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten 65
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition—an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown 'power—

First Witch. He knows thy thought; 70
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me; enough.

Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more—

First Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another, 75
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second Apparition—a Bloody Child.*

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to
scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,

And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

85

*Thunder. Third Apparition—a Child Crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;

Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until

Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him. *Descends.*

Macb. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

95

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the Wood

Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart

100

Throbs to know one thing.—Tell me, if your art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,

105

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?

Hautboys.

First Witch. Show!

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

110

Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.—And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

115

Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!—

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—

Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more.—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see

120

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now I see 'tis true;

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so. But why 125
Stands Macbeth thus amazèdly?

Come, Sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round, 130
That this great King may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Lennox. What's your grace's will? 135

Macb. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? 155

Come, bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

l. 1.—*brinded*, brindled. l. 3.—*Harpier*, harpy, a filthy monster with woman's face and body and bird's wings and claws. l. 16.—*blind-worm*, an eyeless reptile. l. 31.—*ditch-delivered*, born in a ditch. l. 33.—*chaudron*, entrails of a beast. l. 59.—*germins*, germs, seeds. l. 123.—*blood-boltered*, clotted with blood.

What is meant by the Weird Sisters' refrain? Why do they permit Macbeth to choose between them and their masters? Why

did he believe so implicitly in their powers? What effect did each of the apparitions have upon him? The show of eight kings? Meaning of "twofold balls and treble sceptres"? Effect upon Macbeth of the news brought by Lennox? What is his plan? Does he tell it to Lennox? What is his motive?

What is accomplished by this scene?

SCENE II.—[Fife. Macduff's Castle.]

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd.

He had none;

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross.

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Ross.

My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors

And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you;

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,

Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort;

I take my leave at once.

Exit.

L. Macd.

Sirrah, your father's dead:

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd.

What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin. 35

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was. 45

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be
hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are
liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang
up them. 55

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him; if you would
not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a
new father. 60

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect. 65

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly;

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime 75

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defense,

To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur.

He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

First Mur.

What, you egg!
Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!

Son.

He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you!

Dies.

Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!"

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

l. 17.—*the fits o' the season*, what fits the season. l. 34.—*lime*, a sticky paste, spread on branches to ensnare birds. l. 35.—*gin*, trap. l. 83.—*fry of treachery*, son of a traitor.

How does Ross chance to be here? Why had Macduff fled so suddenly? Why does Shakespeare make the conversation between Lady Macduff and her son so trivial? Had Macbeth anything to fear from them? How does his motive compare with the motives for the other murders? Is Lady Macduff loyal to her husband? Does her son believe her? How old do you think the boy is? Is he well portrayed? What is the effect of this scene?

SCENE III.—[*England. Before the King's Palace.*]

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

5

Mal.

What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god. 15

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose. 20
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy
wrongs;
The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord;
I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country 45
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways, than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know 50

All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 55

Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will;—better Macbeth 65
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves, 75
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house; 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been 85
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed. 90

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish for them, but abound 95
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. . O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, 105
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accused,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself in thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking 130
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth. 135
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter an English Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you? 140

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But at his touch,

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

145

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Exit Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil,—

A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

150

155

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

165

170

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one. 175

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

- Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes 't? 180
- Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot. 185
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
- Mal.* Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none 190
That Christendom gives out.
- Ross.* Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
- Macd.* What concern they? 195
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
- Ross.* No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
- Macd.* If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200
- Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
- Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.
- Ross.* Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner, 205
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
- Mal.* Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. 210
- Macd.* My children too?
- Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
- Macd.* And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?
- Ross.* I have said.
- Mal.* Be comforted;
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. 215
- Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?—
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am, 225
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!—

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!—

Mal. This tune goes manly. 235
Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. 240

Exeunt.

1. 20.—*imperial charge*, royal commission. 1. 34.—*affeer'd*, confirmed. 1. 88.—*foisons*, abundance of various kinds. 1. 89.—*portable*, enduring. 1. 111.—*died every day*, lived a life of renunciation, as indicated in *Corinthians*, I, XV, 31. 1. 118.—*trains*, plots. 1. 142.—*convinces*, conquers. 1. 176.—*teems*, brings forth. 1. 195.—*latch*, catch. 1. 196.—*fee-grief*, personal grief. 1. 206.—*quarry*, a heap of slaughtered game. 1. 225.—*naught*, wicked. 1. 239.—*Put on their instruments*, set their agents (Macduff and Malcolm) to work.

This scene has been called "non-dramatic." Is this from a reader's point of view, or an audience's? When presented by great actors, the scene is one of the three greatest in the whole tragedy. What elements of strength does it have that more than compensate for the absence of action?

Why does Malcolm suggest that Macduff and he withdraw to some desolate shade? How does he feel towards Macduff at first? His reasons? Why does he misrepresent himself to Macduff? Effect on Macduff? What is the effect upon Malcolm of Macduff's despair? What kingly qualities does Malcolm show? How does he at last show complete trust in Macduff? Who is king of England? What is the state of England compared with the condition in Scotland? Why does Ross wait so long before telling his real news? Why would Macduff's eye in Scotland "create soldiers,—

make our women fight"? Effect of Ross's news upon Macduff? What forces are now arrayed against Macbeth? What has been the purpose of each part of this scene? Of the whole scene?

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Dunsiname. Ante-room in the Castle.*]

Enter a Scottish Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlew. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlew. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close:

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gentlew. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlew. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlew. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky.—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows

it, when none can call our power to accompt?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

40

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

45

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlew. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

50

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlew. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well!

55

Gentlew. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown.—Look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

60

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit.*

65

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlew. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night.
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight;
I think, but dare not speak.

70

75

Gentlew.

Good, night, good doctor.

Exeunt.

1. 4.—*went into the field*, engaged in military campaigns (against the forces mentioned in the preceding scene). 1. 19.—*guise*, practice. 1. 38.—*accompt*, account. 1. 74.—*means of all annoyance*, means of killing herself. 1. 76.—*mated*, rendered helpless.

Why is this scene in prose? What other scenes are? Why? Why does Lady Macbeth have a light by her continually? Explain her condition. When before have we had glimpses into her

inner life? What was her physical reaction to the crime? Why? Her mental reaction? Her reaction to the later crimes? Her relation to happiness? to the hereafter? What in her trouble with her hands reminds the audience of Macbeth's condition shortly after the murder? Up to this time had any one thought of connecting her with the crimes? What especially troubles her in her dreams? How does this whole scene affect the audience?

SCENE II.—[*The Country near Dunsinane.*]

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam Wood

5

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths, that even now

10

Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distempered cause

15

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love; now does he feel his title

20

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pestered senses to recoil and start,

When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,

25

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,

Each drop of us.

Len.

Or so much as it needs

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.

30

Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching.

1. 2.—*Siward*: Young Siward was Malcolm's uncle; Old Siward his grandfather. 1. 5.—*Birnam Wood* is in full view of Dunsinane hill and castle. 1. 10.—*unrough*, beardless. 1. 17.—*sticking*; an echo of what cry of Macbeth's? 1. 18.—*minutely*, minute by minute.

What is meant by the "dear causes" of Malcolm, Siward, and Macduff? What is the purpose of this scene? How is Macbeth getting punishment? Why the mention of Birnam Wood in this scene? Why has Macbeth been kept so long from our sight (four scenes)?

SCENE III.—[*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*]*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false
Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures;
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.— 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand—*Macb.*

Geese, villain?

Serv.

Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch! 15

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face!

Serv. The English force, so please you.*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—*Exit Servant.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

25

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

30

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;

35

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

40

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

45

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—

Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

50

The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug

55

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

60

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exeunt.

l. 15.—*patch*, idiot; from the patched, motley dress of the domestic fool in olden times. l. 21.—*cheer*, dialect for chair, enthrone. *Seyton*, and, l. 33, *give me my armor*: The Setons are still the hereditary armor-bearers to the kings of Scotland. l. 35.—*moe*, more; *skirr*, scour. l. 42.—*raze out*, erase. ll. 50, 51.—*cast the water*, diagnose disease by inspecting the urine. l. 59.—*bane*, death, destruction, ruin.

What changes do you note in Macbeth since you last saw him? How are the words of the Weird Sisters more and more his reliance? What seems to be his feeling for Lady Macbeth now?

SCENE IV.—[Country near Birnam Wood.]

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, and Siward's Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Toward which advance the war.

Exeunt, marching.

l. 6.—*discovery*, reconnaissance. l. 10.—*setting down before it*, besieging it. l. 14.—*censures*, judgments.

Why do the soldiers carry boughs? Do they know the prophecy which the Weird Sisters gave Macbeth?

SCENE V.—[*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*]

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—[*A cry of women within*] What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. *Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do 't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.— 50
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Exeunt.

1. 5.—*forced*, reinforced. 1. 12.—*dismal treatise*, tragic story. 1. 23.—*dusty death*: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—*Genesis*. 1. 40.—*cling thee*, cause thee to shrivel. 1. 51.—*wrack*, ruin. 1. 52.—*harness*, armor.

What was indicated by the cry of the women? What was the cause of the queen's death? What the effect upon Macbeth? Are his comments upon life in keeping? Why is he so violent after the entrance of the messenger? Effect of his concluding words upon the audience? Has he lost all faith in the Weird Sisters? What is accomplished by this scene?

SCENE VI.—[*Dunsinane. Before the Castle.*]

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Malcolm. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do, 5
According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10

Exeunt. Alarums continued.

1. 1.—*leavy*, leafy. 1. 4.—*battle*, division in battle array. 1. 6.—*order*, plan of battle.

Purpose of this short scene? Why so many short scenes?

SCENE VII.—[*Another Part of the Field.*]*Alarums. Enter Macbeth.*

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.**Young Siward.* What is thy name?*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

5

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
 Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
 More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrest tyrant; with my sword
 I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

10

*They fight, and young Siward is slain.**Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn.

Brandished by man that's of a woman born. *Exit.**Alarums. Enter Macduff.**Macduff.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

15

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruted.—Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not.

*Exit. Alarums.**Enter Malcolm and old Siward.**Siward.* This way, my lord; the Castle's gently rendered;

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

25

The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

Malcolm.

We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siw.

Enter, sir, the Castle.

Exeunt. Alarum.

1. 2.—*course*: in bear-baiting, a course designated a certain number of dogs baiting the bear at one time. 1. 22.—*bruted*, noisily announced. 1. 29.—*strike beside us*, either fight on our side or take pains not to hit us.

What does Macbeth mean by his first speech? Why does he still believe the prophecy of the Weird Sisters? What is the effect upon Macbeth of Young Siward's death? Effect upon us? Explain Macduff's speech, Siward's speech.

SCENE VIII.—[*Another Part of the Field. Alarums.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee!

But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already. 5

Macd. I have no words;

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out! *They fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou lovest labor.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed. 10

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield

To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,

And let the angel whom thou still hast served

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb 15

Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cowed my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense; 20

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, 25

"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb.

I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though 'Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff,
 And damned be he that first cries "Hold, enough!"
Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.

30

*Re-enter fighting; also soldiers of both sides, fighting.
 Macbeth is slain and borne off in the retreat.*

*Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm, old Siward,
 Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, 35

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 He only lived but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed 40
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then 45
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death;
 And so his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him. 50

Siw. He's worth no more.
 They say he parted well and paid his score;
 And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands
 The usurper's curs'd head; the time is free. 55
 I see thee compassed with thy Kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds,
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honor named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,— 65
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like Queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70
 Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. 75
Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

1. 2.—*lives*, living men. 1. 9.—*intrenchant*, cannot be cut. 1. 14.—*angel*, the devil. 1. 16.—*untimely ripped*, released from the mother's womb by the Cæsarian operation. 1. 20.—*palter*, juggle. 1. 70.—*self*, own.

What does Macbeth mean by the expression "playing the Roman fool"? Why does he not choose this course? Does he show any remorse for past deeds? Why does he refuse to fight Macduff? How does Macduff get him to fight? Is Old Siward hard-hearted? Why is Malcolm given the last speech in the play? What promises are given? Do we feel that the throne is nobly filled?

General Questions.—What is the exciting force in the plot? What are the important events in the rising action? Where is the climax? What are the important events in the resolution of the plot? What is the catastrophe? Could the play consistently end in any other way? Is there any sub-plot? Compare it with other Shakespeare plays in this regard. Which scenes in *Macbeth* are most dramatic?

What are the most important characteristics of Macbeth? Trace the steps of his moral decline. Is there any respect in which he remains unchanged? What are the important characteristics of Lady Macbeth? Is she a foil or a complement to Macbeth? Which is more dramatic, the death of Macbeth or of Lady Macbeth? Which is more tragic? Does the tragedy lie in these two characters' lives, or in their victims' deaths? Do you agree with Malcolm's characterization of them in his closing speech: "This dead butcher and his fiend-like queen"? What characters have

most to do with their overthrow? How do Macbeth's acts of tyranny lead to his own downfall? How did he prepare an avenger for his own wicked deeds? Who is the leading secondary character in the first half of the play? In the last half? What does Banquo's part show with regard to the question whether the origin of the crime was in the criminal or was instilled by some outside agency?

What seems to you the meaning of this play? What moral lesson applicable to our times and to all times?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S *HENRY V*

Preparatory.—A chronicle history play differs greatly from the types well known as tragedy and comedy. It is especially advisable to read other chronicle histories. Shakespeare has written many of the finest. For the most part these are linked with this play in a series. *King Henry the Fifth* deals with the middle one of those five kings who give titles to eight plays in the following succession: *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (two parts), *Henry V*, *Henry VI* (three parts), and *Richard III*. If pupils can not spare time to read all, it is probable that *Henry IV* and *Henry VI*, because of contiguity, will be most helpful. The account of these five reigns should also be read in Green's "Short History of the English People." Outside of Shakespeare, Marlowe's "Edward II" is probably the finest chronicle history.

Why were such plays so very popular in Shakespeare's day? Consider in this connection the state of education in Elizabeth's reign, and the patriotic spirit following the days of the Defeat of the Armada. In the chronicle play, what order of events must be used? What gives unity to the play? What element or elements take the place of dramatic conflict found in plays like *Macbeth* and *Merchant of Venice*? What were the important events of the first half of the Hundred Years' War? of the second half? What methods of warfare were in use? Were England's claims in France just? Did conditions in England influence the decision in favor of foreign wars?

From what sources did Shakespeare draw the plot, and, to a slight extent, the language, of his story? How did he modify details of the plot? How did these modifications improve the story?

The Prologue, or Chorus.—What seems to be the note struck by the recurrent Prologue? What is the main purpose of the Prologue from act to act? Are there any other purposes? Could any theater be built adequate to the events of this play? What would be the result if nothing were left to the imagination? How does the style here differ from that of the ordinary prologue? Can you offer any reason why the great actor Garrick chose to play the part of the Prologue rather than that of the King? In the Epilogue to *Henry IV*, Part II, this play of *Henry V* is promised. Examine the promise and see whether or not this play entirely fulfils it.

Act I.—What apparent connection with preceding chronicle history? What do these churchmen propose to do? What change has come over the character of the King since the days when he was Prince of Wales?

Do you expect the King to take the part of hero? How does scene 1 prepare for scene 2? What is the purpose of the elaborate explanation of the English claim to France? Hasn't the King known this before? What is the purpose of the tennis balls incident? What seems to be the exciting force to the main action of the play?

Act II.—How do these characters link this play to the preceding plays? How prepare us for the events of this play? Of whom is the Boy speaking near the end of scene 1? To what circumstances does he allude? Is it well to put the account of Falstaff's death into Mrs. Quickly's mouth? Why do you think Shakespeare had him die rather than have him appear as a character in this play as he had promised? What in this act continues the glorification of the King? What is the general effect of the scene at the French court?

Act III.—What is the dramatic purpose of the King's speech? What is the value of having English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish soldiers all in the Harfleur battle? What is the purpose of the Boy's soliloquy? Is there any connection between the humors of the low characters and the main action? Some critics contend that Shakespeare did not write scene 2. Do you see any dramatic necessity for it? How does the mood of the French in scenes 5 and 7 contrast with the mood of the English scenes? Why shouldn't the French exclamations be translated into English as well as the remainder of their speeches? What is the dramatic value of Bardolph's fate? In what way was the last scene particularly delectable to an Elizabethan audience?

Act IV.—What do we gain from the King's mingling *incognito* with the various classes of soldiers? What is the attitude towards war? towards kingship? What is the dramatic value of the King's soliloquy? of his prayer? What is the purpose of the King's first long speech in scene 3? of his offers? How does the speech result from his night's ramble? What is the purpose of his second long speech in the same scene? Can you explain the reasons for the next scene? for the brief scene among the French? What is the dramatic value of the description of the death of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk? Is the King's practical joking out of harmony? Does this recall his Prince of Wales days? What is the purpose of the summary of losses?

Act V.—How is the comic subplot concluded? Compare Henry as warrior with Henry as lover. Do you think the wooing scene detracts from the heroic portraits hitherto presented? On this and other grounds, criticize the entire last act. What is to be said in its defense?

General Questions.—How are the characters grouped? With what relation to the King? Are the comic characters differentiated? Are the soldiers from different parts of the Isles differentiated? What are some distinguishing traits? What is the one dominating character of the play? Is his character still developing as in *Henry IV*, or is it fixed? How is he an ideal man of action? How is he an ideal king? What has become of the political ideals of government current in those days? Compare the ideals of king and class with our attitude towards autocratic government today. Why did Germany in 1916 choose to give the series of chronicle histories for its Shakespeare tercentenary?

In what sense is this play a "National Anthem in five acts"? What purpose in alternating English and French scenes? Serious and comic scenes? Discuss the following statement by Dowden: "The central element in the character of Henry V is his noble realization of fact." Compare the play with one where the imagination or the supernatural holds sway—as *The Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Memorize parts of the King's famous speeches. Read in class Drayton's *Ballad of Agincourt*.

Is the King a man of conscience? Is he prudent? Is he merciless in his dealings with the three traitors? What of his religious faith? Is the battle of Agincourt more than a contest between nations?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S *TWELFTH NIGHT*

Act I.—What is the tone of the scene? What kind of story are we prepared for? What traits does the Duke show? What traits of Olivia are mentioned? What are Viola's distinguishing traits? Why does she disguise herself? Is she already in love with Orsino? Characterize Sir Toby; Sir Andrew; Maria. Why do the first two appear together? What connection have their scenes with the plot? Beginning with scene 4, upon what does much of the fun and subtlety of plot depend? Why does Viola so often speak directly to the audience? Is the clown a fool? Why does Viola so persist in asking whether Olivia or Maria is mistress? Can you reconcile Olivia's sudden falling in love with her character as described before?

Act II.—What traits of character does Sebastian show? Why is Antonio so devoted to him? Where were we prepared for his appearance? How does his being alive complicate the plot? Why does Viola accept the ring that Olivia sends? Is she possibly relieved that Olivia loves her instead of loving the Duke? What is the effect of Malvolio's interruption of the revelers? In scene 4, do Viola and Orsino reveal any new traits? Point out Viola's veiled references to her own love. Will these be more effective when acted than when read? What is the dramatic purpose of the clown's comment upon Orsino's changeableness? Describe a proper setting to the last scene. To whom and how are the various interjections by Toby, Andrew, and Fabian directed?

Act III.—What is the dramatic purpose of the talk between Viola and the clown? Why should Olivia declare her love? How does Viola treat Olivia? What new complication in scene 2? What connection between underplot and main plot? Why should Shakespeare make Antonio afraid to be seen in Illyria? What motive or motives have the plotters against Malvolio? What was the effect of every part of the letter upon him? What is the value of the mock duel to the plot? Doesn't the scene lower our estimate of the heroine? For what does this scene prepare us?

Act IV.—Why is the clown brought into this scene? How is Olivia deceived in Sebastian? What trait of character does he show? Why have the clown before the prison in another character besides his own? Has this scene any connection with the main plot? How can you account for what happens in scene 3?

Act V.—Are the first one hundred lines of the scene of any use to the plot? What is Olivia's predicament? What is her purpose in having

the holy father at hand? Whose appearance untangles the complication? How is his likeness to Viola duly impressed upon both audience and characters in the play? Have we been at all prepared for the Duke's transfer of his affections? Are the other characters properly disposed of? Why end the play with a song?

General Questions.—Can you justify the title to the play? What scene strikes the keynote? Most of the scenes are romantic and poetic. What is the use of the many farcical scenes? Do you observe any satire upon Puritanism? Why may Shakespeare have developed this attitude?

Have you read any other stories based upon mistaken identity? Compare *Twelfth Night* with *Comedy of Errors* in this regard. Where in *Twelfth Night* is the turning point? Why do you place it here?

Which is the leading character? Why have actors often preferred the part of Malvolio to that of Orsino? Is Malvolio natural? or is he caricatured? Can you indicate from Orsino's own speeches that he was not really in love with Olivia? Compare Olivia with Portia as mistress of a household; compare Viola with Portia or with Rosalind as a woman in disguise. Does Sir Toby remind you of any other English character or other comic character in Shakespeare? Compare Maria and Nerissa; Feste and Touchstone. Compare the duel scene here with that in *The Rivals*.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR SHERIDAN'S *THE RIVALS*

Why is this called a comedy of manners? Read another of the same type,—Sheridan's *School for Scandal* or Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. How does the comedy of manners differ in form and substance from the romantic comedy of Shakespeare? from the realistic comedy of today, as seen in such a play as Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*? What is the

purpose of the comedy of manners? How does it set about accomplishing this? Does it contain elements of satire? burlesque? What is the function of the prologues and the epilogue?

What made the eighteenth century city of Bath an excellent setting for a comedy of this type? How, apparently, were the names of the various characters chosen? Do you think this a help or a hindrance? Explain.

Act I.—How are we made acquainted with the opening situation? With the subject of the play? With the chief characters? Explain Mrs. Malaprop's name; give some of the liveliest examples of its application. Discuss the eighteenth century library facilities; ideas of education for women; the customs regarding courtship and marriage. Do any of these reach into the twentieth century? If you were to make a surname to suit Lucy, what should it be?

Act II.—Discuss the servant type as seen in Fag and Lucy. How do David and Thomas differ from Fag and Lucy? What one trait of character in Faulkland? Can you explain why much of the Faulkland-Julia dialogue is omitted in presentation nowadays? What makes the scene between Jack and Sir Anthony one of the most famous in literature? How is the conclusion of the same scene a masterpiece of the same kind? What traits of character in Sir Lucius O'Trigger?

Act III.—What advantage in having Captain Absolute discover the exact situation so early? What makes the humor of his reconciliation with his father? of Faulkland's falling out with Julia? of the Captain's visit with Mrs. Malaprop? of Mrs. Malaprop's eavesdropping? Discuss the virtues of "sentimental swearing." What marked traits of character in Bob Acres?

Act IV.—Discuss David's ideas of dueling; Bob's ideas of honor and valor. Indicate all the complications in the scene between the Captain, Sir Anthony, Lydia, and Mrs. Malaprop before the discovery that the Captain and Beverly are the same; also after the discovery.

Act V.—How are all the characters worked up to a high pitch of excitement? Compare the famous mock duel scene with that in *Twelfth Night*.

Why did the great actor Joseph Jefferson choose to play the part of Bob Acres rather than of Captain Absolute or of Sir Anthony? Characterize each of the following in a few words: Sir Lucius, Sir Anthony, Faulkland, Captain Absolute; Bob Acres, Fag, David; Lucy; Lydia, Julia, Mrs. Malaprop. What new word did the name of the last give to our English language?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR GOLDSMITH'S *SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER*

This play and Sheridan's *The Rivals* and *School for Scandal* make up the list of the most successful comedies of manners. Goldsmith's play, 1773, preceded *The Rivals* by two years. Compare the Prologue and the Epilogue with those in *Henry V*. How do their functions differ? How are they different in importance?

Act I.—How are we made acquainted with the situation? Is this better than to learn it through the servants, as in *The Rivals*? What has the

opening dialogue to do with the probability of *The Mistakes of a Night*? How are we made acquainted with the characters? Does Tony come up to our expectations? Indicate all the ways by which we realize his character. Do you think that one of his ability could have been the author of "The Three Pigeons"? Do his pranks indicate shrewdness?

Act II.—What is the dramatic value of the scene with the servants? How are we told the important trait of Marlow's character? Compare this with the dramatist's method in Act I. What traits does Hardcastle exhibit? Why have Miss Neville and Hastings the first to find out the travelers' mistake? Why do they not explain to the others? What traits does Miss Hardcastle display in her first interview with Marlow? Does the part that Miss Neville must *act* detract from her character? Does Tony's description of her to her lover detract?

Act III.—What makes the humor of the stolen jewels episode? Why does Miss Hardcastle decide to play the bar-maid? Does this detract from our estimate of her character? What do we think of Marlow for his flirtations with the supposed bar-maid? Why have the father observe part of the scene between Marlow and Miss Hardcastle?

Act IV.—Why need Sir Charles be introduced? How does Goldsmith get more fun out of the jewel-box? How does he show the depth of Marlow's conviction that this is an inn? What determines Hardcastle to order the young man out of the house? Why does Miss Hardcastle half way undeceive Marlow? What makes Tony's pretended lovemaking so ridiculous? also his receipt of the letter? How has Marlow learned his mistake concerning the house? What is Tony's motive or motives for planning the final episode?

Act V.—As a general rule, should a new character be introduced in the last act? In what sense is Sir Charles not a new character? Of what definite use is he in untangling the complications? How do events for Mrs. Hardcastle work up to a climax? In what spirit does Tony carry off the scene? How is the suspense of the main plot kept to the end?

Read a biography of Goldsmith; find the incident in his life upon which this plot is based; and show how he has worked up his experience to give this delightful humor. What other literary masterpieces of his are also based upon his own experiences?

What seems the purpose of this play? Does it contain any element of satire? Are the characters true to life? What is our attitude towards all the characters? Is there any villain? Or any one to serve that purpose? How are we delighted, even here?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR ALFRED NOYES'S *SHERWOOD*

If students have not read the Robin Hood ballads, some such play as *As You Like It*, and such well-known accounts as that in *Ivanhoe*, it will be well to have these reported on by different members of the class. Also it will be well to read again Noyes's poem, *A Song of Sherwood*.

Act I, scene 1.—What feeling is created by the opening setting? by the opening words? What traits of character in the Sheriff? in Prince John? What is the situation between Prince John and King Richard?

Why have Prince John speak "Cain's words"? What is the attitude of the blind, the maimed, and the hungry towards the social order? What has driven them to this? What hope springs in their breasts? What are we made to know of Robin Hood? What is the dramatic purpose of Shadow-of-a-Leaf's talk to the donkey? What do we learn from the talk of the fairies? What is the purpose of the fairy song? *Scene 2.*—What trait of character is uppermost in Fitzwalter? Compare Robin Hood's idea of social order with Shadow-of-a-Leaf's and with Fitzwalter's. What traits of character in Marian? What most shows the baseness of Prince John? the better side of Fitzwalter? What do Shadow-of-a-Leaf's speeches foreshadow? Characterize Queen Elinor. What action do you expect from her?

Act II.—What dramatic purpose in the dialogue between Little John and Much? between Little John and Robin? Why has Shadow-of-a-Leaf guarded Marian from the Queen with such care? Characterize Friar Tuck. How can you account for Robin's treatment of Elinor, when he knows that she has been eavesdropping, possibly learning his plans? What words of his best characterize her conduct? What is fundamental in the outlaw's rules? Compare and contrast these with King Arthur's vows of the Round Table knights in *Idylls of the King*. What is the purpose of the fairy scene? What is shown by Shadow-of-a-Leaf's willingness to "break his fairy vows and tell"? What is the purpose of the talk about Richard and his minstrel Blondel? Discuss Oberon's statement of Merlin's prophecy. What is the meaning of the Minstrel's song?

Act III, scene 1.—Compare the scene of Robin's archery with the Locksley archery scene in *Ivanhoe*; the appearance of the Knight in the jet black armor with the fight of the Black Sluggard at the Ashby tournament. *Scene 2.*—What traits of character in Marian here? Does John recognize the Red Cross Knight? Why does the latter ask that Prince John be his prisoner? Why does he free the Prince? Compare the dining scene with that in *Ivanhoe*. Explain the reason for their "grace."

Act III, scene 1.—How are we made aware of the events of the month just passed? of plans for the future? Is the scene between mother and son natural? Discuss Marian's talk on the eternity of love. *Scene 2.*—Compare Puck with the same character in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. What does Shadow-of-a-Leaf's decision to rescue Robin mean? *Scene 3.*—Why is this scene especially dramatic? *Scene 4.*—What is the dramatic purpose of the masquerade gossiping? of the scene between Robin and Arthur Plantagenet? between Robin and John? What higher significance does Blondel's song have here more than in the former scene?

Act V, scene 1.—Compare Robin Hood's court of justice with that of King Arthur in *Gareth and Lynette*. Explain "Ever the same, the danger comes from those we fight for." Does Robin "blaspheme" in dealing with the Abbot? *Scene 2.*—What foreshadowed event is now at hand? Compare this with the ballad *Robin Hood's Death and Burial*. Discuss the final epithet, "the poor man's friend." What is the significance of the song by Shadow-of-a-Leaf? Whose is the tragedy, Robin and Marian's? Shadow-of-a-Leaf's? the outlaws'? the outcast and the hungry? Why have Blondel's song again? What is the theme of this play?

Compare Noyes's use of the supernatural with Shakespeare's. Why has Noyes used blank verse, even where the peasant characters speak?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR GALSWORTHY'S *STRIFE*

From first to last this play treats of what pressing industrial problem? To understand the purpose of the problem play, it will be well to read two or three others. The following are a few of the very many excellent plays of the type: Barker's *The Voyage Inheritance*; Jerome's *Fanny and the Servant Problem*; Zangwill's *The Melting Pot*; Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*.

Act I.—Why is such a large cast necessary? Which characters are typical? Are any of the typical characters also intensely individual? Why have the dining-room too warm? Why have the newspaper read at the beginning of a Board meeting? Why is there division within the Board? Why is there division among the strikers? Which men stand out as uncompromising leaders? What is the motive back of the other members of the Board? What is Tench's motive for what he timidly urges? Characterize Harness and his view. What is his attitude toward "this old-fashioned tug-of-war business"? What has led him to this? Explain Roberts's power over the delegation of men. Is he hypnotic? Why has the meeting failed even to glimpse a solution? What is the dramatic value of Enid's talk with her father? of Tench's?

Act II, scene 1.—How does this scene gain from contrast with the preceding? Explain Madge Thomas's about-face when Enid speaks. Why does Enid fail in her charitable purpose? What shows the sincerity of the Robertses? Why does Roberts refuse even when Enid says *please*? Discuss Roberts's characterization of the workers. Compare it with Anthony's characterization of the other members of the Board. Has Roberts sized up the Board correctly? What is the dramatic purpose of Mr. Thomas's talk? of his daughter's talk with Rous? *Scene 2.*—Why this setting, rather than a hall? What is the internal strife among the workers? Are they influenced by Chapel? What purpose is served by the bargemen? Show the appropriateness of the language used by the various speakers. What qualities does Roberts especially display? Discuss his remarks on capital. Compare these with the Board's view of labor.

Act III.—How does Edgar's motive differ from that of the others? What has changed Enid's view? Is she now right? What is the dramatic value of the talk between brother and sister about the father? Can any one's "gloved hand cure the troubles of a century"? Explain Enid's "they're so touchy." Explain and show the value of Frost's view. Discuss the exchange between Madge and Enid. Compare the "personalities" of the Board meeting with the same element in the labor meeting. Compare Anthony's speech to the Board with that by Roberts to the labor gathering. Compare both with Mark Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar*. Why does Harness cry shame to Roberts? How is Roberts affected by the "go home"? In what sense are the two men who have just been broken "the two best men"? What is startling in Tench's last speech? Can you justify the final speech of the play?

Has any solution been reached? What has been accomplished? Read Abraham Lincoln's words on capital and labor, printed in this text.

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR SHAW'S *YOU NEVER CAN TELL*

Act I.—What is the purpose of the voluminous and minute stage directions? Can actors and stage managers be expected to attain to these fully? Is the opening usual or unusual? Artistic or realistic? Is the dialogue natural or elevated? Are the characters such as real life exhibit? Examine each one in this regard. What ideas are the subjects of the dramatist's satire? Follow this question also in the succeeding acts. How are we given to understand the family situation? Has the audience discovered the identity of Crampton before the end of the act? Has any of the characters? What do you judge is to be the main theme developed?

Act II.—When did Mrs. Clandon decide to have a lawyer explain to the children? What makes McComas's rôle especially difficult? What adds to the already complicated situation? Which character invariably saves the situation? Can it be too difficult for him? Do you agree with his theory that waiters are born, not made? What seems to be the function of the twins? Why doesn't Crampton leave and avoid meeting his family? Why is he put at the head of the table? Why the talk about the waiter's son? Which of the Crampton family gets most of our sympathy? Why? How does each effort to get closer in sympathy result in worse understanding? Is Valentine's courtship serious or humorous to the audience? What does the close of the act signify?

Act III.—What important secret of the mother's comes out? How does the interview between the mother and Valentine advance our understanding of the characters? Does it advance the story? Apply these two questions also to the same scene after Gloria enters. What is the purpose of Crampton's demand for custody of the minor children? Why is the meeting for the night arranged?

Act IV.—How are we prepared for the new character? Why does Crampton succeed better than before with Gloria? What is especially dramatic in the meeting between Bohun and the waiter? How does William again save the situations? What touch is added by the masquerade? Why does McComas succeed not so well as Crampton in keeping his temper? Characterize the final love scene.

Are the curtains effective? or are there stronger places before the curtain falls? Is the interest intellectual, emotional, or in the clashing of wills chiefly? Point out the best instances of humor, satire, and irony.

Discuss the following, quoted from the Introduction: "*You Never Can Tell* offers an amusing study of the play of social conventions. The Twins illustrate the disconcerting effect of that perfect frankness which would make life intolerable. Gloria demonstrates the powerlessness of reason to overcome natural instincts. The idea that parental duties and functions can be fulfilled by the light of such knowledge as man and woman can attain by intuition, is brilliantly lampooned. Crampton, the father, typifies the common superstition that among the privileges of parenthood are inflexibility, tyranny, and respect, the last entirely regardless of whether

it is deserved. The waiter, William, is the best illustration of the man 'who knows his place' that the stage has seen."

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR YEATS'S *THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE*

In his preface Mr. Yeats writes of this play and *The Countess Cathleen* as follows: "The first two plays in this book were written before I had any adequate knowledge of the stage, but all were written to be played. I have always looked upon the play written to be read only as an imperfect form, even for the reader, who would find it the more exciting for the vigorous structure, the working to a climax that had made it hold some fitting audience."

Do you find any evidence of a lack of "adequate knowledge of the stage" in *The Land of Heart's Desire*? Explain. Will the characters be easy to act? Will the stage effects be difficult?

In what does the dramatic struggle here consist? What is Maurteen's theory of a happy life? Whose was the happier life, the grandfather's with his "book and roaming bards" or Maurteen's with his "stocking full of silver and gold"? What are the virtues of the "land of faery"? Discuss Father Hart's exposition of life. What belief in the supernatural seems ingrained in all of the characters? Why is Maire not remorseful for giving the house "into the power of the faeries"? What does she mean by "drowsy love"? Does Shawn's statement, just before the Voice sings, bear this out? What does the song mean? What does the Child represent? Why does she shriek when she sees the crucifix? Why refuse the coin? Was the child "blaspheming"? Explain "No one whose heart is heavy with human tears can cross those little cressets of the wood." Why does Maire not hear the call "unto home and love"? Which member of the family is referred to in each of the four lines beginning "Where nobody gets old"? Can the fourth line, "And where kind tongues bring no captivity" be a true characterization? Explain the next two lines and their importance in the story. How can "in the name of your own heart" be more powerful than "by the dear name of the one crucified"? Because the crucifix had been taken from the room? What is significant in the death struggle? Why do some of the voices in the final song "seem to come from within the house"?

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR A GROUP OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

The Locked Chest, MASEFIELD.—Following Chaucer and Shakespeare, Masefield has borrowed his plot. The source is a Tale in the Laxdale Saga, which contains Icelandic stories of about the tenth century.

How is the opening situation made clear? Why are so few stage directions needed? How are characters portrayed? Where from the very first are our sympathies? Why? Is Thord meant as a humorous character? What is our attitude towards cowardice? towards a man weeping? What other traits does Thord show? Characterize Vigdis. In what ways are we made aware of Ingiald's character? Why are our sympathies rather

with Thorolf? What is Vigdis's purpose in the pretended keening for the dead? Why does she give up the key to the chest? Why does Ingiald not use the key? What do you think Thord meant by his last speech?

The Man on the Kerb, SUTRO.—Where in the play is past history of man and wife found? Are their actions in keeping with this past? Are they convincing? Is any remedy for this and similar problems offered? What is needed—a Robin Hood? a modification of social customs? a different industrial basis? Have these people brought this poverty upon themselves? Have they done all within their power to escape it? Did Joseph Matthews do right in looking to the future, instead of satisfying the needs of present hunger? Is there a definite implication in the concluding cry?

Spreading the News, LADY GREGORY.—This is a typical farce of the Celtic Renaissance, which plays such a large part in literature at the present time. Note the language and the characterization especially. How is the foundation for misunderstanding laid from the very first? Upon what traits does the growing of the report depend? How does it continue, even after the end of the play? How is the play a mirror held up to life?

Riders to the Sea, SYNGE.—What qualities have given this play rank as one of the greatest of modern tragedies? With which has it more kinship, Elizabethan or Greek tragedy? Which is the central character? Is the tragedy Bartley's or the mother's? What has brought upon her this "rooted sorrow"? Why does she fail to give Bartley her blessing? In what spirit does she receive the news of his tragic death? Discuss the language of the play. Would it have been better in poetic form?

The Merry Merry Cuckoo, JEANNETTE MARKS.—Show the exact suitability of the setting to the action and of the action to the characters. What is the theme of the play? Read Burns's poem, "John Anderson, My Jo." How do the other three characters serve? How does the music serve? Discuss the language. Why isn't such a word as "lad" out of place between such aged people?

SECTION THREE

THE NOVEL

THIS form of literature, overshadowing other forms during the nineteenth century, bids fair to continue its popularity during the twentieth. Since novels have been and are being written in vast quantities, much time and energy are saved and disappointment avoided by frequently using the outcome of various sifting agencies such as time, reviewers, librarians, and friends whose opinion one values. Four novels are examined briefly in the following pages; however, it is recommended that not more than one be studied in class. The four are of widely differing types. Two or more additional should be read during the year. These may well be chosen from the remaining three, or from the following suggested list of titles:

The Little Minister.....	James M. Barrie
Buried Alive.....	Arnold Bennett
Coniston.....	Winston Churchill
The Moonstone.....	Wilkie Collins
Nigger of the Narcissus (Children of the Sea).....	Joseph Conrad
David Copperfield.....	Charles Dickens
Nicholas Nickleby.....	" "
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.....	Sir A. Conan Doyle
Mill on the Floss.....	"George Eliot"
Kim.....	Rudyard Kipling
The Broad Highway.....	Jeffrey Farnol
The Freelanders.....	John Galsworthy
A Modern Instance.....	William Dean Howells
Ramona.....	Helen Hunt Jackson
Septimus.....	William J. Locke
An Iceland Fisherman.....	Pierre Loti
Seats of the Mighty.....	Gilbert Parker
The Harbor.....	Ernest Poole
Adventures of Harry Revel.....	Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
The Cloister and the Hearth.....	Charles Reade
Old Mortality.....	Sir Walter Scott
Master of Ballantrae.....	Robert Louis Stevenson
Barchester Towers.....	Anthony Trollope

Fortitude.....	Hugh Walpole
The Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath (sequel).....	James Lane Allen
Pride and Prejudice.....	Jane Austen
The Light in the Clearing.....	Irving Bacheller
Mr. Isaacs.....	F. Marion Crawford
Hugh Wynne.....	S. Weir Mitchell
The Pit.....	Frank Norris
The Gentleman from Indiana.....	Booth Tarkington
Ben Hur.....	Lew Wallace

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR GEORGE ELIOT'S *SILAS MARNER*

Chapter I.—Are time and place told definitely? Using the hints, give the setting approximately. Why is there no elaborate setting, as in a novel by Scott or Dickens? How many introductory elements are given in the one sentence at the beginning of the second paragraph? Where is Marner's personality most fully described? Upon which peculiarity is stress laid? How much of the story had taken place before this time? Why does the story move backward fifteen years? Why wasn't Lantern Yard made more prominent in the introduction? Are there any touches in the description of William Dane that help us accept as probable his treachery? In what fundamentals of life did Silas lose faith? Are there indications that this change in his character is thorough and lasting?

Chapter II.—What incident shows the start of Marner's miserliness? What made the gold attractive to him? Why could not his pity and helpfulness in the case of Sally Oates save him? What does his refusal to take money for his knowledge of herbs signify? How does village superstition build up a barrier between the people and Silas? What has his gold become to him? What does the episode of the broken pot show?

Chapter III.—Does this seem to be the same plot as that started in Chapter I? Is village gossip a good medium for explaining Red House affairs? Is the gossip borne out by the facts? Compare Dunstan and William Dane. Just what dangers threaten Godfrey at this moment? What in his nature has led him into Dunstan's power? What in his environment aided this? What potential virtues in Godfrey? What in him do you think attracted Nancy?

Chapter IV.—How does the second plot begin to link itself with the first? What steps lead Dunstan to the theft of Marner's money? Have you any excuse for him? How does his crime become a distinct step in the advance of the main action? How, in Chapters III and IV, are characters revealed?

Chapter V.—Why did Marner feel that his treasure was safe from robbers? Why does the author stress this fact? What has been the character effect of his love for gold? What act of his makes us realize most vividly the shock of the loss of his gold? Why did he get into the seat at his loom? What had he done when his troubles had come upon him at Lantern Yard? Why is he so eager to fix the blame on a thief? Why doesn't his agitation take the form of revenge? Is there any indication of Marner's possible restoration to faith?

Chapter VI.—What is the purpose of this chapter? Does it in any way advance the plot? What is the mood of the Rainbow company? On what sort of thoughts are their minds engaged? Do these points bear out the impressions you had previously conceived? Is each villager given individuality? Does this persist?

Chapter VII.—How does the opening scene connect with the preceding chapter? What makes Marner's appearance startling? What new impulses are aroused in him by his present distress? What evidence does he give of regard for the feelings of others? What does this show to be still possible in him? Is there likelihood that his loss may in the long run become his gain?

Chapter VIII.—What is the purpose of the chapter? Are the villagers' speculations characteristic of people in their station? What influences their judgment? Why does Marner cling to the view that the pedler is the thief? What are the best instances of humor in Chapters VII and VIII? How do the misfortune with Wildfire and the failure of Dunstan to appear affect Godfrey's case? Where do you think Dunstan is? What is the Squire's character? What influence has it on the character of his sons?

Chapter IX.—Do the preliminaries promise well for Godfrey's interview? What has been the result of the Squire's "business methods"? Why is he so opposed to the idea of peace? What are his leading traits of character? In what respects do his sons resemble him? What inference does he draw when Godfrey mentions the loss of Wildfire? Why doesn't Godfrey tell his father the exact truth and the whole truth now? What new danger threatens him at the end of the interview? Why is he especially prone to depend upon chance? Is he cowardly? How do the time of the story and the seclusion of Raveloe help him keep his secret?

Chapter X.—What brings the full extent of Marner's crushed condition before us? To what new influences is he now accessible? What is the significance of the fact that Dunstan's absence is unfelt? Why was his absence not connected with the robbery? How was Mr. Macey's attitude characteristic? How was his visit similar in purpose to Dolly Winthrop's? Account for the different results. What is Mrs. Winthrop's religion? How are Godfrey's troubles made dramatic?

Chapter XI.—What is the purpose of this chapter? What had we previously learned about Nancy? What new traits are brought out here? What other characters are portrayed? Compare this chapter with Chapter VI. Do the scenes here advance the story? Why have us observe the party through the eyes of the villagers? What have the Raveloe gentry in common with the villagers?

Chapter XII.—What is your opinion of Molly? Is this influenced by the fact that her motive is revenge? By the fact that she uses opium? How much of her hatred is just? Has she any love for her child? Account for Marner's condition when Eppie comes. When had these trances played a part in his life before? In what ways is the child's coming connected with the gold? What new feelings and impulses are aroused when he discovers the child?

Chapter XIII.—In what way is Silas's entry dramatic? Explain why Godfrey instantly recognizes the child. Is his action in this chapter

natural? What is the worst feature of his spiritual reaction in this crisis? Has he any love for his child? How does Silas come to assert his independent will? What indicates a change in him? How is Dolly Winthrop's character brought out more emphatically?

Chapter XIV.—Why does Marner refer to the loss of his gold in connection with the finding of the child? What is his chief anxiety? How does the child draw him back to social and Christian relations? What is its influence upon his own character? What is his motive in life now?

Chapter XV.—What is your estimate of Godfrey's virtue? How do Chapters XIV and XV prepare you for intervening years? In Chapter XIII we were prepared for an interval of how many years in Godfrey's story?

Chapter XVI.—What changes have the years brought in Godfrey? Nancy? Silas? Is Eppie the young woman you would expect, judging from her parents? What has been Marner's influence upon her? What has Godfrey done for her? What has wrought the change in Silas? What shows the change? What was Dolly's solution of the problem of Marner's life? Was she right? What has Silas come to realize about human life? What is the effect of this realization? What is signified by the fact that Eppie wishes to include the furze bush in the garden? Who is causing the stone-pits to be drained?

Chapter XVII.—What is the purpose of this chapter? Describe Nancy as seen now. What punishment has come to Godfrey? Why must Nancy share in it? In what ways is the memory of his early sins still alive? Why does Nancy refuse to adopt a child? Why didn't Godfrey tell her the whole truth when she refused?

Chapter XVIII.—Does the discovery in the stone-pit make necessary the disclosure of Godfrey's secrets? Why does he make the revelation? Does Nancy react as you expected? Give your reasons. Why is Godfrey's miscalculation called "futile"? What has shown him his real self? Does his selfishness end here, or does it look to the future also? To what coming event do we now look?

Chapter XIX.—What shows the completeness of the change in Marner? What explanation does he give of the reason for his loss? What is your explanation? Does the loss fit in with Dolly's religious ideas? How is Godfrey's arrival prepared for? In the struggle that follows, which side represents unselfish love? Which is more severely tested, Silas or Eppie? How does each stand the test? How can Nancy approve her husband's action? Does the retribution seem too severe on Godfrey? Can you justify Eppie's action? Was Marner's course right? Which of his statements to Godfrey put the case best?

Chapter XX.—What lesson has Godfrey learned? Does his statement indicate how his punishment fits his crime? Had you expected him to agree with Marner? What lesson also for his future life with Nancy? How does Eppie suffer for her father's sin?

Chapter XXI.—Why should Silas visit Lantern Yard? Is it a fault in the story that he is unable to find out about his former brethren? How does Dolly explain it? Has the story concluded before the "Conclusion"? Compare the conclusion with the introduction. Is this a suitable last glimpse of Marner? What is the use of the village gossip?

General Questions.—What is the theme of the Silas Marner story? Of the Godfrey Cass story? Which seems the more important in the novel? Quote passages to show each theme.

How much of the story is introductory? Is the setting suited to the theme? Are the characters true to life? Are they suited to the parts they play?

Classify the characters into natural groups. Which are the principal characters? Which are background characters? Which characters experience the most important changes in the course of the story? What are the great crises in Marner's life? Trace the steps by which he became a miser; by which he was reëstablished in human relations. Which characters help in this? What is the evidence that his restoration is complete? Are characters portrayed mostly by what they do? by what they say? or by the author's comments?

Are there two main plots, or is one a sub-plot? Do they run parallel or do they cross? Outline each, showing the important moments. By what three persons and events are the two plots interwoven? What is the inciting force in the story? What are the obstacles to be overcome? Where is the turning point? Where is the climax in interest? Does interest keep up to the end? Compared with the plots of other novels, is this one simple? Can you make a title for each chapter so that these will show definitely the progress and the inter-relation of the two plots? Are the plots devised for their own sake, or for the sake of the growth of the characters? What opportunities do the plots give for pathos? for humor? for philosophy?

Find and copy into a list several examples of the author's philosophy which she has epigrammatically stated; for example, "The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong-doing will breed hate in the kindest nature" (end of Chapter III), and "When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in" (Chapter XIX). Was punishment for Dunstan's crime fitting? Show instances where Marner's inner struggle receives an outward visible form. Many novels trace character changes from good to evil and others trace from evil to good. Has the author gained here by tracing both in the same character? Why didn't the author use a more attractive personality than Silas to serve her purpose?

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

In his preface to this novel Goldsmith wrote, "There are a hundred faults in this Thing." It will be well for the reader to realize these as he enjoys the "thousand truths and beauties" that have made the book live. This novel plus the poem *The Deserted Village* and the comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* have made Goldsmith one of the most beloved of English authors.

This idyl of domestic life comes less from Goldsmith's imagination than from his experience. It will be well to study the author's life first, and to refer to it frequently as the story advances.

Chapter I.—What does Goldsmith gain by pretending that he is Dr.

Primrose and writing the story in the first person? What does he or any other author lose by this method of writing? What qualities in a wife would "wear well" with the Vicar? What foundation for a plot in the characters of the two daughters?

Chapter II.—What are the Vicar's hobbies? Has he any prejudices? Why is the question of monogamy made so prominent here? How do you like the epitaph idea? Why are the family so happy? What is the incentive moment of the plot?

Chapter III.—In what sense was the family poorly prepared for misfortune? Why does the Vicar think George well prepared for success in life? Do you agree? What is the character of Sir William Thornhill? How do we learn this? Why does the Vicar like Mr. Burchell?

Chapter IV.—Characterize the rural scenes to which the family has moved. What basis of happiness have they here? What difference between husband and wife over "neatness" versus "frippery"? Is this a fundamentally important point in life?

Chapter V.—How does the difference between husband and wife continue? Why was each polite to Thornhill? How is the real feeling of each of the two daughters towards Thornhill shown?

Chapter VI.—Why is the Vicar so sure that Sophia will not fall in love with Mr. Burchell? Why did the Vicar overturn the "wash"? Was his method strictly honest?

Chapter VII.—Why the different opinions regarding the Squire? What is your opinion? What was then the importance of disputations?

Chapter VIII.—Why does the Vicar now dislike Mr. Burchell? Can such a cause produce genuine dislike? Why does Goldsmith introduce the ballad? What moral does it contain? What lines are often quoted?

Chapter IX.—What is the Vicar's real opinion of the ladies from town? How is this shown? Why does Thornhill demand "if I had any objections to giving prayers"?

Chapter X.—Relate the gypsy prophecy to the plot. What elements of humor in the attempt to go to church in style?

Chapter X.—What is the implication in Mr. Burchell's "fudge"? What was the purpose of the town ladies' conversation? How did it succeed? What does the Vicar seem to dislike in city life?

Chapter XII.—What has made the account of Moses and the green spectacles so famous? Does Moses show any of Goldsmith's qualities?

Chapter XIII.—Does the Vicar seem sincerely satisfied by Mr. Burchell's departure? To whom does the Vicar intend the fable to apply?

Chapter XIV.—Are you surprised that the Vicar is so easily imposed upon? Does this repetition of Moses's experience help the plot? How is Dr. Primrose saved such mortification as Moses endured?

Chapter XV.—What other possible interpretation of the letter? Is the Vicar conscious of this? Who has the better in the tilt between Mrs. Primrose and Mr. Burchell? between the Vicar and Mr. Burchell?

Chapter XVI.—What is the purpose of the portrait experience? Is the Vicar satisfied to let his wife carry on her schemes? Who is deceived? Is there any self-deception?

Chapter XVII.—What significance in Olivia's actions in regard to Mr.

Williams? What is the effect of the happy family scene just before her flight? Has the ballad any relation to the story? Why does the Vicar accept Dick's account so readily? How does he accept this new calamity? How does Mrs. Primrose accept it?

Chapter XVIII.—Where before have appearances deceived the Vicar? Do any incidents in the chapter have any part in the plot?

Chapter XIX.—What in this chapter touches the plot? How can you account for the remainder of it?

Chapter XX.—What events from Goldsmith's life are used here? What are his opinions of the author's profession? On what did George depend for success? Why did he fail?

Chapter XXI.—How did Thornhill plan to win Miss Wilmot? Whom must he deceive to succeed? Characterize his "piece of service" for George. What event in the chapter is theatric? What is Olivia's character?

Chapter XXII.—Is the burning of the house explained? Is the story advanced? Characterize Olivia's homecoming.

Chapter XXIII.—What is the purpose of the story from the "romancing historian"? What is your opinion of the Vicar's philosophy?

Chapter XXIV.—Characterize his actions towards Thornhill. Why would his family have acted otherwise? What was the direct cause of his new calamity?

Chapter XXV.—Why is Dr. Primrose in prison? How did his imprisonment dishearten him? How did his family live?

Chapter XXVI.—What was the condition of prisons and of criminal law in England in the eighteenth century? What traits of character in the Vicar shine brightest here?

Chapter XXVII.—What valuable principle in this prison reform? How much in these two chapters is digression?

Chapter XXVIII.—Trace the cumulative misfortunes. Compare with the first chapter of the Book of Job. Where are his fortunes at lowest ebb?

Chapter XXIX.—Discuss the Vicar's philosophy. What is his consolation? How would he have his family consoled?

Chapters XXX and XXXI.—The untangling comes rapidly. Does it come naturally? What is due to happy accident? Who are the agents? Have we expected them to act thus?

Chapter XXXII.—How is the conclusion conventional? How in keeping?

General Questions.—Plot.—Are there any elements of plot structure lacking? What incidents are most extravagant? What are the large divisions of the story? What is the theme? Where do description and conversation best help the interest in the plot?

Character.—Are the characters individuals or types? Which character is the most natural? Which most overdone? What are the Vicar's strong and weak points? Did he think himself superior to his family? to his neighbors? How is he like the preacher in the *Deserted Village*? Which persons display shrewd knowledge of human nature? Which do you like most warmly? Which do you admire most?

Compare the condition of the family at the beginning and at the

end of the story. Was their misfortune due to themselves? Was the return to prosperity due to themselves?

Was the novel written for its plot, its characters, or its moral lesson?

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR THACKERAY'S HENRY ESMOND

Preface.—Should this be read before or after the novel? What does it contain that is of introductory nature? Why have it here rather than in the story? What in the Preface partakes of the nature of a conclusion?

Book I.—Familiarize yourself with the historical and social background of the novel. Where does the action of the story begin? What is the relation of the events in Chapters I and II to Chapters III-VI? to Chapters VII-XIV? Why the change from chronological order? What is the relation of these personal actions to history? Is the history more important than the story? Which do you here judge to be the three leading characters? How do we get our ideas of these characters? Who is ostensibly writing the story? In what places does he slip from third person to first? Is this accident, or a part of Thackeray's art? What do we gather concerning the religion of those days? concerning university life? concerning social customs, such as gambling and dueling? What part did smallpox play in the eighteenth century? For what reason or reasons was Lady Castlewood so angry when smallpox was brought into her family? What was her motive in sending Esmond to college? Why did her husband so readily acquiesce? How are the relations of Mohun and Castlewood of vital importance to the plot? Why does Henry burn Lord Castlewood's confession? Have you any surmise regarding what the confession was? What difference does Esmond's conduct here make for the remainder of the story?

Book II.—Which seems more important in Book II, historical action or development of the plot? What is the author's opinion of war? Upon what is this based? What seems to have been the relation between war and patriotism in those days? Read Southey's "After Blenheim." How was soldiering then more of a profession? Are there historical grounds for the author's charges regarding Marlborough? Is the author's treatment of history realistic or romantic? How do the historical events carry forward the story? What progress does the plot make during Book II? What character development? Is there more, or less, development than the passing of years would lead us to expect? How can you account for Lady Castlewood's treatment of Esmond in prison. Discuss Thackeray's treatment of the Dowager Viscountess. What seems to be her function in the story? Why are so many chapter titles in this part of the book put in the first person? How does the Vigo Bay expedition advance the story? Of what importance are the numerous battles to the story?

Book III.—Trace the stages in Lady Castlewood's regard for Esmond, from the first to the very end of the story. Does the story end abruptly? What indications come from time to time that she, instead of Beatrix, is the heroine? Who was M. Simon? In bringing the Pretender to England, what part does Frank play? Is this part of the novel historical? Which side has the reader's sympathy—Stuarts or Hanoverians? Does this continue to the

end? Give reasons for your answer. Is the character of the Pretender drawn true to history?

General Questions.—Of the three leading characters, which possessed the greatest possibilities of development? Why does she fail so tragically? Trace her development from childhood; what elements of character persisted throughout? Do you agree with Thackeray that Esmond was a prig? If so, how is this established, when he himself tells the story? What hereditary weaknesses did he overcome? Did he inherit some of his virtues? Account for inconsistencies in Lady Castlewood's treatment of him. Did he have any real grounds for prophesying American independence? Will Esmond make a good planter in Virginia? Of what use to the plot are the great generals, politicians, and noblemen?

What sequel did Thackeray write to this novel? Thackeray's *English Humorists* is also of interest in connection with *Esmond*. Discuss Thackeray's treatment, in *Henry Esmond*, of Steele, Addison, and Swift; also his references to Pope, Dryden, Congreve, Gay, Prior, and other authors. What was the relation of authorship to politics in Queen Anne's time? Is the "Paper Out of the *Spectator*" a good imitation? Are the circumstances regarding Addison's writing "The Campaign" substantially correct? Are these points of literary history brought in for the story, or for their own sakes?

What other historical novels have you read? Compare these with *Henry Esmond*. What differences in historical method? Do the events of this story seem to have been written by a contemporary of Queen Anne? Does it seem that Thackeray's century, the nineteenth, hasn't yet come into existence? By what tricks of style does the purported author make the story convincing? What is gained by the footnotes? Does Thackeray copy eighteenth century usages? Within a few pages, Beatrix is called Miss Beatrix, Mrs. Beatrix, Mistress Beatrix, Madam Beatrix, and Madame Beatrix. What was the usage of the eighteenth century regarding especially the first three—Miss, Mrs., and Mistress? Thackeray had the reputation of being the greatest satirist of his age. Does satire play a part in his style here?

Is the plot well constructed? What is the turning-point? the dénouement? What lines of action converge here?

Thackeray's interest in this story grew out of his preparation of the lectures on *English Humorists*. Like George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, *Esmond* was written within a very few months. Unlike Thackeray's other novels, it was not published serially. It is by far his shortest novel. Compare it with *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* in style and method of development of his ideas. What advantages has *Esmond*?

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR PARKER'S *THE RIGHT OF WAY*

Chapter I.—Why are the events not told in chronological order, instead of having the "not guilty" at the very beginning? Is "not guilty" the real conclusion to the chapter? Why not give the lawyer's plea in direct quotation instead of as it is told? What characters do you expect to learn more about? Which ones will have prominent parts? Why do you think so?

II.—What is implied in the concluding words of the chapter? What are your character-impressions of Kathleen? Charley? Billy? the Reverend John Brown? Characterize the love scene, especially the dialogue.

Chapter III.—Have the two men, during the five years, become what you expected? What forebodings of trouble? *IV.*—What must be the nature of Charley's discovery? Who are they in heliotrope and scarlet? What is the state of affairs now between Charley and Kathleen? *V.*—From what is the "fatherless children and widows" etc. quoted? What is Charley's "plan of campaign"? Any foreshadowing in the dropping of the wedding-ring? *VI.*—Was Billy Wantage "worth it"? Why did Charley lock the door? How has this disgrace been traceable to his acts? *VII.*—From what does peace result? Which is the type of truer peace,—Father Hallon or Suzon? What is the meaning of his verses? Has he any design in going to the Côte Dorion? *VIII.*—"Alive or dead"—which? Did he bring this upon himself according to plan? What is the value of his song? Of his sermon? Why treat Jake Hough as he did?

Chapter IX.—Do we need to wait for the closing words to catch the identity of this riverman? *X.*—Do the Curé and Marcel come to the right conclusion? What gives us every confidence in the surgeon? *XI.*—Describe Charley's returning consciousness. What are Jo's fears? Why have Kathleen's wedding to Fairing told by the newspapers? Had Jo known? In what way was the case like *Enoch Arden*? How different?

Chapter XII.—Explain Charley's feeling of detachment. Why is he without "the old pose in his manner" in talking with the Curé? What is his fear when the registered parcel is announced? Why does he not give his real name? Why choose Mallard? What inference do you draw from his meeting with Rosalie? *XIII.*—What is vital in his fight for self-mastery? Why not become a notary rather than a tailor? *XIV.*—For what purpose is retrospect used here—character or plot? Why isn't more given for both characters? Has Rosalie consciously taken the rôle of heroine? Sum up her character. *XV.*—What purpose is accomplished by the watermark? Why does he buy all the paper? *XVI.*—What shows finest in Charley? The old, struggling with the new—show just what that means in Charley's case. *XVII.*—Why reveal on paper these thoughts of Charley's? Why did he write, if only to burn? What is the tailor's motive? his plan? *XVIII.*—What characteristic of the *habitants* is portrayed? What has led them to fix upon Charley as the probable thief? *XIX.*—How are Rosalie's actions made natural and proper? Why should Charley wish Trudel's crime kept secret? *XX.*—What shows best the character of the Curé? Why not have Trudel speak the next word before he dies?

Chapter XXI.—What new and definite purpose here enters the story? *XXII.*—Do you think you have known "the woman who saw" in the story before? Explain. *XXIII.*—Again, what is the importance of the secret? What is the influence of the scene upon Charley? *XXIV.*—Characterize the Seigneur. What seems his function in the story just here? How are we led on to the next chapter? *XXV.*—Why had Charley gone off at once? Why is this told through the voluble colonel?

Chapter XXVI.—What, in the struggle with the old life, is here hardest

for Charley to bear? XXVII.—Why had he not previously recognized Jo Portugais as Joseph Nadeau? XXVIII.—Of what is the Seigneur giving warning? Why? XXIX.—Why are we now given the details of the murder? What shows the extent of Jo's suffering? XXX.—What creates the suspense of this and succeeding chapters? XXXI.—What did Charley take from the shelf? How can he enjoy the "good struggle" when every move means such danger to him and to others? XXXII.—Has Jo more motives than one for his confession? Explain. XXXIII.—What is Rosalie's motive for her threat?

Chapter XXXIV.—Show the application of the chapter heading. How was Charley saved from the "ambush"? Why did he not use the surgeon's antidote? XXXV.—Why did he take so much pleasure in labor? Why does Dauphin make this revelation? Discuss Charley's advice to Dauphin. XXXVI.—What influence had "The Baffled Quest" upon the scene? XXXVII.—Why does this scene affect Charley differently from other tragic scenes in which he, as lawyer, must have had part? XXXVIII.—"Something was left out of this man when he was made." Explain. What is the purpose of the "More airs than Beauty Steele"? XXXIX.—Is this quarrel a natural one? What is its purpose in the plot? XL.—Why has Rosalie come to be re-assured? XLI.—What purpose is served by the seigneur's offer of marriage? In what different ways have we been prepared for the accusation against Rosalie? XLII.—How are the events of the trial scene made as thrilling as the events themselves were? How and why does this differ from the conventional trial scene? XLIII.—What makes Jo's story most affecting? Why has he told it? Why has he failed? XLIV.—Why not have Charley tell more exactly who Kathleen was?

Chapter XLV.—Is all told that we need for these six months? Why take the daring trip to Montreal? XLVI.—Why talk with Jolicoeur first? Why not make himself known to Rosalie? XLVII.—What would the outcome have been, if Rosalie had pursued Kathleen? XLVIII.—Explain the feeling that the end of all "was not far off." XLIX.—Which should have settled the problem of life or death for Kathleen—the old or the new Charley Steele? Though Jo the murderer could not have done what Charley did, why does he kiss his companion's hand? L.—Can you justify the title to this chapter? LI.—"Fate is one's self, what one brings on one's self." Show how this is proved or not proved in the case of the leading characters in this story. Is the same true in *Enoch Arden*? If so, prove it. Why does Charley refuse to pray? LII.—What purpose or purposes in the closing incident? Why the decision to exclude strangers for the last three days? LIII.—Explain "Life is deeper than the world or worldly wisdom." LIV.—Discuss the theories regarding casting characters in a Biblical play. LV.—What has this scene to contribute to the discussion? LVI.—Does Charley need Mrs. Flinn's encouragement?

Chapter LVII.—What does the burning of the church mean to the *habitants*? How can the two men be so reckless of their lives? Why have Charley's speech given indirectly as in Chapter I instead of directly? LVIII.—Does Billy "fit in" as a robber? Why shouldn't he, instead of John Brown, have paid with his life? LIX.—Did the bandage slip, or was it slipped? Is it the old or the new Charley Steele who meets Death? LX.—Why

shouldn't Kathleen have raised the latch? In *Enoch Arden*, the dying man takes steps to see that his wife will be informed that he is dead. Why not here? *LXI.*—How is it appropriate to bury the valuable cross with Charley?

Epilogue.—What is the significance of the name, *Madame* Rosalie? Why shouldn't the robbers have been brought to justice?

SECTION FOUR

THE SHORT STORY

THIS section, together with the following which deals with essays, should connect vitally with the student's use of the current magazine, one of the most powerful agencies of modern life. Which magazines, and which particular stories and essays in these magazines, are worth reading? The study of the following specimens should help to answer not only which to read, but also how. While the class is delving into this collection of stories and essays that have made their mark, the current magazines should take on a new meaning. Constantly there issues from the monthly and weekly press excellent literature by new and by well-known authors. Each class should set itself to solve locally the problem of how the individual members can best become familiar with three or four of the best monthly magazines and two or three of the best weekly publications. Comparisons between the textbook stories and the current stories should be frequent; and if the judgment of the class favors the story of the current issue, all the more should we give honor to our living authors.

That the suggested "Further Readings" may be available, a half dozen collections of good short stories should be accessible in the school library. The following are possible choices:

Collections of Short Stories

Great English Short Story Writers, 2 vols. Dawson. Harper Bros.
Selected English Short Stories. Walker, Hugh. Oxford University Press.
The Great Modern English Stories. O'Brien, Edward J. Boni and Liveright.
Modern Short Stories. Law, Frederick H. The Century Co.
The Great Modern American Stories. Howells, W. D. Boni and Liveright.
Short Stories for High Schools. Mikels, Rosa M. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Short Story. Matthews, Brander. American Book Company.
Types of the Short Story. Heydrick, Benjamin A. Scott, Foresman and Co.
Short Stories. Moulton, Leonard B. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Short Stories of Various Types. Freck, Laura F. Charles E. Merrill Company.
Selected Short Stories. Fuess, Claude M. Charles E. Merrill Company.
Americans All. Heydrick, Benjamin A. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

- The Joy in Work: Ten Short Stories of Today. Laselle, Mary A. Henry Holt and Company.
- Short Stories of the New America. Laselle, Mary A. Henry Holt and Company.
- Today's Short Stories Analyzed. Neal, Robert W. Oxford University Press.
- The Book of the Short Story. Jessup and Canby. D. Appleton and Company.
- American Short Stories. Baldwin, Charles S. Longmans, Green and Company.
- World's Greatest Short Stories. Cody, Sherwin. A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Short Story Classics, 5 vols. Patten, William. Colliers.
- Little Masterpieces of Fiction, 8 vols. Mabie and Strachey. Doubleday, Page and Company.
- Representative Short Stories. Hart and Perry. The Macmillan Company.
- Atlantic Narratives. Thomas, Charles S. Atlantic Monthly Press.
- Modern Short Stories. Ashmun, Margaret. The Macmillan Company.
- Short Stories of America. Ramsay, Robert L. Houghton Mifflin Company.

If the class prefers a volume of short stories for home reading, one or more of the following may well be substituted for a novel as indicated in the list at the beginning of the preceding section:

Volumes of Short Stories

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| Marjorie Daw and Other Stories..... | Thomas Bailey Aldrich |
| Flute and Violin..... | James Lane Allen |
| The Country Road..... | Alice Brown |
| Short Sixes..... | Henry C. Bunner |
| Old Creole Days..... | George W. Cable |
| Gallegher and Other Stories..... | Richard Harding Davis |
| Old Chester Tales..... | Margaret Deland |
| Dr. Lavender's People..... | " " |
| A New England Nun and Other Stories..... | Mary E. Wilkins Freeman |
| Main Traveled Roads..... | Hamlin Garland |
| Twice Told Tales..... | Nathaniel Hawthorne |
| Tales of the Home Folks..... | Joel Chandler Harris |
| The Four Million..... | "O. Henry" |
| The Voice of the City..... | " " |
| The Luck of Roaring Camp..... | Bret Harte |
| Tales of a Traveler..... | Washington Irving |
| A Country Doctor..... | Sarah Orne Jewett |
| A White Heron and Other Stories..... | " " " |
| The Queen's Twin and Other Stories..... | " " " |
| The Day's Work..... | Rudyard Kipling |
| Little Citizens..... | Myra Kelly |
| Marse Chan, Me Lady..... | Thomas Nelson Page |
| Prose Tales..... | Edgar Allan Poe |
| Otto the Knight and Other Stories..... | "Octave Thanet" |
| Oath of Allegiance and Other Stories..... | Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward |
| Children of the Ghetto..... | Israel Zangwill |

The short story is well within the reach of the creative abilities of students in the third year of high school. Most composition texts for third and fourth years give help in short-story writing. Such stories by pupils should emulate the shorter short stories contained in the present text. That students may have the incentive that comes from knowing what their contemporaries in other schools accomplish, a specimen short story is here reprinted by courtesy of *The Tahoma*:

THE BENEFACTOR

MARVIN MACLEAN

BY A RABBIT BURROW behind the cabin the hungry cat had crouched with inconceivable patience for the better part of an hour. Within the cabin were a sickly woman and a boy. The cat did not know it, but they were as hungry as he.

Long spears of ice drooped from the eaves of the cabin. The pines near by sagged beneath a soggy burden of snow. A watery, pale sun that gave no heat sank early behind the ragged spires of the trees, and the gray sky burned with sullen streaks of crimson. The crimson faded, and the tree-tops melted into the dusk.

The snow was covered with vague black shadows. The cat crouched deeper in his hollow, till he was as vague and black as the shadows; but his eyes were lambently green as jade. The wet snow packed about him, but he did not stir.

The boy flung the door back on its leathern hinges; then he shut it quickly behind him that the room's hoarded heat might not escape. He shivered for a moment on the doorstep.

"Puss, puss!" he called in coaxing tones, and peered searchingly through the dark. His breath as he called made white jets of fog.

No cat appeared. The boy lingered only a moment before he flailed his arms about him and went in. It was much too chilly to wait for cats.

A pallid moon loomed above the frayed points of the forest and threw a silver, chilly light over the snow. The yellow eye of a lamp winked brightly from the cabin window. To the cat the light promised warmth and shelter, but not food. He still crouched motionless before the burrow. A gathering rime pointed his fur stiffly, and his whiskers were tipped with ice. He was wet and cold and cramped, but he humped his back to these discomforts imperturbably. Had the cat been a reasoning animal, he might have quitted in disgust; but the cat did not reason, he only waited.

A wind from the north began to hum cuttingly through the trees. It blew a sharp, smarting powder into the cat's face, and he snuggled still closer in his damp hollow. A withered branch cracked sharply under the dragging weight of snow, and the woods became full of little noises; but he did not stir.

Presently, down the wind was blown faintly the wailing, lonesome cry of a coyote. The cat hated and feared coyotes, and his tail swelled and bristled, but nothing could drive him away from the burrow.

Then a fleecy scarf of cloud tailed across the sky, and for a long minute the moon swam through mist. The clouds parted and the moon poured her bland, full light through the tangle of trees and exposed the burrow pitilessly. A rabbit humped slowly forth, pivoting its long ears spasmodically and sniffing suspiciously into the wind. The cat rose noiselessly from his hiding, arched like a diver, and sprang; and he and the rabbit broke through the crust of snow and spun over and over. There was a flurry, a pitiful startled gasp, and the rabbit's head doubled over its shoulder limply.

A gray whirl of smoke twisted away from the chimney; through the cabin window poured a stream of friendly yellow light. The cat padded round and round his prize, his tail moving serpent-like. But the stoicism of waiting was gone now; the wind blew colder; the snow was damper and more chill. With a quick thrust of the head, the cat seized the lifeless rabbit and trotted off toward the cabin.

In the cabin sat the sickly woman with the colored blanket about her. The boy was carefully baking two potatoes—all they had.

The blood of the rabbit made a soppy red trail as the cat dragged it onto the doorstep and then yowled plaintively. The boy flung the door open and peered down at the cat, his eyes glad with glad surprise.

"Judas Priest!" he exclaimed, devoutly. "Ma, look here what Tom has got!"

The sickly woman leaned forward in her chair, her waxen cheeks glowing faintly. "The Lord provides," she whispered reverently.

Then the boy laid violent hands upon the rabbit, although the cat scratched him viciously; and the savory odor of broth soon warmed the hearts of the hungry couple.

"Tom shall have the bones!" exclaimed the generous boy; "every one of them. Tom, you are a benefactor!"

But the cat's eyes gleamed amber under the lamp.

THE THREE STRANGERS

THOMAS HARDY¹

AMONG THE FEW FEATURES of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the

¹1840 ——. English novelist and poet.

house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 1822, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdropping flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced, for that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief, or living, room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid sat beneath the corner cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not, to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in one another's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there till they should be required for ministering to the needs

of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind; the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of the full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad, wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had

somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draft from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with

the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops, lights that denoted the situation of the county town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night the pedestrian appeared upon the doormat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traypsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say. I'll take a seat in the chimney corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am, for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—farther up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said, quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer, "and that is a little 'baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your 'baccy box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band, about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat. He, too, was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout; large, heavy seals of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL i CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly.

"It is goodish mead," asserted Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now, the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey—four pounds to the gallon, with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" asked the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight tomorrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work tomorrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we," replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must be up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draft of friendship before I go, and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger, disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not content wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began:

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney corner, who, at the singer's word "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see;
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county-man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse, but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company among whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

"Tomorrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
Tomorrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

The stranger in the chimney corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

"And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed, to their surprise, that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew farther and farther from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

"... circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney corner, who said, quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd, involuntarily. "And surely we've seed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained."

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly,

and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the King's royal crown a-painted on en in yeller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a King's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied——"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there,

he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first, confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight rambles over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep, they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle

their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable, sternly, to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable, impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? And if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too! Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culprit!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence.

On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at the sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer, coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it, and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for 's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate. "Your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration; so that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown track-way or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

This story is from *Wessex Tales*. Hardy's "Wessex" is in the south and west part of England. Point out numerous realistic touches in this story. Characterize each of the three strangers. Account for the actions of each. Why did the shepherd and his neighbors make a mistake? With whom do we sympathize? Why? Point out touches of humor in the story. Point out good character sketching.

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Revolution at Satan's Trap</i>	Norman Duncan
<i>The Revolt of Mother</i>	Mary E. Wilkins Freeman
<i>A Double-Barreled Detective Story</i>	Samuel L. Clemens
<i>The Red-Headed League</i>	Sir A. Conan Doyle
<i>The Withered Arm</i>	Thomas Hardy

THE MAN WHO WAS

RUDYARD KIPLING¹

LET IT be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with Her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvelous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of upper Burmah or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And

¹ 1865. —. English poet, essayist, novelist and short story writer.

there was a port which was notable; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand, which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars wished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne choosing lay was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that champagne, that port, and above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count—was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were—"My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of Her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Lady Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment—being by nature contradictory—and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last sub-altern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White

Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henri carbines that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from arm-racks; and in the hot weather, when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long cold night of the Northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four

months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snowslide, and glassy grass slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel, rising, said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or by sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop, and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaider Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaider Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaider Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away, Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:—

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaider Sahib. Played on our own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his

chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket butt on flagstones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle, and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawling toward the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir——"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you're no business——"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath.

"Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep, '*Oo! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*'"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the on-looker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously.

"We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid

gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs each side and one on the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered, on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. The band began to play the "River of Years" waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will

you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete"; and the man, fawning, answered, "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of

the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to our colonel, whom he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited un-Christian delight and other emotions hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—missing.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him damned first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture

of the drum-horse, and answered to the Queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:—

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitable. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, it is not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he has gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home."

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want,—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated——"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:—

"I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again."

Note the steps by which the man's identity is gradually revealed, and the increasing excitement among the officers. What was Kipling's attitude towards Russia, "the Bear that walks like a man"?

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>The Siege of Berlin</i>	Alphonse Daudet
<i>The Brushwood Boy</i>	Rudyard Kipling
<i>The Man who Would Be King</i>	"
<i>Wakefield</i>	Nathaniel Hawthorne
<i>The House and the Brain</i>	Bulwer-Lytton

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON¹

DENIS DE BEAULIEU was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill acquainted with the intricate lanes of Château Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house

¹ 1850-1894. Scotch novelist, essayist, and poet; he revived the romanticism of Scott.

lay at the lower end, or tail, of Château Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window-bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambushade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoitre. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiring but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected;

and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armour, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strange oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his fingernails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it; it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare, and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silence without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite

still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening towards the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle, and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognised the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all around his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and

startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this country-side. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house it is only——"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance. It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by our lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in

acquiescence. The Sire de Malétoit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, towards the chapel-door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétoit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétoit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will, I have tried to find your own gallant for you and I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétoit, if I have not, I care not one jack-straw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétoit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that any one should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he was written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and

much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him: into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the *salle* without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand

of a Malétoit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal.”

There was a pause.

“I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen,” said Denis. “You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction.”

The Sire de Malétoit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

“When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu,” said Sire Alain; “but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the *salle* for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!” he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu’s face. “If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?”

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: “If you will give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with *mademoiselle*.”

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

“I give you my word of honor,” he said.

Messire de Malétoit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced towards Denis with

her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feelings towards me, you forget what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malé-troit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Often and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccup of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfection, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burthen will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the Judgment Day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forgot Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own speaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Any one who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments towards me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own: and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a grey reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And

still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all, do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning towards him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good-morning.

Why does the author leave us so long in the dark regarding the situation? What is the climax of the story? In what in the story are we interested? Is there any theme developed? If you think there is, of what importance is it? What are the virtues of the conclusion of the story?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>A Lodging for the Night</i>	Robert Louis Stevenson
<i>The Pavilion on the Links</i>	"
<i>A Source of Irritation</i>	Stacy Aumonier
<i>A Tragedy of Two Ambitions</i>	Thomas Hardy
<i>Youth</i>	Joseph Conrad

NAAMAN AND GEHAZI

II Kings, Chapter VI

Now NAAMAN, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away

captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

And the king of Syria said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying,

"Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, "Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean'?"

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant."

But he said, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none."

And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, "Shall there not, then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In

this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth upon my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing."

And he said unto him, "Go in peace."

So he departed from him a little way.

BUT GEHAZI, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, "Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but as the Lord liveth, I will run after him and take somewhat of him."

So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, "Is all well?"

And he said, "All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, 'Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.'"

And Naaman said, "Be content, take two talents." And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon his two servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?"

And he said, "Thy servant went no whither."

And he said unto him, "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever."

And he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow.

Account for Naaman's rage. Why had the prophet asked him to bathe seven times in the river? What was the effect of the miracle upon his idea of God? Why would the prophet accept no money for his healing? For what does Naaman ask pardon of the Lord? Does Gehazi's punishment fit his crime?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Father.....Björnstearne Björnson
The Book of Ruth
The Story of Esther
David and Goliath
David and Jonathan

THE FISHER OF MEN

FIONA MACLEOD¹

"But now I have grown nothing, being all,
And the whole world weighs down upon my heart."
(*Fergus and the Druid.*)

WHEN OLD Sheen nic Lèoid came back to the croft, after she had been to the burn at the edge of the green airidh, where she had washed the *claar* that was for the potatoes at the peeling, she sat down before the peats.

She was white with years. The mountain wind was chill, too, for all that the sun had shone throughout the midsummer day. It was well to sit before the peat-fire.

The croft was on the slope of a mountain and had the south upon it. North, south, east, and west, other great slopes reached upward like hollow green waves frozen into silence by the very wind that curved them so, and freaked their crests into peaks and jagged pinnacles. Stillness was in that place for ever and ever. What though the Gorromalt Water foamed down Ben Nair, where the croft was, and made a hoarse voice for aye surrendering sound to silence? What though at times the stones fell from the ridges of Ben Chaisteal and Maolmòr, and clattered down the barren declivities till they were slung in the tangled meshes of whin and juniper? What though on stormy dawns the eagle screamed as he fought against the wind that graved a thin line upon the aged front of Ben Mulad, where his eyrie was: or that the kestrel cried above the rabbit-burrows in the strath: or that the hill-fox barked, or that the curlew wailed, or that the scattered sheep made an endless mournful crying? What were these but the ministers of silence?

There was no blue smoke in the strath except from the one turf cot. In the hidden valley beyond Ben Nair there was a hamlet, and nigh upon three-score folk lived there; but that was over three miles away. Sheen nic Lèoid was alone in that solitary place, save for her son Alasdair Mòr Óg. "Young Alasdair" he was still, though the grey feet of fifty years had marked his hair. Alasdair Óg he was while Alasdair Ruadh mac Chalum mhic Lèoid, that was his father, lived. But when Alasdair Ruadh changed, and Sheen was left a mourning woman, he that was their son was Alasdair Óg still.

She had sore weariness that day. For all that, it was not the weight of the burden that made her go in and out of the afternoon sun, and sit by the red glow of the peats, brooding deep.

When, nigh upon an hour later, Alasdair came up the slope, and led the kye to the byre, she did not hear him: nor had she sight of him, when his shadow flickered in before him and lay along the floor.

"Poor old woman," he said to himself, bending his head because of the big height that was his, and he there so heavy and strong, and tender, too, for all the tangled black beard and the wild hill-eyes that looked out under bristling grey-black eyebrows.

"Poor old woman, and she with the tired heart that she has. Ay, ay, for

¹1855-1905. For a brief account of William Sharp's dual personality, see the note in connection with his poem, "The Valley of Silence."

sure the weeks lap up her shadow, as the sayin' is. She will be thinkin' of him that is gone. Ay, or maybe the old thoughts of her are goin' back on their own steps, down this glen an' over that hill an' away beyond that strath, an' this corrie an' that moor. Well, well, it is a good love, that of the mother. Sure a bitter pain it will be to me when there's no old gray hair there to stroke. It's quiet here, terrible quiet, God knows, to Himself be the blessin' for this an' for that; but when she has the white sleep at last, then it'll be a sore day for me, an' one that I will not be able to bear to hear the sheep callin', callin', callin' through the rain on the hills here, and Gorromalt Water an' no other voice to be with me on that day of the days."

She heard a faint sigh, and stirred a moment, but did not look round.

"Muim'-à-ghraidh, is it tired you are, an' this so fine a time, too?"

With a quick gesture, the old woman glanced at him.

"Ah, child, is that you indeed? Well, I am glad of that, for I have the trouble again."

"What trouble, Muim' ghaolaiche?"

But the old woman did not answer. Wearily she turned her face to the peat-glow again.

Alasdair seated himself on the big wooden chair to her right. For a time he stayed silent thus, staring into the red heart of the peats. What was the gloom upon the old heart that he loved? What trouble was it?

At last he rose and put meal and water into the iron pot, and stirred the porridge while it seethed and sputtered. Then he poured boiling water upon the tea in the brown jenny, and put the new bread and the sweet-milk scones on the rude deal board that was the table.

"Come, dear tired old heart," he said, "and let us give thanks to the Being."

"Blessings and thanks," she said, and turned round.

Alasdair poured out the porridge, and watched the steam rise. Then he sat down, with a knife in one hand and the brown-white loaf in the other.

"Oh God," he said, in the low voice he had in the kirk when the Bread and Wine were given—"Oh God, be giving us now thy blessing, and have the thanks. And give us peace."

Peace there was in the sorrowful old eyes of the mother. The two ate in silence. The big clock that was by the bed *tick-tacked, tick-tacked*. A faint sputtering came out of a peat that had bog-gas in it. Shadows moved in the silence, and met and whispered and moved into deep, warm darkness. There was peace.

There was still a red flush above the hills in the west when the mother and son sat in the ingle again.

"What is it, mother-my-heart?" Alasdair asked at last, putting his great red hand upon the woman's knee.

She looked at him for a moment. When she spoke she turned away her gaze again.

"Foxes have holes, and the fowls of the air have their places of rest, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

"And what then, dear? Sure, it is the deep meaning you have in that grey old head that I'm loving so."

"Ay, lennav-aghray, there is meaning to my words. It is old I am, and the

hour of my hours is near. I heard a voice outside the window last night. It is a voice I will not be hearing, no, not for seventy years. It was cradle-sweet, it was."

She paused, and there was silence for a time.

"Well, dear," she began again, wearily, and in a low, weak voice, "it is more tired and more tired I am every day now this last month. Two Sabbaths ago I woke, and there were bells in the air: and you are for knowing well, Alasdair, that no kirk-bells ever rang in Straith-Nair. At edge o' dark on Friday, and by the same token the thirteenth day it was, I fell asleep, and dreamed the moos were on my breast, and that the roots of the white daisies were in the hollows where the eyes were that loved you, Alasdair, my son."

The man looked at her with troubled gaze. No words would come. Of what avail to speak when there is nothing to be said? God sends the gloom upon the cloud, and there is rain: God sends the gloom upon the hill, and there is mist: God sends the gloom upon the sun, and there is winter. It is God, too, sends the gloom upon the soul, and there is change. The swallow knows when to lift up her wing over against the shadow that creeps out of the north: the wild swan knows when the smell of snow is behind the sun: the salmon, lone in the brown pool among the hills, hears the deep sea, and his tongue pants for salt, and his fins quiver, and he knows that his time is come, and that the sea calls. How, then, shall the soul not know when the change is nigh at last? Is it a less thing than a reed, which sees the yellow birch-gold adrift on the lake, and the gown of the heather grow russet when the purple has passed into the sky, and the white bog-down wave grey and tattered where the loneroid grows dark and pungent—which sees, and knows that the breath of the Death-weaver at the Pole is fast faring along the frozen norland peaks? It is more than a reed, it is more than a wild doe on the hills, it is more than a swallow lifting her wing against the coming of the shadow, it is more than a swan drunken with the savor of the blue wine of the waves when the green Arctic lawns are white and still. It is more than these, which has the Son of God for brother, and is clothed with light. God doth not extinguish at the dark tomb what he hath litten in the dark womb.

Who shall say that the soul knows not when the bird is aweary of the nest, and the nest is aweary of the wind? Who shall say that all portents are vain imaginings? A whirling straw upon the road is but a whirling straw: yet the wind is upon the cheek almost ere it is gone.

It was not for Alasdair Og, then, to put a word upon the saying of the woman that was his mother, and was age-white, and could see with the seeing of old wise eyes.

So all that was upon his lips was a sigh, and the poor prayer that is only a breath out of the heart.

"You will be telling me, grey sweetheart," he said lovingly, at last—"you will be telling me what was behind the word that you said: that about the foxes that have holes for the hiding, poor beasts, and the birdeens wi' their nests, though the Son o' Man hath not where to lay his head?"

"Ay, Alasdair, my son that I bore long syne an' that I'm leaving soon, I will be for telling you that thing, for I am knowing what is in the dark this night o' the nights."

Old Sheen put her head back wearily on the chair, and let her hands lie, long and white, palm-downward upon her knees. The peat-glow warmed the dull grey that lurked under her closed eyes and about her mouth, and in the furrowed cheeks. Alasdair moved nearer and took her right hand in his, where it lay like a tired sheep between two scarped rocks. Gently he smoothed her hand, and wondered why so frail and slight a creature as this small old wizened woman could have mothered a great swarthy man like himself—he a man now, with his two score and ten years, and yet but a boy there at the dear side of her.

"It was this way, Alasdair-mochree," she went on in her low thin voice—like a wind-worn leaf, the man that was her son thought. "It was this way. I went down to the burn to wash the *claar*, and when I was there I saw a wounded fawn in the bracken. The big sad eyes of it were like those of Maisie, poor lass, when she had the birthing that was her going-call. I went through the bracken, and down by the Gorromalt, and into the Glen of the Willows.

"And when I was there, and standing by the running water, I saw a man by the stream-side. He was tall, but spare and weary: and the clothes upon him were poor and worn. He had sorrow. When he lifted his head at me, I saw the tears. Dark, wonderful, sweet eyes they were. His face was pale. It was not the face of a man of the hills. There was no red in it, and the eyes looked in upon themselves. He was a fair man, with the white hands that a woman has, a woman like the Bantighearna of Glenchaisteal over yonder. His voice, too, was a voice like that: in the softness, and the sweet, quiet sorrow, I am meaning.

"The word that I gave him was in the English: for I thought he was like a man out of *Sasunn*, or of the south-lands somewhere. But he answered me in the Gaelic: sweet, good Gaelic like that of the Bioball over there, to himself be the praise.

"And is it the way down the Strath you are seeking,' I asked: 'and will you not be coming up to the house yonder, poor cot though it is, and have a sup of milk, and a rest if it's weary you are?'

"You are having my thanks for that,' he said, 'and it is as though I had both the good rest and the cool sweet drink. But I am following the flowing water here.'

"Is it for the fishing?' I asked.

"I am a Fisher,' he said, and the voice of him was low and sad. He had no hat on his head, and the light that streamed through a rowan-tree was in his long hair. He had the pity of the poor in his sorrowful grey eyes.

"And will you not sleep with us?' I asked again: 'that is, if you have no place to go to, and are a stranger in this country, as I am thinking you are; for I have never had sight of you in the home-straths before.'

"I am a stranger,' he said, 'and I have no home, and my father's house is a great way off.'

"Do not tell me, poor man," I said gently, for fear of the pain, 'do not tell me if you would fain not; but it is glad I will be if you will give me the name you have.'

"My name is Mac-an-t'-Saoir,' he answered with the quiet deep gaze that

was his. And with that he bowed his head, and went on his way, brooding deep.

"Well, it was with a heavy heart I turned, and went back through the bracken. A heavy heart, for sure, and yet, oh peace too, cool dews of peace. And the fawn was there: healed, Alasdair, healed, and whinny-bleating for its doe, that stood on a rock wi' lifted hoof an' stared down the glen to where the Fisher was.

"When I was at the burnside, a woman came down the brae. She was fair to see, but the tears were upon her.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'have you seen a man going this way?'

"'Ay, for sure,' I answered, 'but what man would he be?'

"'He is called Mac-an-t'-Saoir.'

"'Well, there are many men that are called Son of the Carpenter. What will his own name be?'

"'Iosa,' she said.

"And when I looked at her, she was weaving the wavy branches of a thorn near by, and sobbing low, and it was like a wreath or crown that she made.

"'And who will you be, poor woman?' I asked.

"'O my Son, my Son,' she said and put her apron over her head and went down into the Glen of the Willows, she weeping sore, too, at that, poor woman.

"So now, Alasdair, my son, tell me what thought you have about this thing that I have told you. For I know well whom I met on the brae there, and who the Fisher was. And when I was at the peats here once more I sat down, and my mind sank into myself. And it is knowing the knowledge I am."

"Well, well, dear, it is sore tired you are. Have rest now. But sure there are many men called Macintyre."

"Ay, an' what Gael that you know will be for giving you his surname like that?"

Alasdair had no word for that. He rose to put some more peats on the fire. When he had done this, he gave a cry.

The whiteness that was on the mother's hair was now in the face. There was no blood there, or in the drawn lips. The light in the old, dim eyes was like water after frost.

He took her hand in his. Clay-cold it was. He let it go, and it fell straight by the chair, stiff as the cromak he carried when he was with the sheep.

"Oh my God and my God," he whispered, white with the awe, and the bitter cruel pain.

Then it was that he heard a knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he cried hoarsely.

"Open, and let me in." It was a low, sweet voice, but was that grey hour the time for a welcome?

"Go, but go in peace, whoever you are. There is death here."

"Open, and let me in."

At that, Alasdair, shaking like a reed in the wind, unclasped the latch. A tall fair man, ill-clad and weary, pale, too, and with dreaming eyes, came in.

"*Beannachd Dhe an Tigh*," he said, "God's blessing on this house; and on all here."

"The same upon yourself," Alasdair said, with the weary pain in his voice. "And who will you be? and forgive the asking."

"I am called Mac-an-t'-Saoir, and Iosa is the name I bear—Jesus, the Son of the Carpenter."

"It is a good name. And is it good you are seeking this night?"

"I am a Fisher."

"Well, that's here an' that's there. But will you go to the Strath over the hill, and tell the good man that is there, the minister, Lachlan MacLachlan, that old Sheen nic Lèoid wife of Alasdair Ruadh, is dead."

"I know that, Alasdair Óg."

"And how will you be knowing that, and my name too, you that are called Macintyre?"

"I met the white soul of Sheen as it went down by the Glen of the Willows a brief while ago. She was singing a glad song, she was. She had green youth in her eyes. And a man was holding her by the hand. It was Alasdair Ruadh."

At that Alasdair fell on his knees. When he looked up there was no one there. Through the darkness outside the door, he saw a star shining white, and leaping like a pulse.

It was three days after that day of shadow that Sheen nic Lèoid was put under the green turf.

On each night, Alasdair Óg walked in the Glen of the Willows, and there he saw a man fishing, though ever afar off. Stooping he was, always, and like a shadow at times. But he was the man that was called Iosa Mac-an-t'-Saoir—Jesus, the Son of the Carpenter.

And on the night of the earthing he saw the Fisher close by.

"Lord God," he said, with the hush on his voice, and deep awe in his wondering eyes: "Lord God!"

And the Man looked at him.

"Night and day, Alasdair MacAlasdair," he said, "night and day I fish in the waters of the world. And these waters are the waters of grief, and the waters of sorrow, and the waters of despair. And it is the souls of the living I fish for. And lo, I say this thing unto you, for you shall not see me again: *Go in peace*. Go in peace, good soul of a poor man, for thou hast seen the Fisher of Men."

nic, or *ni*, daughter of; *mac*, son of; *óg*, junior; *claar*, a large wooden vessel; *mools*, molds; *bog-down*, cotton grass; *Bioball*, Bible; *muim'ghaolaiche*, nurse sweetheart; about equivalent to his "mother-my-heart" later.

Compare Christ's appearance here with that in "The White Comrade," by Robert Haven Schauffler, and with Judas's appearance in "Saint Brandan." Which is the most dramatic? Which the most convincing?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Last Supper.....Fiona Macleod
The Washer of the Ford....."
The Triumph of Night.....Edith Wharton
The Fall of the House of Usher.....Edgar Allan Poe

SECTION FIVE

THE ESSAY

THIS section includes a variety of essays by a variety of essayists. A dozen essays by a dozen different authors are more stimulating, and incidentally more interesting, than the same number of essays by one author. The study of the type here represented should be thoughtful, but not pursued to the fullest detail. Even the formal essay can be food for the most profitable discussion without worrying over every difficult allusion. Those difficulties that have a direct bearing upon the thought are cleared up in the few notes. The solution to other difficulties should be sought in books of ordinary reference.

The enjoyment of the essay as a form of literature is a matter of individual growth. The class study should connect frequently with the student's reading in the weekly and monthly magazines. The taste developed by the more thoughtful students in such reading will lead ultimately to a wider appreciation of the work found in our great quarterly reviews and in the numerous volumes of essays by our best thinkers.

The bibliography of the essay is extensive. Only a few volumes, at least a half dozen of which should be found in high-school libraries, are here listed:

Collections of Essays:

Modern Essays and Stories. Law, Frederick H. The Century Co., New York.
A Century of Essays from Caxton to Stevenson. Rhys and Vaughn. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

Great English Essayists. Dawson and Dawson. Harper Bros., New York.
English Essays: An Anthology of Essays from Bacon to Lucas. Pottinger. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Oxford Book of American Essays. Matthews, Brander. Oxford University Press, New York.

Atlantic Classics. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.

Atlantic Classics, second series. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.
Essays and Essay Writing. Tanner, The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.

Selected Essays. Fuess, Claude M. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

Types of the Essay. Heydrick, Benjamin A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Selection from the Best English Essays. Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg and Company.

Volumes of Essays:

Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers.....	Robert Louis Stevenson
Fireside and Sunshine.....	Edward Verrall Lucas
Sesame and Lilies.....	John Ruskin
Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews.....	Thomas Henry Huxley
Essays of Elia.....	Charles Lamb
Essays; or Councils, Civil and Moral.....	Francis Bacon
The Spectator Papers.....	Addison and Steele
The Sketch Book.....	Washington Irving
Essays, First Series.....	Ralph Waldo Emerson
Walden	Henry David Thoreau
Leaf and Tendril.....	John Burroughs
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.....	Oliver Wendell Holmes
A Watcher in the Woods.....	Dallas Lore Sharp
Where Rolls the Oregon.....	" " "
Inn of Tranquillity.....	John Galsworthy
Adventures in Contentment.....	"David Grayson" (R. S. Baker)
Adventures in Friendship.....	" " " "
The Friendly Road.....	" " " "

THE DREAM OF A SUMMER DAY

LAFCADIO HEARN¹

THE HOTEL seemed to me a paradise, and the maids thereof celestial beings. This was because I had just fled away from one of the Open Ports, where I had ventured to seek comfort in a European hotel, supplied with all "modern improvements." To find myself at ease once more in a yukata, seated upon cool, soft matting, waited upon by sweet-voiced girls, and surrounded by things of beauty, was therefore like a redemption from all the sorrows of the nineteenth century. Bamboo-shoots and lotus-bulbs were given me for breakfast, and a fan from heaven for a keepsake. The design upon that fan represented only the white rushing burst of one great wave on a beach, and sea-birds shooting in exultation through the blue overhead. But to behold it was worth all the trouble of the journey. It was a glory of light, a thunder of motion, a triumph of sea-wind,—all in one. It made me want to shout when I looked at it.

Between the cedern balcony pillars I could see the course of the pretty gray town following the shore-sweep,—and yellow lazy junks asleep at anchor,—and the opening of the bay between enormous green cliffs,—and beyond it the blaze of summer to the horizon. In that horizon there were

¹ 1850-1904. American-Japanese teacher and author, of Irish-Greek parentage.

mountain shapes faint as old memories. And all things but the gray town, and the yellow junks, and the green cliffs, were blue.

Then a voice softly toned as a wind-bell began to tinkle words of courtesy into my reverie, and broke it; and I perceived that the mistress of the palace had come to thank me for the chadai, and I prostrated myself before her. She was very young, and more than pleasant to look upon,—like the moth-maidens, like the butterfly-women, of Kunisada. And I thought at once of death;—for the beautiful is sometimes a sorrow of anticipation.

She asked whither I honorably intended to go, that she might order a kuruma for me. And I made answer:—

“To Kumamoto. But the name of your house I much wish to know, that I may always remember it.”

“My guest-rooms,” she said, “are augustly insignificant, and my maidens honorably rude. But the house is called the House of Urashima. And now I go to order a kuruma.”

The music of her voice passed; and I felt enchantment falling all about me,—like the thrilling of a ghostly web. For the name was the name of the story of a song that bewitches men.

ONCE you hear the story, you will never be able to forget it. Every summer when I find myself on the coast,—especially of very soft, still days,—it haunts me most persistently. There are many native versions of it which have been the inspiration for countless works of art. But the most impressive and the most ancient is found in the *Manyefushifu*, a collection of poems dating from the fifth to the ninth century. From this ancient version the great scholar Aston translated it into prose, and the great scholar Chamberlain into both prose and verse. But for English readers I think the most charming form of it is Chamberlain's version written for children, in the “Japanese Fairy-Tale Series,”—because of the delicious colored pictures by native artists. With that little book before me, I shall try to tell the legend over again in my own words.

Fourteen hundred and sixteen years ago, the fisher-boy Urashima Tarō left the shore of Suminoyé in his boat.

Summer days were then as now,—all drowsy and tender blue, with only some light, pure white clouds hanging over the mirror of the sea. Then, too, were the hills the same,—far blue soft shapes melting into the blue sky. And the winds were lazy.

And presently the boy, also lazy, let his boat drift as he fished. It was a queer boat, unpainted and rudderless, of a shape you probably never saw. But still, after fourteen hundred years, there are such boats to be seen in front of the ancient fishing-hamlets of the coast of the Sea of Japan.

After long waiting, Urashima caught something, and drew it up to him. But he found it was only a tortoise.

Now a tortoise is sacred to the Dragon God of the Sea, and the period of its natural life is a thousand—some say ten thousand—years. So that

to kill it is very wrong. The boy gently unfastened the creature from his line, and set it free, with a prayer to the gods.

But he caught nothing more. And the day was very warm; and sea and air and all things were very, very silent. And a great drowsiness grew upon him,—and he slept in his drifting boat.

Then out of the dreaming of the sea rose up a beautiful girl,—just as you can see her in the picture to Professor Chamberlain's *Urashima*,—robed in crimson and blue, with long black hair flowing down her back even to her feet, after the fashion of a prince's daughter fourteen hundred years ago.

Gliding over the waters she came, softly as air; and she stood above the sleeping boy in the boat, and woke him with a light touch, and said:—

"Do not be surprised. My father, the Dragon King of the Sea, sent me to you, because of your kind heart. For today you set free a tortoise. And now we will go to my father's palace in the island where summer never dies; and I will be your flower-wife if you wish; and we shall live there happily forever."

And Urashima wondered more and more as he looked upon her; for she was more beautiful than any human being, and he could not but love her. Then she took one oar, and he took another, and they rowed away together,—just as you may still see, off the far western coast, wife and husband rowing together, when the fishing-boats flit into the evening gold.

They rowed away softly and swiftly over the silent blue water down into the south,—till they came to the island where summer never dies,—and to the palace of the Dragon King of the Sea.

[Here the text of the little book suddenly shrinks away as you read, and faint blue ripples flood the page; and beyond them in a fairy horizon you can see the long low soft shore of the island, and peaked roofs rising through evergreen foliage—the roofs of the Sea God's palace—like the palace of the Mikado Yuriaku, fourteen hundred and sixteen years ago.]

There strange servitors came to receive them in robes of ceremony—creatures of the Sea, who paid greeting to Urashima as the son-in-law of the Dragon King.

So the Sea God's daughter became the bride of Urashima; and it was a bridal of wondrous splendor; and in the Dragon Palace there was great rejoicing.

And each day for Urashima there were new wonders and new pleasures:—wonders of the deepest deep brought up by the servants of the Ocean God;—pleasures of that enchanted land where summer never dies. And so three years passed.

But in spite of all these things, the fisher-boy felt always a heaviness at his heart when he thought of his parents waiting alone. So that at last he prayed his bride to let him go home for a little while only, just to say one word to his father and mother,—after which he would hasten back to her.

At these words she began to weep; and for a long time she continued to weep silently. Then she said to him: "Since you wish to go, of course you must go. I fear your going very much; I fear we shall never see each other again. But I will give you a little box to take with you.

It will help you to come back to me if you will do what I tell you. Do not open it. Above all things, do not open it,—no matter what may happen! Because, if you open it, you will never be able to come back, and you will never see me again."

Then she gave him a little lacquered box tied about with a silken cord. [And that box can be seen unto this day in the temple of Kanagawa, by the seashore; and the priests there also keep Urashima Tarō's fishing line, and some strange jewels which he brought back with him from the realm of the Dragon King.]

But Urashima comforted his bride, and promised her never, never to open the box—never even to loosen the silken string. Then he passed away through the summer light over the ever-sleeping sea;—and the shape of the island where the summer never dies faded behind him like a dream;—and he saw again before him the blue mountains of Japan, sharpening in the white glow of the northern horizon.

Again at last he glided into his native bay;—again he stood upon its beach. But as he looked, there came upon him a great bewilderment,—a weird doubt.

For the place was at once the same, and yet not the same. The cottage of his fathers had disappeared. There was a village; but the shapes of the houses were all strange, and the trees were strange, and the fields, and even the faces of the people. Nearly all remembered landmarks were gone;—the Shinto temple appeared to have been rebuilt in a new place; the woods had vanished from the neighboring slopes. Only the voice of the little stream flowing through the settlement, and the forms of the mountains, were still the same. All else was unfamiliar and new. In vain he tried to find the dwelling of his parents; and the fisher-folk stared wonderingly at him; and he could not remember having ever seen any of those faces before.

There came along a very old man, leaning on a stick, and Urashima asked him the way to the house of the Urashima family. But the old man looked quite astonished, and made him repeat the question many times, and then cried out:—

"Urashima Tarō! Where do you come from that you do not know the story? Urashima Tarō! Why, it is more than four hundred years since he was drowned, and a monument is erected to his memory in the graveyard. The graves of all his people are in that graveyard,—the old graveyard which is not now used any more. Urashima Tarō! How can you be so foolish as to ask where his house is?" And the old man hobbled on, laughing at the simplicity of his questioner.

But Urashima went to the village graveyard,—the old graveyard that was not used any more,—and there he found his own tombstone, and the tombstones of his father and his mother and his kindred, and the tombstones of many others he had known. So old they were, so moss-eaten, that it was very hard to read the names upon them.

Then he knew himself the victim of some strange illusion, and he took his way back to the beach,—always carrying in his hand the box, the gift of the Sea God's daughter. But what was this illusion? And what could be in that box? Or might not that which was in the box be the cause

of the illusion? Doubt mastered faith. Recklessly he broke the promise made to his beloved;—he loosened the silken cord;—he opened the box!

Instantly, without any sound, there burst from it a white cold spectral vapor that rose in air like a summer cloud, and began to drift away swiftly into the south, over the silent sea. There was nothing else in the box.

And Urashima then knew that he had destroyed his own happiness,—that he could never again return to his beloved, the daughter of the Ocean King. So that he wept and cried out bitterly in his despair.

Yet for a moment only. In another, he himself was changed. An icy chill shot through all his blood;—his teeth fell out; his face shriveled; his hair turned white as snow; his limbs withered; his strength ebbed; he sank down lifeless on the sand, crushed by the weight of four hundred winters.

Now in the official annals of the Emperors it is written that “in the twenty-first year of the Mikado Yuriaku, the boy Urashima of Midzunoyé, in the district of Yosa, in the province of Tango, a descendant of the divinity Shimanemi, went to Elysium [*Hōrai*] in a fishing-boat.” After this there is no more news of Urashima during the reigns of thirty-one emperors and empresses—that is, from the fifth until the ninth century. And then the annals announce that “in the second year of Tenchiyo, in the reign of Mikado Go-Junwa, the boy Urashima returned, and presently departed again, none knew whither.”

THE FAIRY MISTRESS came back to tell me that everything was ready, and tried to lift my valise in her slender hands,—which I prevented her from doing, because it was heavy. Then she laughed, but would not suffer that I should carry it myself, and summoned a sea-creature with Chinese characters upon his back. I made obeisance to her; and she prayed me to remember the unworthy house despite the rudeness of the maidens. “And you will pay the *kurumaya*,” she said, “only seventy-five sen.”

Then I slipped into the vehicle; and in a few minutes the little gray town had vanished behind a curve. I was rolling along a white road overlooking the shore. To the right were pale brown cliffs; to the left only space and sea.

Mile after mile I rolled along that shore, looking into the infinite light. All was steeped in blue,—a marvelous blue, like that which comes and goes in the heart of a great shell. Glowing blue sea met hollow blue sky in a brightness of electric fusion; and vast blue apparitions—the mountains of Higo—angled up through the blaze, like masses of amethyst. What a blue transparency! The universal color was broken only by the dazzling white of a few high summer clouds, motionlessly curled above one phantom peak in the offing. They threw down upon the water snowy tremulous lights. Midges of ships creeping far away seemed to pull long threads after them,—the only sharp lines in all that hazy glory. But what divine clouds! White purified spirits of clouds, resting on their way to the beatitude of Nirvana? Or perhaps the mists escaped from Urashima's box a thousand years ago?

The gnat of the soul of me flitted out into that dream of blue, 'twixt sea and sun,—hummed back to the shore of Suminoyé through the luminous ghost of fourteen hundred summers. Vaguely I felt beneath me the drifting of a keel. It was the time of the Mikado Yuriaku. And the Daughter of the Dragon King said tinklingly,—“Now we will go to my father's palace where it is always blue.” “Why always blue?” I asked. “Because,” she said, “I put all the clouds into the Box.” “But I must go home,” I answered resolutely. “Then,” she said, “you will pay the kurumaya only seventy-five sen.”

Wherewith I woke into Doyō, or the Period of Greatest Heat, in the twenty-sixth year of Meiji—and saw proof of the era in a line of telegraph poles reaching out of sight on the land side of the way. The kurumaya was still fleeing by the shore, before the same blue vision of sky, peak, and sea; but the white clouds were gone!—and there were no more cliffs close to the road, but fields of rice and of barley stretching to far-off hills. The telegraph lines absorbed my attention for a moment, because on the top wire, and only on the top wire, hosts of little birds were perched, all with their heads to the road, and nowise disturbed by our coming. They remained quite still, looking down upon us as mere passing phenomena. There were hundreds and hundreds in rank, for miles and miles. And I could not see one having its tail turned to the road. Why they sat thus, and what they were watching or waiting for, I could not guess. At intervals I waved my hat and shouted, to startle the ranks. Whereupon a few would rise up fluttering and chippering, and drop back again upon the wire in the same position as before. The vast majority refused to take me seriously.

The sharp rattle of the wheels was drowned by a deep booming; and as we whirled past a village I caught sight of an immense drum under an open shed, beaten by naked men.

“O kurumaya!” I shouted—“that—what is it?”

He, without stopping, shouted back:—

“Everywhere now the same thing is. Much time-in rain has not been: so the gods-to prayers are made, and drums are beaten.”

We flashed through other villages; and I saw and heard more drums of various sizes, and from hamlets invisible, over miles of parching rice-fields, yet other drums, like echoings, responded.

THEN I began to think about Urashima again. I thought of the pictures and poems and proverbs recording the influence of the legend upon the imagination of a race. I thought of an Izumo dancing-girl I saw at a banquet acting the part of Urashima, with a little lacquered box whence there issued at the tragical minute a mist of Kyoto incense. I thought about the antiquity of the beautiful dance,—and therefore about vanished generations of dancing-girls,—and therefore about dust in the abstract; which, again, led me to think of dust in the concrete, as bestirred by the sandals of the kurumaya to whom I was to pay only seventy-five sen. And I wondered how much of it might be old human dust,

and whether in the eternal order of things the motion of hearts might be of more consequence than the motion of dust. Then my ancestral morality took alarm; and I tried to persuade myself that a story which had lived for a thousand years, gaining fresher charm with the passing of every century, could only have survived by virtue of some truth in it. But what truth? For the time being I could find no answer to this question.

The heat had become very great; and I cried,—

"O kurumaya! the throat of Selfishness is dry; water desirable is."

He, still running, answered:—

"The Village of the Long Beach inside of—not far—a great gush-water is. There pure august water will be given."

I cried again:—

"O kurumaya!—those little birds as-for, why this way always facing?"

He, running still more swiftly, responded:—

"All birds wind-to facing sit."

I laughed first at my own simplicity; then at my forgetfulness,—remembering I had been told the same thing, somewhere or other, when a boy. Perhaps the mystery of Urashima might also have been created by forgetfulness.

I thought again about Urashima. I saw the Daughter of the Dragon King waiting vainly in the palace made beautiful for his welcome,—and the pitiless return of the Cloud, announcing what had happened,—and the loving uncouth sea-creatures, in their garments of great ceremony, trying to comfort her. But in the real story there was nothing of all this; and the pity of the people seemed to be all for Urashima. And I began to discourse with myself thus:—

Is it right to pity Urashima at all? Of course he was bewildered by the gods. But who is not bewildered by the gods? What is Life itself but a bewilderment? And Urashima in his bewilderment doubted the purpose of the gods, and opened the box. Then he died without any trouble, and the people built a shrine to him as Urashima Miō-jin. Why, then, so much pity?

Things are quite differently managed in the West. After disobeying Western gods, we have still to remain alive and to learn the height and the breadth and the depth of superlative sorrow. We are not allowed to die quite comfortably just at the best possible time: much less are we suffered to become after death small gods in our own right. How can we pity the folly of Urashima after he had lived so long alone with visible gods?

Perhaps the fact that we do may answer the riddle. This pity must be self-pity; wherefore the legend may be the legend of a myriad souls. The thought of it comes just at a particular time of blue light and soft wind,—and always like an old reproach. It has too intimate relation to a season and feeling of a season not to be also related to something real in one's life, or in the lives of one's ancestors. But what was the real something? Who was the Daughter of the Dragon King? Where was the island of unending summer? . And what was the cloud in the box?

I cannot answer all those questions. I know this only,—which is not at all new:—

I have memory of a place and a magical time in which the Sun and the Moon were larger and brighter than now. Whether it was of this life or of some life before I cannot tell. But I know the sky was very much more blue, and nearer to the world,—almost as it seems to become above the masts of a steamer steaming into equatorial summer. The sea was alive, and used to talk,—and the Wind made me cry out for joy when it touched me. Once or twice during other years, in divine days lived among the peaks, I have dreamed just for a moment that the same wind was blowing,—but it was only a remembrance.

Also in that place the clouds were wonderful, and of colors for which there are no names at all,—colors that used to make me hungry and thirsty. I remember, too, that the days were ever so much longer than these days,—and that every day there were new wonders and new pleasures for me. And all that country and time were softly ruled by One who thought only of ways to make me happy. Sometimes I would refuse to be made happy, and that always caused her pain, although she was divine;—and I remember that I tried very hard to be sorry. When day was done, and there fell the great hush of the light before moonrise, she would tell me stories that made me tingle from head to foot with pleasure. I have never heard any other stories half so beautiful. And when the pleasure became too great, she would sing a weird little song which always brought sleep. At last there came a parting day; and she wept, and told me of a charm she had given that I must never, never lose, because it would keep me young, and give me power to return. But I never returned. And the years went; and one day I knew that I had lost the charm, and had become ridiculously old.

THE VILLAGE of the Long Beach is at the foot of a green cliff near the road, and consists of a dozen thatched cottages clustered about a rocky pool, shaded by pines. The basin overflows with cold water, supplied by a stream that leaps straight from the heart of the cliff,—just as folks imagine that a poem ought to spring straight from the heart of a poet. It was evidently a favorite halting-place, judging by the number of kuruma and of people resting. There were benches under the trees; and, after having allayed thirst, I sat down to smoke and to look at the women washing clothes and the travelers refreshing themselves at the pool,—while my kurumaya stripped, and proceeded to dash buckets of cold water over his body. Then tea was brought me by a young man with a baby on his back; and I tried to play with the baby, which said “Ah, bah!”

Such are the first sounds uttered by a Japanese babe. But they are purely Oriental; and in Romaji should be written *Aba*. And, as an utterance untaught, *Aba* is interesting. It is in Japanese child-speech the word for “good-by,”—precisely the last we would expect an infant to pronounce on entering into this world of illusion. To whom or to what is the little soul saying good-by?—to friends in a previous state of existence still freshly remembered?—to comrades of its shadowy journey from nobody-knows-

where? Such theorizing is tolerably safe, from a pious point of view, since the child can never decide for us. What its thoughts were at that mysterious moment of first speech, it will have forgotten long before it has become able to answer questions.

Unexpectedly, a queer recollection came to me,—resurrected, perhaps, by the sight of the young man with the baby,—perhaps by the song of the water in the cliff: the recollection of a story:—

Long, long ago there lived somewhere among the mountains a poor wood-cutter and his wife. They were very old, and had no children. Every day the husband went alone to the forest to cut wood, while the wife sat weaving at home.

One day the old man went farther into the forest than was his custom, to seek a certain kind of wood; and he suddenly found himself at the edge of a little spring he had never seen before. The water was strangely clear and cold, and he was thirsty; for the day was hot, and he had been working hard. So he doffed his great straw hat, knelt down, and took a long drink. That water seemed to refresh him in a most extraordinary way. Then he caught sight of his own face in the spring, and started back. It was certainly his own face, but not at all as he was accustomed to see it in the old mirror at home. It was the face of a very young man! He could not believe his eyes. He put up both hands to his head, which had been quite bald only a moment before. It was covered with thick black hair. And his face had become smooth as a boy's; every wrinkle was gone. At the same moment he discovered himself full of new strength. He stared in astonishment at the limbs that had been so long withered by age; they were now shapely and hard with dense young muscle. Unknowingly he had drunk at the Fountain of Youth; and that draught had transformed him.

First, he leaped high and shouted for joy; then he ran home faster than he had ever run before in his life. When he entered his house his wife was frightened,—because she took him for a stranger; and when he told her the wonder, she could not at once believe him. But after a long time he was able to convince her that the young man she now saw before her was really her husband; and he told her where the spring was, and asked her to go there with him.

Then she said: "You have become so handsome and so young that you cannot continue to love an old woman;—so I must drink some of that water immediately. But it will never do for both of us to be away from the house at the same time. Do you wait here while I go." And she ran to the woods all by herself.

She found the spring and knelt down, and began to drink. Oh! how cool and sweet that water was! She drank and drank and drank, and stopped for breath only to begin again.

Her husband waited for her impatiently; he expected to see her come back changed into a pretty slender girl. But she did not come back at all. He got anxious, shut up the house, and went to look for her.

When he reached the spring, he could not see her. He was just on the point of returning when he heard a little wail in the high grass near

the spring. He searched there and discovered his wife's clothes and a baby,—a very small baby, perhaps six months old!

For the old woman had drunk too deeply of the magical water; she had drunk herself far back beyond the time of youth into the period of speechless infancy.

He took up the child in his arms. It looked at him in a sad, wondering way. He carried it home,—murmuring to it,—thinking strange melancholy thoughts.

In that hour, after my reverie about Urashima, the moral of this story seemed less satisfactory than in former time. Because by drinking too deeply of life we do not become young.

Naked and cool my kurumaya returned, and said that because of the heat he could not finish the promised run of twenty-five miles, but that he had found another runner to take me the rest of the way. For so much as he himself had done, he wanted fifty-five sen.

It was really very hot—more than 100° I afterward learned; and far away there throbbed continually, like a pulsation of the heat itself, the sound of great drums, beating for rain. And I thought of the Daughter of the Dragon King.

"Seventy-five sen, she told me," I observed;—"and what promised to be done has not been done. Nevertheless, seventy-five sen to you shall be given,—because I am afraid of the gods."

And behind a yet unwearied runner I fled away into the enormous blaze—in the direction of the great drums.

Is there any evidence here that the author, an occidental, has become a thorough-going oriental? From what source are his similes and metaphors drawn? Do you instantly comprehend them—such a one, for instance, as the "voice softly toned as a wind-bell"? What seems to you the significance of the Urashima story? Of the wood-cutter story? What is the relation of the two stories? What light is shed on them by the intervening comments? Why does he pay the kurumaya seventy-five sen, when the man asks but fifty-five?

FURTHER READINGS:

Other chapters from *Out of the East* by Hearn; also *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* and *Kokoro* by the same author.

BEGGARS¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON²

IN A PLEASANT, airy, up-hill country, it was my fortune when I was young to make the acquaintance of a certain beggar. I call him beggar,

¹ From "Across the Plains," copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

² 1850-1894. Scotch novelist, short-story writer, essayist and poet.

though he usually allowed his coat and his shoes (which were open-mouthed, indeed) to beg for him. He was the wreck of an athletic man, tall, gaunt, and bronzed; far gone in consumption, with that disquieting smile of the mortally stricken on his face; but still active afoot, still with the brisk military carriage, the ready military salute. Three ways led through this piece of country; and as I was inconstant in my choice, I believe he must often have awaited me in vain. But often enough, he caught me; often enough, from some place of ambush by the roadside, he would spring suddenly forth in the regulation attitude, and launching at once into his inconsequential talk, fall into step with me upon my farther course. "A fine morning, sir, though perhaps a trifle inclining to rain. I hope I see you well, sir. Why, no, sir, I don't feel as hearty myself as I could wish, but I am keeping about my ordinary. I am pleased to meet you on the road, sir. I assure you I quite look forward to one of our little conversations." He loved the sound of his own voice inordinately, and though (with something too off-hand to call servility) he would always hasten to agree with anything you said, yet he could never suffer you to say it to an end. By what transition he slid to his favorite subject I have no memory; but we had never been long together on the way before he was dealing, in a very military manner, with the English poets. "Shelley was a fine poet, sir, though a trifle atheistical in his opinions. His *Queen Mab*, sir, is quite an atheistical work. Scott, sir, is not so poetical a writer. With the works of Shakespeare I am not so well acquainted, but he was a fine poet. Keats—John Keats, sir—he was a very fine poet." With such references, such trivial criticism, such loving parade of his own knowledge, he would beguile the road, striding forward up-hill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accessions of cough.

He would often go the whole way home with me: often to borrow a book, and that book always a poet. Off he would march, to continue his mendicant rounds, with the volume slipped into the pocket of his ragged coat; and although he would sometimes keep it quite a while, yet it came always back again at last, not much the worse for its travels into beggary. And in this way, doubtless, his knowledge grew and his glib, random criticism took a wider range. But my library was not the first he had drawn upon; at our first encounter, he was already brimful of Shelley and the atheistical *Queen Mab*, and "Keats—John Keats, sir." And I have often wondered how he came by these acquirements; just as I often wondered how he fell to be a beggar. He had served through the Mutiny—of which (like so many people) he could tell practically nothing beyond the names of places, and that it was "difficult work, sir," and very hot, or that so-and-so was "a very fine commander, sir." He was far too smart a man to have remained a private; in the nature of things, he must have won his stripes. And yet here he was without a pension. When I touched on this problem, he would content himself with diffidently offering me advice. "A man should be very careful when he is young, sir. If you'll excuse me saying so, a spirited young gentleman like yourself, sir, should be very careful.

I was perhaps a trifle inclined to atheistical opinions myself." For (perhaps with a deeper wisdom than we are inclined in these days to admit) he plainly bracketed agnosticism with beer and skittles.

Keats—John Keats, sir—and Shelley were his favorite bards. I cannot remember if I tried him with Rossetti; but I know his taste to a hair, and if ever I did, he must have doted on that author. What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase; a vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet: the romance of language. His honest head was very nearly empty, his intellect like a child's; and when he read his favorite authors, he can almost never have understood what he was reading. Yet the taste was not only genuine, it was exclusive; I tried in vain to offer him novels; he would none of them, he cared for nothing but romantic language that he could not understand. The case may be commoner than we suppose. I am reminded of a lad who was laid in the next cot to a friend of mine in a public hospital, and who was no sooner installed than he sent out (perhaps with his last pence) for a cheap Shakespeare. My friend pricked up his ears; fell at once in talk with his new neighbor, and was ready, when the book arrived, to make a singular discovery. For this lover of great literature understood not one sentence out of twelve, and his favorite part was that of which he understood the least—the inimitable, mouth-filling rodomontade of the ghost in *Hamlet*. It was a bright day in the hospital when my friend expounded the sense of this beloved jargon; a task for which I am willing to believe my friend was very fit, though I can never regard it as an easy one. I know indeed a point or two, on which I would gladly question Mr. Shakespeare, that lover of big words, could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, or could I myself climb backward to the spacious days of Elizabeth. But in the second case, I should most likely pretermit these questions, and take my place instead in the pit at the Blackfrais, to hear the actor in his favorite part, playing up to Mr. Burbage, and rolling out—as I seem to hear him—with a ponderous gusto—

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

What a pleasant chance, if we could go there in a party! and what a surprise for Mr. Burbage, when the ghost received the honors of the evening!

As for my old soldier, like Mr. Burbage and Mr. Shakespeare, he is long since dead; and now lies buried, I suppose, and nameless and quite forgotten, in some poor city graveyard.—But not for me, you brave heart, have you been buried! For me, you are still afoot, tasting the sun and air, and striding southward. By the groves of Comiston and beside the Hermitage of Braid, by the Hunters' Tryst, and where the curlews and plovers cry around Fairmilehead, I see and hear you, stalwartly carrying your deadly sickness, cheerfully discoursing of uncomprehended poets.

THE THOUGHT of the old soldier recalls that of another tramp, his counterpart. This was a little, lean, and fiery man, with the eyes of a dog and the face of a gipsy; whom I found one morning encamped with his

wife and children and his grinder's wheel, beside the burn of Kinnaird. To this beloved dell I went, at that time, daily; and daily the knife-grinder and I (for as long as his tent continued pleasantly to interrupt my little wilderness) sat on two stones, and smoked, and plucked grass, and talked to the tune of the brown water. His children were mere whelps; they fought and bit among the fern like vermin. His wife was a mere squaw; I saw her gather brush and tend the kettle, but she never ventured to address her lord while I was present. The tent was a mere gipsy hovel, like a sty for pigs. But the grinder himself had the fine self-sufficiency and grave politeness of the hunter and the savage; he did me the honors of this dell, which had been mine but the day before, took me far into the secrets of his life, and used me (I am proud to remember) as a friend.

Like my old soldier, he was far gone in the national complaint. Unlike him, he had a vulgar taste in letters; scarce flying higher than the story papers; probably finding no difference, certainly seeking none, between Tannahill and Burns; his noblest thoughts, whether of poetry or music, adequately embodied in that somewhat obvious ditty,

"Will ye gang, lassie, gang
To the braes o' Balquidder."

—which is indeed apt to echo in the ears of Scottish children, and to him, in view of his experience, must have found a special directness of address. But if he had no fine sense of poetry in letters, he felt with a deep joy the poetry of life. You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night; of the blest return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches; how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities; and with what delight, at the return of the spring, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors. But we were a pair of tramps; and to you, who are doubtless sedentary and a consistent first-class passenger in life, he would scarce have laid himself so open;—to you, he might have been content to tell his story of a ghost—that of a buccaneer with his pistols as he lived—whom he had once encountered in a seaside cave near Buckie; and that would have been enough, for that would have shown you the mettle of the man. Here was a piece of experience solidly and livingly built up in words, here was a story created, *teres atque rotundus*.

And to think of the old soldier, that lover of the literary bards! He had visited stranger spots than any seaside cave; encountered men more terrible than any spirit; done and dared and suffered in that incredible, unsung epic of the Mutiny War; played his part with the field force of Delhi, beleaguering and beleaguered; shared in that enduring, savage anger and contempt of death and decency that, for long months together, bedeviled and inspired the army; was hurled to and fro in the battle-smoke of the assault; was there, perhaps, where Nicholson fell; was there when the attacking column, with hell upon every side, found the soldier's enemy—strong drink, and the lives of tens of thousands trembled

in the scale, and the fate of the flag of England staggered. And of all this he had no more to say than "hot work, sir," or "the army suffered a good deal, sir," or "I believe General Wilson, sir, was not very highly thought of in the papers." His life was naught to him, the vivid pages of experience quite blank: in words his pleasure lay—melodious, agitated words—printed words, about that which he had never seen and was connatally incapable of comprehending. We have here two temperaments face to face; both untrained, unsophisticated, surprised (we may say) in the egg; both boldly characterized:—that of the artist, the lover and the artificer of words; that of the maker, the seeër, the lover and forger of experience. If the one had a daughter and the other had a son, and these married, might not some illustrious writer count descent from the beggar-soldier and the needy knife-grinder?

EVERY ONE lives by selling something, whatever be his right to it. The burglar sells at the same time his own skill and courage and my silver plate (the whole at the most moderate figure) to a Jew receiver. The bandit sells the traveler an article of prime necessity: that traveler's life. And as for the old soldier, who stands for central mark to my capricious figures of eight, he dealt in a specialty; for he was the only beggar in the world who ever gave me pleasure for my money. He had learned a school of manners in the barracks and had the sense to cling to it, accosting strangers with a regimental freedom, thanking patrons with a merely regimental difference, sparing you at once the tragedy of his position and the embarrassment of yours. There was not one hint about him of the beggar's emphasis, the outburst of revolting gratitude, the rant and cant, the "God bless you, Kind, Kind gentleman," which insults the smallness of your alms by disproportionate vehemence, which is so notably false, which would be so unbearable if it were true. I am sometimes tempted to suppose this reading of the beggar's part, a survival of the old days when Shakespeare was intoned upon the stage and mourners keened beside the death-bed; to think that we cannot now accept these strong emotions unless they be uttered in the just note of life; nor (save in the pulpit) endure these gross conventions. They wound us, I am tempted to say, like mockery; the high voice of keening (as it yet lingers on) strikes in the face of sorrow like a buffet; and the rant and cant of the staled beggar stirs in us a shudder of disgust. But the fact disproves these amateur opinions. The beggar lives by his knowledge of the average man. He knows what he is about when he bandages his head, and hires and drugs a babe, and poisons life with *Poor Mary Ann* or *Long, long ago*; he knows what he is about when he loads the critical ear and sickens the nice conscience with intolerable thanks; they know what they are about, he and his crew, when they pervade the slums of cities, ghastly parodies of suffering, hateful parodies of gratitude. This trade can scarce be called an imposition; it has been so blown upon with exposures; it flaunts its fraudulence so nakedly. We pay them as we pay those who show us, in huge exaggeration, the monsters of our drinking-water; or those who daily predict the fall of Britain. We pay them for the pain they inflict, pay them, and wince, and hurry on. And truly there

is nothing that can shake the conscience like a beggar's thanks; and that polity in which such protestations can be purchased for a shilling, seems no scene for an honest man.

Are there, then, we may be asked, no genuine beggars? And the answer is, Not one. My old soldier was a humbug like the rest; his ragged boots were, in the stage phrase, properties; whole boots were given him again and again, and always gladly accepted; and the next day, there he was on the road as usual, with his toes exposed. His boots were his method; they were the man's trade; without his boots he would have starved; he did not live by charity; but by appealing to a gross taste in the public, which loves the limelight on the actor's face, and the toes out of the beggar's boots. There is a true poverty, which no one sees: a false and merely mimetic poverty, which usurps its place and dress, and lives and above all drinks, on the fruits of the usurpation. The true poverty does not go into the streets; the banker may rest assured, he has never put a penny in its hand. The self-respecting poor beg from each other; never from the rich. To live in the frock-coated ranks of life, to hear canting scenes of gratitude rehearsed for twopence, a man might suppose that giving was a thing gone out of fashion; yet it goes forward on a scale so great as to fill me with surprise. In the houses of the working class, all day long there will be a foot upon the stair; all day long there will be a knocking at the doors; beggars come, beggars go, without stint, hardly with intermission, from morning till night; and meanwhile, in the same city and but a few streets off, the castles of the rich stand unsummoned. Get the tale of any honest tramp, you will find it was always the poor who helped him; get the truth from any workman who has met misfortunes, it was always next door that he would go for help, or only with such exceptions as are said to prove a rule; look at the course of the mimetic beggar, it is through the poor quarters that he trails his passage, showing his bandages to every window, piercing even to the attics with his nasal song. Here is a remarkable state of things in our Christian commonwealths, that the poor only should be asked to give.

THERE IS a pleasant tale of some worthless, phrasing Frenchman, who was taxed with ingratitude: "*Il faut savoir garder l'indépendance du cœur*," cried he. I own I feel with him. Gratitude without familiarity, gratitude otherwise than as a nameless element in a friendship, is a thing so near to hatred that I do not care to split the difference. Until I find a man who is pleased to receive obligations, I shall continue to question the tact of those who are eager to confer them. What an art it is, to give, even to our nearest friends! and what a test of manners, to receive! How, upon either side, we smuggle away the obligation, blushing for each other; how bluff and dull we make the giver; how hastily, how falsely cheerful, the receiver! And yet an act of such difficulty and distress between near friends, it is supposed we can perform to a total stranger and leave the man transfixed with grateful emotions. The last thing you can do to a man is to burden him with an obligation, and it is what we propose to begin with! But let us not be deceived: unless

he is totally degraded to his trade, anger jars in his inside, and he grates his teeth at our gratuity.

We should wipe two words from our vocabulary: gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift: we must seem to pay it, if in nothing else, then with the delights of our society. Here, then, is the pitiful fix of the rich man; here is that needle's eye in which he stuck already in the days of Christ, and still sticks today, firmer, if possible, than ever: that he has the money and lacks the love which should make his money acceptable. Here and now, just as of old in Palestine, he has the rich to dinner, it is with the rich that he takes his pleasure: and when his turn comes to be charitable, he looks in vain for a recipient. His friends are not poor, they do not want; the poor are not his friends, they will not take. To whom is he to give? Where to find—note this phrase—the Deserving Poor? Charity is (what they call) centralized; offices are hired; societies founded, with secretaries paid or unpaid: the hunt for the Deserving Poor goes merrily forward. I think it will take more than a merely human secretary to disinter that character. What! a class that is to be in want from no fault of its own, and yet greedily eager to receive from strangers; and to be quite respectable and at the same time quite devoid of self-respect; and play the most delicate part of friendship, and yet never be seen; and wear the form of man, and yet fly in the face of all the laws of human nature:—and all this, in the hope of getting a belly-god Burgess through a needle's eye! Oh, let him stick, by all means: and let his polity tumble in the dust; and let his epitaph and all his literature (of which my own works begin to form no inconsiderable part) be abolished even from the history of man! For a fool of this monstrosity of dullness, there can be no salvation: and the fool who looks for the elixir of life was an angel of reason to the fool who looks for the Deserving Poor!

AND YET there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman may take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes. There were the true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all. There were a destination for loveless gifts; there were the way to reach the pocket of the deserving poor, and yet save the time of secretaries! But, alas! there is no color of romance in such a course; and people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues.

Character of the soldier-beggar? Of the knife-grinder? Which has the more genuine liking? Which the more valuable? In what sense is the beggar, with his stage-properties, not an imposter? In what sense only should *gratitude* and *charity* be wiped from our vocabulary? What do you think of the author's "one course" for the "unfortunate" rich people?

FURTHER READINGS:

Aes Triplex.....Robert Louis Stevenson
A Brother of St. Francis.....Grace Rhys

<i>Nature Lore</i>	John Burroughs
<i>Where I Live and What I Live For</i>	Henry Thoreau
<i>On Living to One's Self</i>	William Hazlitt
<i>The Art of Seeing Things</i>	John Burroughs
<i>Turtle Eggs for Agassiz</i>	Dallas Lore Sharp
<i>The Wild Mother</i>	“ “ “

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

CHARLES LAMB¹

IF PERADVENTURE, reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours a day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the street. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a weekday saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering

¹ 1775-1834. English essayist, poet and critic; famous for his "familiar" essays contained in his *Essays of Elia*.

phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigors of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my later years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L—, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlor. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L—, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B—, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded in grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that

I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

FOR THE FIRST day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have all his Time to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

—that's born, and has his years come to him,
In some great desert.

"Years!" you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a

vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting-House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:

—’Twas but just now he went away;
I have not since had time to shed a tear;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To DISSIPATE this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D—I take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that soothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. I was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch—, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do—, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl—, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my “works!” There let them rest, as I do from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A FORTNIGHT has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the

world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural for me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at 11 o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holyday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as the fiends.

I am no longer * * *, clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state

of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked taskwork, and have the rest of the day to myself.

In what spirit does Lamb speak of his "thralldom"? In what sense had he grown to his desk? How had the wood entered into his soul? How is it a sort of eternity to have one's time all to one's self? Why does he feel remorse?

Compare his ideas with those expressed by Lafcadio Hearn.



EAST INDIA HOUSE, WHERE LAMB WORKED FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>A Philosopher that Failed</i>	Edward Verrall Lucas
<i>The Child in the House</i>	Walter Pater
<i>Christ's Hospital</i>	Charles Lamb

HOODOO McFIGGIN'S CHRISTMAS

STEPHEN LEACOCK¹

THIS SANTA CLAUS business is played out. It's a sneaking, underhand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

¹ 1869——, Canadian essayist and humorist.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who had been expecting a ten-dollar watch, and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the son and heir of the McFiggin, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket-money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five-cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a puppy-dog and an air-gun and a bicycle and a Noah's ark and a sleigh and a drum—altogether about a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. I woke him up and he sat up in bed, his eyes glistening with radiant expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully, as he began undoing it. "I'll bet it's the puppy-dog, all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy-dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice, strong, number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus," and underneath Santa Claus had written, "95 net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice, brand-new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the packet was long and hard. It had resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy, trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it! I'll fire some off now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs not caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a tooth-brush. Yes, it was a tooth-brush—a regular beauty, pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, and the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with his tooth-brush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft

and bulky. It had been too long to go into the stocking and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in the anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped. "It's the drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants—a pair of the nicest little short pants—yellowish-brown short pants—with dear little stripes of color running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there was something wrapped up in it. Oh, yes! There was a pair of braces wrapped up in it, braces with a little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck, if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said, as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy stories or adventures. Oh, I hope it's adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had now seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of playing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his tooth-brush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast-time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed, I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels bring.

Show the satire of this brief essay. How does Leacock's manner differ from Lamb's? How do their purposes differ?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>The Street</i>	Simeon Strunsky
<i>My Financial Career</i>	Stephen Leacock
<i>A Lesson in Fiction</i>	" "

FIRES

EDWARD VARRALL LUCAS¹

A FRIEND of mine making a list of the things needed for the cottage that he had taken, put at the head "bellows." Then he thought for some minutes, and was found merely to have added "tongs" and "poker." Then

¹Contemporary English essayist and publishers' reader.

he asked someone to finish it. A fire, indeed, furnishes. Nothing else, not even a chair, is absolutely necessary; and it is difficult for a fire to be too large. Some of the grates put into modern houses by the jerry-builders would move an Elizabethan to tears, so petty and mean are they, and so incapable of radiation. We English people would suffer no loss in kindness and tolerance were the inglenook restored to our homes. The ingle humanizes.

Although the father of the family no longer, as in ancient Greece, performs on the hearth religious rites, yet it is still a sacred spot. Lovers whisper there, and there friends exchange confidences. Husband and wife face the fire hand in hand. The table is for wit and good humor, the hearth is for something deeper and more personal. The wisest counsels are offered beside the fire, the most loving sympathy and comprehension are there made explicit. It is the scene of the best dual companionship. The fire itself is a friend, having the prime attribute—warmth. One of the most human passages of that most human poem, *The Deserted Village*, tells how the wanderer was now and again taken by the memory of the hearth of his distant home:—

“I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down. . . .
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw. . . .”

Only by the fireside could a man so unbosom himself. A good fire extracts one's best; it will not be resisted. Fitz-Gerald's "Meadows in Spring" contains some of the best fireside stanzas:—

“Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Or to get merry
We sing some old rime,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then we go to drinking,
Silent and snug;
Nothing passes between us
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!”

The hearth also is for ghost stories; indeed, a ghost story demands a fire. If England were warmed wholly by hot-water pipes or gas stoves, the Society for Psychical Research would be dissolved. Gas stoves are poor comforters. They heat the room, it is true, but they do so after a manner of their own, and there they stop. For encouragement, for inspiration, you seek the gas stove in vain. Who could be witty, who could be humane, before a gas stove? It does so little for the eye and nothing for the imagination; its flame is so artificial and restricted a thing, its glowing heart so shallow and ungenerous. It has no voice, no personality, no surprises; it submits to the control of a gas company, which, in its turn, is controlled by Parliament. Now, a fire proper has nothing to do with Parliament. A fire proper has whims, ambitions, and impulses unknown to gas-burners, undreamed of by asbestos. Yet even the gas stove has advantages and merits when compared with hot-water pipes. The gas stove at least offers a focus for the eye, unworthy though it be; and you can make a semicircle of good people before it. But with hot-water pipes not even that is possible. From the security of ambush they merely heat, and heat whose source is invisible is hardly to be coveted at all. Moreover, the heat of hot-water pipes is but one remove from stuffiness.

Coals are a perpetual surprise, for no two consignments burn exactly alike. There is one variety that does not burn—it explodes. This kind comes mainly from the slate quarries, and, we must believe, reaches the coal merchant by accident. Few accidents, however, occur so frequently. Another variety, found in its greatest perfection in railway waiting-rooms, does everything but emit heat. A third variety jumps and burns the hearthrug. One can predicate nothing definite concerning a new load of coal at any time, least of all if the consignment was ordered to be “exactly like the last.”

A true luxury is a fire in the bedroom. This is fire at its most fanciful and mysterious. One lies in bed watching drowsily the play of the flames, the flicker of the shadows. The light leaps up and hides again, the room gradually becomes peopled with fantasies. Now and then a coal drops and accentuates the silence. Movement with silence is one of the curious influences that come to us: hence, perhaps, part of the fascination of the cinematoscope, wherein trains rush into stations, and streets are seen filled with hurrying people and bustling vehicles, and yet there is no sound save the clicking of the mechanism. With a fire in one's bedroom sleep comes witchingly.

Another luxury is reading by firelight, but this is less to the credit of the fire than the book. An author must have us in no uncertain grip when he can induce us to read him by a light so impermanent as that of the elfish coal. Nearer and nearer to the page grows the bended head, and nearer and nearer to the fire moves the book. Boys and girls love to read lying full length on the hearthrug.

Some people maintain a fire from January to December; and, indeed, the days on which a ruddy grate offends are very few. According to Mortimer Collins, out of the three hundred and sixty-five days that make up the year only on the odd five is a fire quite dispensable. A perennial fire is, perhaps, luxury writ large. The very fact that sunbeams falling on

the coals dispirit them to greyness and ineffectual pallor seems to prove that when the sun rides high it is time to have done with fuel except in the kitchen or in the open air.

The fire in the open air is indeed joy perpetual, and there is no surer way of renewing one's youth than by kindling and tending it, whether it be a rubbish fire for potatoes, or an aromatic offering of pine spindles and fir cones, or the scientific structure of the gipsy to heat a tripod-swung kettle. The gipsy's fire is a work of art. "Two short sticks were stuck in the ground, and a third across to them like a triangle. Against this frame a number of the smallest and driest sticks were leaned, so that they made a tiny hut. Outside these there was a second layer of longer sticks, all standing, or rather leaning, against the first. If a stick is placed across, lying horizontally, supposing it catches fire, it just burns through the middle and that is all, the ends go out. If it is stood nearly upright, the flame draws up to it; it is certain to catch, burns longer, and leaves a good ember." So wrote one who knew—Richard Jefferies, in *Bevis*, that epic of boyhood. Having built the fire, the next thing is to light it. An old gipsy woman can light a fire in a gale, just as a sailor can always light his pipe, even in the cave of Æolus; but the amateur is less dexterous. The smoke of the open-air fire is charged with memory. One whiff of it, and for a swift moment we are in sympathy with our remotest ancestors, and all that is elemental and primitive in us is awakened.

An American poet, R. H. Messinger, wrote—

"Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, the cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot, too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking."

There is no fire of coals, not even the blacksmith's, that can compare with the blazing fire of wood. The wood fire is primeval. Centuries before coals were dreamed of, our rude forefathers were cooking their meat and gaining warmth from burning logs.

Coal is modern, decadent. Look at this passage concerning fuel from an old Irish poem:—"O man," begins the lay, "that for Fergus of the feasts does kindle fire, whether afloat or ashore never burn the king of woods. . . . The pliant woodbine, if thou burn, wailings for misfortunes will abound; dire extremity at weapons' points or drowning in great waves will come after thee. Burn not the precious apple tree." The minstrel goes on to name wood after wood that may or may not be burned. This is the crowning

passage:—"Fiercest heat-giver of all timber is green oak, from him none may escape unhurt; by partiality for him the head is set on aching, and by his acrid embers the eye is made sore. Alder, very battle-witch of all woods, tree that is hottest in the fight—undoubtedly burn at thy discretion both the alder and the white thorn. Holly, burn it green; holly, burn it dry; of all trees whatsoever the critically best is holly." Could anyone write with this enthusiasm and poetic feeling about Derby Brights and Silkstone—even the best Silkstone and the best Derby Brights?

The care of a wood fire is, in itself, daily work for a man; for far more so than with coal is progress continuous. Something is always taking place and demanding vigilance—hence the superiority of a wood fire as a beguiling influence. The bellows must always be near at hand, the tongs not out of reach; both of them more sensible implements than those that usually appertain to coals. The tongs have no pretension to brightness and gentility; the bellows, quite apart from their function in life, are a thing of beauty; the fire-dogs, on whose backs the logs repose, are fine upstanding fellows; and the bricks on which the fire is laid have warmth and simplicity and a hospitable air to which decorative tiles can never attain. Again, there is about the logs something cleanly, in charming contrast to the dirt of coal. The wood hails from the neighboring coppice. You have watched it grow; your interest in it is personal, and its interest in you is personal. It is as keen to warm you as you are to be warmed. Now there is nothing so impersonal as a piece of coal. Moreover, this wood was cut down and brought to the door by some good-humored countryman of your acquaintance, whereas coal is obtained by miners—bad-tempered, truculent fellows that strike. Who ever heard of a strike among coppicers? And the smoke from a wood fire!—clean and sweet and pungent, and, against dark foliage, exquisite in color as the breast of a dove. The delicacy of its grey-blue is not to be matched.

Whittier's *Snow Bound* is the epic of the wood-piled hearth. Throughout we hear the crackling of the brush, the hissing of the sap. The texture of the fire was "the oaken log, green, huge, and thick, and rugged brush":—

"Hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom."

That italicised line—my own italics—is good. For the best fire (as for the best celery)—the fire most hearty, most inspired, and inspiring—frost is needed. When old Jack is abroad and there is a breath from the east in the air, then the sparks fly and the coals glow. In moist and mild weather the fire only burns, it has no enthusiasm for combustion. Whittier gives us a snowstorm:—

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat
 The frost line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed."

But the wood fire is not for all. In London it is impracticable; the builder has set his canon against it. Let us, then—those of us who are able to—build our coal fires the higher, and flourish in their kindly light. Whether one is alone or in company, the fire is potent to cheer. Indeed, a fire *is* company. No one need fear to be alone if the grate but glows. Faces in the fire will smile at him, mock him, frown at him, call and repulse; or, if there be no faces, the smoke will take a thousand shapes and lead his thoughts by delightful paths to the land of reveries; or he may watch the innermost heart of the fire burn blue (especially if there is frost in the air); or, poker in hand, he may coax a coal into increased vivacity. This is an agreeable diversion, suggesting the mediæval idea of the Devil in his domain.

What is the theme of this essay? What is the value of the numerous quotations? Is there the difference that Lucas points out between wood, coal, gas, and steam? Or is it just fancy?

FURTHER READINGS:

Autumnal Commencement of Fires.....Leigh Hunt
On a Sun-Dial.....William Hazlitt
The Mission of Humour.....Agnes Repplier

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

(THE INDICATOR, January 19, 1920)

LEIGH HUNT¹

AN ITALIAN AUTHOR—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords

¹ 1784-1859. English poet and essayist; a friend of Keats.

an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquirers into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harp-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, Sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, Sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir . . . I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No, Sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, Sir."—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed).—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against the degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like

her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montagu, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson, the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons*—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three-and-fourpence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded, argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss", of the vice in question. A liar in bed may profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat *over*-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most good-

natured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humor and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively different matter, to *him*, about his health; but tell him that it is no different matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by—— Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a——Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand and the *vis inertiae* on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good humor and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover, for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr. Indicator, how do *you* behave yourself in this respect?

Indic. Oh, Madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as the old way of sermonizing and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh of yours. If I should look in tomorrow morning——

Indic. Ah, Madam, the look in of a face like yours does anything with me. It shall fetch me up at nine, if you please—*sir*, I meant to say.

Essays of this type are variously called familiar, personal, informal. Explain each term, and show how it applies here. Which of the preceding essays are of the same type? What are its advantages?

FURTHER READINGS:

Fiddlers Errant.....Robert Haven Schaufler
Old China.....Charles Lamb
On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.....Thomas De Quincey
My Financial Career ("Literary Lapses").....Stephen Leacock

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

(THE SPECTATOR, No. 7; March 8, 1711)

JOSEPH ADDISON¹

GOING YESTERDAY to dine with an old acquaintance I had the misfortune to find the whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the

¹ 1672-1719. English statesman, dramatist, poet, and essayist.

occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to them or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me for a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday!" says she. "No, child; if it pleases God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, a person that had brought disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humors of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that the careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?"—"Yes," says he, "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady, seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another on my plate, desired me that I would humor her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-

thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapors produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbors. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of those antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know of but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

What effects of superstition are discussed? Does Addison consider the causes? What is his suggested remedy?

FURTHER READINGS:

Witches (from "The Spectator").....Joseph Addison
Witches, and other Night-Fears.....Charles Lamb

OF SUPERSTITION

FRANCIS BACON¹

IT WERE BETTER to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely. And certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely," saith he, "I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born," as the poets speak of Saturn. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not. But superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states, for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further. And we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile* that ravisheth all the spheres of government.

The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools, and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen bore great sway, that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs, to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and, in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems to save the practice of the Church.

The causes of Superstition are: pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixtures of imaginations; and lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters.

Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances.

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received. Therefore care would be that, as it fareth in ill purgings, the good be not taken away with the bad; which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

primum mobile, primary motive power; *ravisheth*, sweeps around with; *eccentrics and epicycles*, circles whose centers themselves moved in circles.

¹ 1561-1626. English scientist, philosopher, lawyer, and essayist.

Explain *contumely*; *civil*; *Council of Trent*.

What does Bacon consider to be the cause of superstition? the results? Why? Do you agree with him at all points?

FURTHER READINGS:

Of Atheism.....Francis Bacon
Of Great Place.....“ “

OF SUSPICION

FRANCIS BACON

SUSPICIONS amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds,—they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or, at the least, well guarded; for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly; they dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy. They are defects not in the heart, but in the brain, for they take place in the stoutest natures; as in the example of Henry VII of England,—there was not a more suspicious man nor a more stout. And in such a composition they do small hurt, for commonly they are not admitted but with examination, whether they be likely or no; but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore there is no better way to moderate suspicions than to account upon such suspicions as true, and yet to bridle them as false; for so far a man ought to make use of suspicions, as to provide as if that should be true he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt.

Suspicious that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished, and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. Certainly, the best mean to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions, is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects; for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before; and withal shall make that party more circumspect not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures; for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true. The Italian says, "*Sospetto licencia fede*," as if suspicion did give a passport to faith; but it ought rather to kindle it to discharge itself.

check, interfere; *currently*, like a current; smoothly; *Sospetto licentia fede*, Suspicion gives licence to faith; releases men from the obligation to be sincere and honorable.

Bacon lived in an age, and especially in a particular clique of that age, where he could see much of the less pleasing side of human

nature. His conclusions are based upon the experience of a long and varied life. Do you think his advice practical? Should we, when hoping for the best, be fully prepared for the worst?

FURTHER READINGS:

<i>Of Riches</i>	Francis Bacon
<i>Of Revenge</i>	“ “
<i>Of Truth</i>	“ “

JOAN OF ARC

THOMAS DE QUINCEY¹

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word among his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never, once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy

¹ 1785-1859. English essayist, famous for his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.



Photograph by DeWitt C. Ward

JOAN OF ARC, SCULPTURED BY ANNA VAUGHN HYATT

destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regards herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voices that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the

skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except for this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amid the tears of ten thousand enemies—died amid the drums and trumpets of armies—died amid peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In the glades where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapidly are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah, no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh, but, this is sudden! My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counselor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop,

for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, *she*,—when heaven and earth are silent.

De Quincey's rambling, incoherent account of Joan of Arc's life and death are here omitted. In the introduction and the conclusion here given, what qualities of style do you note? What seems the author's purpose? What is his evident feeling towards Joan? What is the effect of his comparing her to David? How were the lives similar? How unlike? What feeling does the author arouse by his apostrophe to the Bishop? How does he call vividly before us the important points in Joan's life? What is the nature of the author's contrast of Bishop and Maid? What is particularly effective about the close of the essay?

FURTHER READINGS:

The Vision of Sudden Death.....Thomas De Quincey
Dream Fugue.....“ “ “

THE EVERLASTING YEA

(CHAPTER IX, BOOK SECOND, OF "SARTOR RESARTUS")

THOMAS CARLYLE¹

TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness! Have we not all been tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our life is compassed round with necessity; yet is the meaning of life itself no other than freedom, than voluntary force. Thus have we a warfare; in the beginning especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in well-doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean prophetic characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth in our conduct a visible, acted gospel of freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better influence can become the upper?

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him and the clay must now be vanquished or vanquish, should be carried of the spirit into grim solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him, defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose, with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural desert of rocks and sands or in the populous moral desert of selfishness and baseness, to such temptation we are all called. Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendor; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights, or smolders, in dull pain, in dark-

¹ 1795-1881. Scotch essayist, historian and lecturer.

ness, under earthly vapors! Our Wilderness is the wide world in an atheistic century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting. Nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not victory, yet the consciousness of battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forest, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes of that mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in heaven only.

How PAINT to the sensual eye what passes in the holy-of-holies of man's Soul? In what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable? The hot wind had raged itself out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings, and sat me down to wait and consider; for 'it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say, "Fly, then, false shadows of hope. I will chase you no more; I will believe you no more. And ye, too, haggard specters of fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here, for I am way-weary and life-weary. I will rest here, were it but to die! To die or to live is alike to me—alike insignificant." Here, then, as I lay in that CENTER OF INDIFFERENCE, cast doubtless by benignant upper influence into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new heaven and a new earth. The first preliminary moral act, annihilation of self, had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.

Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey tent, musing and meditating, on the high tableland in front of the mountains; over me as a roof the azure dome, and around me for walls four azure-flowing curtains; namely, of the four azure winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair castles that stood sheltered in these mountain hollows with their green flower-lawns and white dames and damsels lovely enough; or better still, the straw-roofed cottages wherein stood many a mother baking bread, with her children around her—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley folds, yet there and alive as surely as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine towns and villages that lay round my mountain-seat, which in still weather were wont to speak to me (by their steeple bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated smoke-clouds, whereon, as on a culinary horologue, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, mid-day, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. If, in my wide wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the world in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining into general propositions and deducting inferences therefrom.

Often also I could see the black tempest marching in anger through the distance. Round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair, till after a space it vanished, and in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an atmosphere, of a world, O Nature! Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not call thee God? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God"? O heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee? that lives and loves in thee? that lives and loves in me?

Foreshadows, call them rather foresplendors, of that Truth, and beginnings of Truth, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than day-spring to the shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that evangel. The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with specters; but God-like, and my Father's.

With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow men; with an infinite love, an infinite pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tired, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gaberdine, art thou not so weary, so heavily-laden; and thy bed of rest is but a grave. O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thine eyes! Truly, the din of many-voiced life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel stepdame. Man, with his so mad wants and so mean endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that "Sanctuary of Sorrow"; by strange, deep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "divine depth of sorrow" lie disclosed to me.

A VAIN interminable controversy touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul that would pass from idle suffering into actual endeavoring must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough suppression of this controversy; to a few some solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such solution comes out in different terms; and ever the solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his dialect from century to century; he can not help it though he would. Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he can not quite bury under the finite. Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake in joint-stock company to make one shoeblack *happy*? They can not accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the shoeblack also has a soul

quite other than his stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, no less: *God's infinite universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus, speak not of them; to the infinite shoe-black they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half a universe, of an omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

But the whim we have of happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations and averages of our own striking we come upon some sort of average of terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simply payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint. Only such *overplus* as there may be do we account happiness. Any *deficit* again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us! Do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and make a blockhead cry, "See there, what a payment! Was ever worthy gentleman so used?" I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

So true it is, what I then said, that *the fraction of life can be increased in value not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening your denominator*. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, unity itself divided by zero will give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: "It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not *happy*? Because the *thou* (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What act of legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be happy! A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.

I see a glimpse of it! There is in man a *higher* than love of happiness; he can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness. Was it not to preach forth this same *higher* that the sages and martyrs, the poets and the priests, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the God-like that is in man, and how in the God-like only has he strength and freedom? Which God-

inspired doctrine art thou also honored to be taught, O heavens! and broken with manifold merciful afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! Oh, thank thy destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; the self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is life rooting out the deep-seated chronic disease, and triumphs over death. On the roaring billows of time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly, conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices. Only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any other center to revolve around, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that doubt of any sort can not be removed except by action. On which ground too let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to his heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the duty which lies nearest thee,*" which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

May we not say, however, that the hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this: When our ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your "America is here or nowhere"? The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal. Work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself; the impediment too is in thyself. Thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? Oh, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: The thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

BUT it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: The beginning of creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed Soul, as once over the wild-weltering chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simple figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval discord is hushed; the rudely jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate firmaments; deep silent rock foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault, with its everlasting luminaries above. Instead of a dark wasteful chaos we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world.

I too could now say to myself, "Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or

even a worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee. Out with it, then. Up! up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work."

What is Carlyle's message? Memorize the final statement of it. How does this agree with Lamb's "life contemplative"? Can you account for the difference? Point out the important steps before his arrival at this thought. Point out all the words, phrases, and passages that are reminiscent of Bible language.

FURTHER READINGS :

<i>Of Ambition</i>	Francis Bacon
<i>Self-Reliance</i>	Ralph Waldo Emerson
<i>Compensation</i>	" " "
<i>Manners</i>	" " "

THE MAN WHO THINKS BACKWARDS

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON ¹

THE MAN who thinks backwards is a very powerful person today: indeed, if he is not omnipotent, he is at least omnipresent. It is he who writes nearly all the learned books and articles, especially of the scientific or sceptical sort; all the articles on Eugenics and Social Evolution and Prison Reform and the Higher Criticism and all the rest of it. But especially it is this strange and tortuous being who does most of the writing about female emancipation and the reconsidering of marriage. For the man who thinks backwards is very frequently a woman.

Thinking backwards is not quite easy to define abstractedly; and, perhaps, the simplest method is to take some object, as plain as possible, and from it illustrate the two modes of thought: the right mode in which all real results have been rooted; the wrong mode, which is confusing all our current discussions, especially our discussions about the relations of the sexes. Casting my eye round the room, I notice an object which is often mentioned in the higher and subtler of these debates about the sexes: I mean a poker. I will take a poker and think about it; first forwards and then backwards; and so, perhaps, show what I mean.

The sage desiring to think well and wisely about a poker will begin somewhat as follows: Among the live creatures that crawl about this star the queerest is the thing called Man. This plucked and plumeless bird, comic and forlorn, is the butt of all the philosophies. He is the only naked animal; and this quality, once, it is said, his glory, is now his shame. He has to go outside himself for everything that he wants. He might almost

¹1874 ——. English essayist, novelist, and poet, famous for his style, which abounds in paradoxes.

be considered as an absent-minded person who had gone bathing and left his clothes everywhere, so that he has hung his hat upon the beaver and his coat upon the sheep. The rabbit has white warmth for a waistcoat, and the glow-worm has a lantern for a head. But man has no heat in his hide, and the light in his body is darkness; and he must look for light and warmth in the wild, cold universe in which he is cast. This is equally true of his soul and of his body; he is the one creature that has lost his heart as much as he has lost his hide. In a spiritual sense he has taken leave of his senses; and even in a literal sense he has been unable to keep his hair on. And just as this external need of his has lit in his dark brain the dreadful star called religion, so it has lit in his hand the only adequate symbol of it: I mean the red flower called Fire. Fire, the most tragic and startling of all material things, is a thing known only to man and the expression of his sublime externalism. It embodies all that is human in his hearths and all that is divine on his altars. It is the most human thing in the world; seen across wastes of marsh or medleys of forest, it is veritably the purple and golden flag of the sons of Eve. But there is about this generous and rejoicing thing an alien and awful quality: the quality of torture. Its presence is life; its touch is death. Therefore, it is always necessary to have an intermediary between ourselves and this dreadful deity; to have a priest to intercede for us with the god of life and death; to send an ambassador to the fire. That priest is the poker. Made of a material more merciless and warlike than the other instruments of domesticity, hammered on the anvil and born itself in the flame, the poker is strong enough to enter the burning fiery furnace, and, like the holy children, not be consumed. In this heroic service it is often battered and twisted, but is the more honorable for it, like any other soldier who has been under fire.

NOW ALL THIS may sound very fanciful and mystical, but it is the right view of pokers, and no one who takes it will ever go in for any wrong view of pokers, such as using them to beat at one's wife or torture one's children, or even (though that is more excusable) to make a policeman jump, as the clown does in the pantomime. He who has thus gone back to the beginning, and seen everything as quaint and new, will always see things in their right order, the one depending on the other in degree of purpose and importance; the poker for the fire and the fire for the man and the man for the glory of God.

This is thinking forwards. Now our modern discussions about everything, Imperialism, Socialism, or Votes for Women, are all entangled in an opposite train of thought, which runs as follows:—

A modern intellectual comes in and sees a poker. He is a positivist; he will not begin with any dogmas about the nature of man, or any day-dreams about the mystery of fire. He will begin with what he can see, the poker; and the first thing he sees about the poker is that it is crooked. He says, "Poor poker; it's crooked." Then he asks how it came to be crooked; and is told that there is a thing in the world (with which his temperament has hitherto left him unacquainted)—a thing called fire. He points out, very kindly and clearly, how silly it is of people, if they want a straight poker, to put it into a chemical combustion which will very probably heat

and warp it. "Let us abolish fire," he says, "and then we shall have perfectly straight poker. Why should you want a fire at all?" They explain to him that a creature called Man wants a fire, because he has no fur or feathers. He gazes dreamily at the embers for a few seconds, and then shakes his head. "I doubt if such an animal is worth preserving," he says. "He must eventually go under in the cosmic struggle when pitted against well-armored and warmly protected species, who have wings and trunks and spires and scales and horns and shaggy hair. If Man cannot live without these luxuries, you had better abolish Man." At this point, as a rule, the crowd is convinced; it heaves up all its clubs and axes, and abolishes him. At least, one of him.

BEFORE WE begin discussing our various new plans for the people's welfare, let us make a kind of agreement that we will argue in a straightforward way, and not in a tail-foremost way. The typical modern movements may be right; but let them be defended because they are right, not because they are typical modern movements. Let us begin with the actual woman or man in the street, who is *cold*; like mankind before the finding of fire. Do not let us begin with the end of the last red-hot discussion—like the end of a red-hot poker. Imperialism may be right. But if it is right, it is right because England has some divine authority like Israel, or some human authority like Rome; not because we have saddled ourselves with South Africa, and don't know how to get rid of it. Socialism may be true. But if it is true, it is true because the tribe or the city can really declare all land to be common land, not because Harrod's Stores exist and the commonwealth must copy them. Female suffrage may be just. But if it is just, it is just because women are women, not because women are sweated workers and white slaves and all sorts of things that they ought never to have been. Let not the Imperialist accept a colony because it is there, nor the Suffragist seize a vote because it is lying about, nor the Socialist buy up an industry merely because it is for sale.

Let us ask ourselves first what we really do want, not what recent legal decisions have told us to want, or recent logical philosophies proved that we must want, or recent social prophecies predicted that we shall some day want. If there must be a British Empire, let it be British, and not, in mere panic, American or Prussian. If there ought to be female suffrage, let it be female, and not a mere imitation as coarse as the male blackguard or as dull as the male clerk. If there is to be Socialism, let it be social; that is, as different as possible from all the big commercial departments of today. The really good journeyman tailor does not cut his coat according to his cloth; he asks for more cloth. The really practical statesman does not fit himself to existing conditions, he denounces the conditions as unfit. History is like some deeply planted tree which, though gigantic in girth, tapers away at last into tiny twigs; and we are in the topmost branches. Each of us is trying to bend the tree by a twig: to alter England through a distant colony, or to capture the State through a small State department, or to destroy all voting through a vote. In all such bewilderment he is wise who resists this temptation of trivial triumph or surrender, and happy (in an echo of the Roman poet) who remembers the roots of things.

State the difference between thinking forward and thinking backward. Which way do you think? Test your thinking in the case of some current question, such as high-school manners, the latest fashions, inter-city athletics. What is the relation of the way of thinking to the conclusion arrived at?

FURTHER READINGS:

A Defense of Nonsense.....G. K. Chesterton
The Lantern-Bearers.....Robert Louis Stevenson

SECTION SIX

SPEECHES

PUBLIC addresses embody our ideals; furthermore, they thrill us with their call to action. England and America are both rich in this field of literature. From Pitt the Elder to Woodrow Wilson our history has been influenced profoundly by great speeches. Our ideals of liberty and democracy, and our devotion to these ideals, have found utterance in our public forums; and through the power of the press these utterances have reached and influenced millions of people who did not hear the spoken words. Speeches on vital issues exert this influence for the ultimate success of a principle even generations after the utterances have served their immediate purpose.

A Few Collections of Speeches:

Landmarks of Liberty. St. John and Noonan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. New York.

Democracy Today. Gauss. Scott, Foresman, and Company. Chicago.

Forum of Democracy. Watkins and Williams. Allyn and Bacon. Chicago.

Modern American Speeches. Boardman. Longmans, Green, and Company, New York.

Select Orations. Hall. The Macmillan Company. New York.

Early American Orations. Heller. The Macmillan Company.

Selections from Southern Orators. The Macmillan Company.

Public Speaking: Principles and Practice. Winter. The Macmillan Company.

Single Speeches:

Farewell Address George Washington

Bunker Hill Orations..... Daniel Webster

Reply to Hayne Daniel Webster

Address at Cooper Institute..... Abraham Lincoln

First Inaugural Address..... Abraham Lincoln

Conciliation with America..... Edmund Burke

Self-Cultivation in English..... George Herbert Palmer

The American Scholar..... Ralph Waldo Emerson

Public Duty of Educated Men..... George William Curtis

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

EDMUND BURKE¹

I AM sensible, Sir, that all which I have asserted in my detail is admitted in the gross, but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, gentlemen say, is a noble object; it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force,—considering force not as an odious, but a feeble, instrument for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, Sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force; and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource: for conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is that you *impair the object* by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me than whole America. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own; because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; and still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility have been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so; but we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it, and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

These, Sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine

¹ 1729-1797. English statesman and orator; of Irish birth and education.

my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce: I mean its *temper and character*.

IN THIS CHARACTER of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole: and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force or shuffle from them by chicane what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are *descendants* of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much further: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of the House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe or might be endangered in twenty other particulars without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your

general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by *the form of their provincial legislative assemblies*. Their governments are popular in an high degree: some are merely popular; in all the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, *religion* would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants, and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this adverseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England, too, was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is,

that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a *vast multitude of slaves*. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, Sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit; I mean their *education*. In no country perhaps in the world is *the law so general a study*. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read) endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled by successful chicane wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores*. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries the people, more simple and of less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural

constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent *the effect of this distance in weakening government*. Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Kurdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is perhaps not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, Sir, from these six capital sources: of descent, of form of government, of religion in the northern provinces, of manners in the southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government,—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth: a spirit, that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America* was delivered in Parliament March 22, 1775, less than a month before the first battle of the Revolution. What is your opinion of Burke's judgment in the matter? Make a brief showing the place of each argument that supported his judgment. Suppose his plans had been followed; what probably would have been the effect upon the history of the British Empire?

FURTHER READINGS:

Only paragraphs 31-44 of the speech are here given. Further reading should include first the paragraphs preceding; then, if the time permits, the paragraphs following; finally, Pitt's speech on *American Taxation*. For the American side—

Writs of Assistance.....James Otis
On American Independence.....Samuel Adams
Liberty or Death.....Patrick Henry

ON AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

WILLIAM PITT, LORD CHATHAM¹

I RISE, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove, but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her majesty.

But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no farther. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I can not concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery can not now avail—can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this House, the hereditary council of the Crown. *Who* is the minister—*where* is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! But the Crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! “But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence.” I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are

¹ 1708-1778. English statesman and orator.

wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England! The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility—this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy!—and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who “but yesterday” gave law to the House of Bourbon?

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we can not act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do: I love and honor the English troops; I know their virtues and valor. I know that they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is *an impossibility*. You can not, I venture to say it, *you can not* conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, *you can not conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss* of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary

sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, *never*, NEVER!

Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and of rapine is gone forth among them. I know it; and, notwithstanding what the noble earl who moved the address has given as his opinion of the American army, I know from authentic information, and the most experienced officers, that our discipline is deeply wounded. While this is notoriously our sinking situation, America grows and flourishes; while our strength and discipline are lowered, hers are rising and improving.

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law.

It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine; familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, "that makes ambition virtue"! What makes ambition virtue? The sense of honor. But is the sense of honor consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, What other allies have they acquired? What other powers have they associated in their cause? Have they entered into an alliance with the king of the gipsies? Nothing, my lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

THE INDEPENDENT VIEWS of America have been stated and asserted as the foundation of this address. My lords, no man wishes for the due dependence of America on this country more than I do. To preserve it, and not confirm that state of independence into which your measures hitherto have driven them, is the object which we ought to unite in attaining. The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. But, contending for independency and total disconnection from England, as an Englishman, I can not wish them success; for in a due constitutional dependency, including the ancient supremacy of this country in regulating their commerce and navigation, consists the mutual happiness and prosperity both of England and America. She derived assistance and protection from us; and we reaped from her the most important advantages. She was, indeed, the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the nursery and basis of our naval power. It is our duty, therefore, my lords, if we wish to save our country, most

seriously to endeavor the recovery of these most beneficial subjects; and in this perilous crisis, perhaps the present moment may be the only one in which we can hope for success.

Let us wisely take advantage of every possible moment of reconciliation. Besides, the natural disposition of America herself still leans toward England, to the old habits of connection and mutual interest that united both countries. This was the established sentiment of all the Continent; and still, my lords, in the great and principal part, the sound part of America, this wise and affectionate disposition prevails. And there is a very considerable part of America yet sound—the middle and southern provinces. Some parts may be factious and blind to their true interests; but if we express a wise and benevolent disposition to communicate with them, those immutable rights of nature and those constitutional liberties to which they are equally entitled with ourselves, by a conduct so just and humane we shall confirm the favorable and conciliate the adverse.

I say, my lords, the rights and liberties to which they are equally entitled with ourselves, but no more. I would participate to them every enjoyment and freedom which the colonizing subjects of a free state can possess, or wish to possess; and I do not see why they should not enjoy every fundamental right in their property, and every original substantial liberty which Devonshire, or Surrey, or the county I live in, or any other county in England, can claim; reserving always, as a sacred right of the mother country, the due constitutional dependency of the colonies. The inherent supremacy of the state in regulating and protecting the navigation and commerce of all her subjects, is necessary for the mutual benefit and preservation of every part, to constitute and preserve the prosperous arrangement of the whole empire.

The sound parts of America, of which I have spoken, must be sensible of these great truths and of their real interests. America is not in that state of desperate and contemptible rebellion which this country has been deluded to believe. It is not a wild and lawless banditti, who, having nothing to lose, might hope to snatch something from public convulsions. Many of their leaders and great men have a great stake in this great contest. The gentleman who conducts their armies, I am told, has an estate of four or five thousand pounds a year; and when I consider these things, I can not but lament the inconsiderate violence of our penal acts, our declaration of treason and rebellion, with all the fatal effects of attainder and confiscation.

You can not conciliate America by your present measures. You can not subdue her by your present or by any other measures. What, then, can you do? You can not conquer; you can not gain; but you can address; you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger that should produce them. But, my lords, the time demands the language of truth. We must not now apply the flattering unction of servile complaisance or blind complaisance. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let

them walk off; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.

My lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the disgrace of your reputation, the pollution of your discipline, the contamination of your morals, the complication of calamities, foreign and domestic, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Let us now stop short. This is the crisis—the only crisis of time and situation, to give us a possibility of escape from the fatal effects of our delusions. But if, in an obstinate and infatuated perseverance in folly, we slavishly echo the peremptory words this day presented to us, nothing can save this devoted country from complete and final ruin. We madly rush into multiplied miseries, and “confusion worse confounded.”

Is it possible, can it be believed, that ministers are yet blind to this impending destruction? I did hope, that instead of this false and empty vanity, this overweening pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late, repentance, have endeavored to redeem them. But, my lords, since they had neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun these oppressive calamities—since not even severe experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of Parliament must interpose.

I shall, therefore, my lords, propose to you an amendment of the address to his majesty, to be inserted immediately after the two first paragraphs of congratulation on the birth of a princess, to recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your lordships neglect the happy, and, perhaps, the only opportunity. By the establishment of irrevocable law, founded on mutual rights, and ascertained by treaty, these glorious enjoyments may be firmly perpetuated. And let me repeat to your lordships, that the strong bias of America, at least of the wise and sounder parts of it, naturally inclines to this happy and constitutional reconnection with you. Notwithstanding the temporary intrigues with France, we may still be assured of their ancient and confirmed partiality to us. America and France can not be congenial. There is something decisive and confirmed in the honest American, that will not assimilate to the futility and levity of Frenchmen.

My lords, to encourage and confirm that innate inclination to this country, founded on every principle of affection, as well as consideration of interest; to restore that favorable disposition into a permanent and powerful reunion with this country; to revive the mutual strength of the empire; again to awe the House of Bourbon, instead of meanly truckling, as our present calamities compel us, to every insult of French caprice and Spanish punctilio; to re-establish our commerce; to reassert our rights and our honor; to confirm our

interests, and renew our glories for ever—a consummation most devoutly to be endeavored! and which, I trust, may yet arise from reconciliation with America—I have the honor of submitting to you the following amendment, which I move to be inserted after the two first paragraphs of the address:

And that this House does most humbly advise and supplicate his majesty to be pleased to cause the most speedy and effectual measures to be taken for restoring peace in America; and that no time may be lost in proposing an immediate opening of a treaty for the final settlement of the tranquillity of these invaluable provinces, by a removal of the unhappy cause of this ruinous civil war, and by a just and adequate security against the return of the like calamities in times to come. And this House desire to offer the most dutiful assurances to his majesty, that they will, in due time, cheerfully coöperate with the magnanimity and tender goodness of his majesty for the preservation of his people, by such explicit and most solemn declarations, and provisions of fundamental and irrevocable laws, as may be judged necessary for the ascertaining and fixing forever the respective rights of Great Britain and her colonies.

As Burke had failed to persuade the House of Commons, so Pitt failed here to win the House of Lords. Why could they not either prevent the war or stop it when it had started? At precisely what stage of the war was this speech evidently made? Just what was Pitt's position with regard to American independence? How, then, can we speak of his favoring the Americans? What party in America did not favor independence? To what province did many of these people emigrate after the war? What features of the British conduct of the war did Pitt most bitterly condemn? Who was responsible for such conduct?

FURTHER READINGS:

On Coercive Measures in America.....John Wilkes
Farewell Address.....George Washington
The War in America Denounced.....Pitt the Younger
On the British Defeat in America.....Charles James Fox

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

SIR WILFRID LAURIER¹

WE HAVE MET under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration; they are the literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which extend the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the man-

¹ 1841-1919. Canadian statesman and orator.

sions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the queen, in her long reign, had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe, for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the many qualities of Queen Victoria, those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighboring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom at all times and under all circumstances her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the Civil War, when the relations of the two countries were strained almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier well expressed the feeling of his countrymen when he exclaimed:

"We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
To England's Queen, God bless her."

There is wailing and lamentation among the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the Great Mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Ay, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farmhouses of South Africa, which have been lately and still are devastated by war; for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice, and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration, where it is not possible to find a single discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the splendor of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of the good.

But this is not, in my estimation at least, the highest conception of greatness. The estimation of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is

what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, and it must be admitted that her reign was of the grandest in history, rivaling in length and more than rivaling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV, and, more than the reign of Louis XIV, likely to project its luster into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts, at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity.

The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Of course, of the facts and occurrences which have contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendor which has created such an impression upon her own country and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, many took place apart and away from her influence. Many events took place in relation to which the most partial panegyrists would, no doubt, have to say that they were simply the happy circumstance of the time in which she lived. Science, for instance, might have obtained the same degree of development under another monarch.

It is also possible that literature might have flourished under another monarch, but I believe that the contention can be advanced, and advanced truly, that the literature of the Victorian age to a large extent reflected the influence of the queen. To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said, that it was pure and absolutely free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of the literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle; that it can be placed by the mother in the hands of her daughter with abundant assurance that while the mind is improved the heart is not polluted. Such is the literature of the Victorian age. For this blessing, in my judgment, no small credit is due to the example and influence of our departed queen. It is a fact well known in history, that in England as in other countries, the influence of the sovereign was always reflected upon the literature of the reign. In former ages, when the court was impure, the literature of the nation was impure, but in the age of Queen Victoria, where the life of the court was pure, the literature of the age was pure also. If it be true that there is a real connection between the high moral standard of the court of the sovereign and the literature of the age, then I can say without hesitation that Queen Victoria has conferred, not only upon her own people, but upon mankind at large, a gift for which we can never have sufficient appreciation.

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal—impersonal politically, I mean. Whether the question at issue was the

abolition of the Corn Laws, or the war in the Crimea, or the extension of the suffrage, or the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule in Ireland, the queen never gave any information of what her views were upon any of these great political issues. Her subjects never knew what were her personal views, though views she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed public events with great eagerness. We can presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her prime minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved or sometimes, perhaps, dissented.

But that is not all. The most remarkable event in the reign of Queen Victoria—an event which took place in silence and unobserved—the most remarkable event in the reign of the late queen was the marvelous progress in colonial development, development which, based upon local autonomy, ended in colonial expansion.

What has been the cause of that marvelous change? The cause is primarily the personality of Queen Victoria. Of course the visible and chief cause of all is the bold policy inaugurated many years ago of introducing parliamentary constitutional government, and allowing the Colonies to govern themselves.

But, sir, it is manifest that self-government could never have been truly effective in Canada had it not been that there was a wise sovereign reigning in England, who had herself given the fullest measure of constitutional government to her own people. If the people of England had not been ruled by a wise queen; if they had not themselves possessed parliamentary government in the truest sense of the term; if the British Parliament had been as it had been under former kings in open contention with the sovereign, then it is quite manifest that Canada could not have enjoyed the development of constitutional government which she enjoys today. It is quite manifest that if the people of England had not possessed constitutional government in the fullest degree at home, they could not have given it to the Colonies; and thus the action of the queen in giving constitutional government to England has strengthened the throne, not only in England, but in the Colonies as well.

At the close of the Civil War, when the union of the United States had been confirmed, when slavery had been abolished, when rebellion had been put down, the civilized world was shocked to hear of the foul assassination of the wise and good man who had carried his country through that ordeal. Then the good heart and sound judgment of the queen were again manifested. She sent a letter to the widow of the martyred president—not as the queen of Great Britain to the widow of the president of the United States, but she sent a letter of sympathy from a widow to a widow, herself being then in the first years of her own bereavement. That action on her part made a very deep impression upon the minds of the American people; it touched not only the heart of the widowed wife, but the heart of the widowed nation; it stirred the souls of strong men; it caused tears to course down the cheeks of veterans who had courted death during the previous four years on a thousand battle-fields.

I do not say that it brought about reconciliation, but it made reconciliation possible. It was the first rift in the clouds; and today, in the time of England's mourning, the American people flock to their churches, pouring

their blessings upon the memory of Britain's queen. I do not hope, I do not believe it possible, that the two countries which were severed in the eighteenth century, can ever be again united politically; but perhaps it is not too much to hope that the friendship thus inaugurated by the hand of the queen may continue to grow until the two nations are united again, not by legal bonds, but by ties of affection as strong, perhaps, as if sanctioned by all the majesty of the laws of the two countries; and if such an event were ever to take place, the credit of it would be due to the wise and noble woman who thus would have proved herself to be one of the greatest of statesmen simply by following the instincts of her heart.

Sir, in a life in which there is so much to be admired, perhaps the one thing most to be admired is that naturalness, that simplicity in the character of the queen which showed itself in such actions as I have just described. From the first day of her reign to the last, she conquered and kept the affections of her people, simply because under all circumstances, and on all occasions, whether important or trivial, she did the one thing that ought to be done, and did it in the way most natural and simple.

She is now no more—no more? Nay, I boldly say she lives—lives in the hearts of her subjects; lives in the pages of history. And as the ages revolve, as her pure profile stands more marked against the horizon of time, the verdict of posterity will ratify the judgment of those who were her subjects. She ennobled mankind; she exalted royalty; the world is better for her life.

Sir, the queen is no more; let us with one heart say, "Long live the King!"

What reasons are given for England's great colonial expansion? What connection has this with the outcome of the Revolutionary War of the preceding century? Which English colonies are now entirely self-governing? Which parts of the British Empire are still struggling with this question? Are they receiving help or opposition from the English government?

FURTHER READINGS :

Ireland and the Coronation.....John Redmond
The First Bunker Hill Monument Oration.....Daniel Webster
The Divided House Speech.....Abraham Lincoln

THE WORK OF MEN

JOHN RUSKIN¹

WHENEVER the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued, there is disappointment, or destruction: for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light; and the loftiest and purest love too often does but

¹ 1819-1900. English critic, economist, and essayist.

inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry, worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the laborer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colors of light; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

These are the two great and constant lessons which our laborers teach us of the mystery of life. But there is another and a sadder one which they cannot teach us, which we must read on their tombstones.

"Do it with thy might." There have been myriads upon myriads of human creatures who have obeyed this law,—who have put every breath and every nerve of their being into its toil,—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty,—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at death,—who, being dead, have yet spoken by majesty of memory and strength of example. And at last, what has all this "Might" of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labor and sorrow? What has it *done*? Take the three chief occupations and arts of men, one by one, and count their achievements. Begin with the first—the lord of them all—agriculture. Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very center and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses—where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys have maintained for dateless ages their faiths and liberties,—there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation: and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labor, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the center of Europe! While, on the near coast of Africa, once the garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, ate her child for famine. And with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice for a people that asked of us no more; but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.

Then, after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human arts—weaving; the art of queens, honored of all noble heathen women, in the person of their virgin goddess—honored of all Hebrew women, by the word of their wisest king: "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." What have we done in all these thousands of years with this bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron? Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors

from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and,—*are we yet clothed?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with the sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ,—“I was naked and ye clothed me not?”

Lastly, take the art of building—the strongest, proudest, most orderly, most enduring of the arts of man, that of which the produce is in the surest manner accumulative, and need not perish, or be replaced; but if once well done, will stand more strongly than the unbalanced rocks—more prevalently than the crumbling hills. The art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle; with which men record their power, satisfy their enthusiasm, and make sure their defense, define and make dear their habitation. And in six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength, *no* vestige is left but fallen stones that encumber the fields and impede the streams. But from this waste of disorder, and of time and of rage, what is left to us? Constructive and progressive creatures that we are, with ruling brains and forming hands, capable of fellowship and thirsting for fame, can we not contend, in comfort, with the insects of the forest, or, in achievement, with the worm of the sea? The white surf rages in vain against the ramparts built by poor atoms of scarcely nascent life; but only ridges of formless ruin mark the places where once dwelt our noblest multitudes. The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night, from the corners of our streets, rises up the cry of the homeless—“I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.”

IS THERE BUT ONE day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment,—every day is a *Dies Irae*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses,—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment, the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister,—and the pleasures that deceive us, judge as we indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the Form of them, if indeed those lives are *Not* as vapor, and do *Not* vanish away.

“The work of Men”—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk in the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one—we want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it were only a thing to be carried instead of to be—crucified upon.

"They that are His have crucified the flesh, with the affections and the lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity—none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station in life*," how many of us are ready to quit *that*? Is it not always the great objection, where there is question of finding something useful to do, "we cannot leave our stations in life"?

Those who really cannot—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office—have already something to do; and all they have to see to, is that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, "remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them," means keeping all the carriages, and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and once for all I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's, the shore of Galilee; and Paul's, the antechambers of the High Priest,—which "*station in life*" each had to leave, with brief notice.

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can. And sure good is first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

I say first in feeding; and, once for all, do not let yourselves be deceived by any of the common talk of "indiscriminate charity." The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well intentioned hungry; but simply to feed the hungry. It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat,—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, "How much work have I done today for my dinner?" But the proper way to enforce that order on those below you, as well as on yourselves, is not to leave vagabonds and honest people to starve together, but very distinctly to discern and seize your vagabond; and shut your vagabond up out of honest people's way, and very sternly then see that until he has worked he does *not* eat. But the first thing is to be sure that you have the food to give; and, therefore, to enforce the organization of vast activities in agriculture and in commerce, for the production of the wholesomest food, and proper storing and distribution of it, so that no famine shall any more be possible among civilized beings. There is plenty of work in this business alone, and at once, for any number of people who like to engage in it.

Secondly, dressing people—that is to say, urging every one within reach of your influence to be always neat and clean, and giving them means of being so. In so far as they absolutely refuse, you must give up the effort

with respect to them, only taking care that no children within your sphere of influence shall any more be brought up with such habits; and that every person who is willing to dress with propriety shall have encouragement to do so. And the first absolutely necessary step towards this is the gradual adoption of a consistent dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank shall be known by their dress; and the restriction of the changes of fashion within certain limits. All which appears for the present quite impossible; but it is only so far even difficult, as it is difficult to conquer our vanity, frivolity, and desire to appear what we are not. And it is not, nor ever shall be, creed of mine, that these mean and shallow vices are unconquerable by Christian women.

And then, thirdly, lodging people, which you may think should have been put first; but I put it third, because we must feed and clothe people where we find them, and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgment for them means a great deal of vigorous legislation, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way; and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, thorough sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within, and open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done, when, and as, we can; roofs mended that have holes in them, fences patched that have gaps in them, walls buttressed that totter, and floors propped that shake; cleanliness and order enforced with our own hands and eyes, till we are breathless, every day. And all the fine arts will healthily follow. I myself have washed a flight of stone stairs all down, with bucket and broom, in a Savoy inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them; and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon.

These, then, are the three needs of civilized life; and the law for every Christian man and woman is, that they shall be in direct service towards one of these three needs, as far as is consistent with their own special occupation, and if they have no special business, then wholly in one of these services. And out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come; for in this direct contention with material evil, you will find out the nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance what is really the fault and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us, which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to. You will find nearly every educational problem solved, as soon as you truly want to do something; everybody will become of use in their own fittest way, and will learn what is best for them to know in that use. Competitive examination will then, and not till then, be wholesome, because it will be daily, and calm, and in practice; and on these familiar arts, and minute but certain and serviceable knowledges, will be surely edified and sustained the greater arts and splendid theoretical sciences.

But much more than this. On such holy and simple practice will be

founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure; forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over.

These selections are from *The Mystery of Life*, sections 128-140. Ruskin said that the gist of his teaching is contained in these paragraphs. Where is it most definitely expressed? How is his exhortation like Carlyle's? How unlike?

The famine referred to was in the province of Orissa in India in 1866. Seven hundred and fifty thousand, or one-fourth of the population, died of starvation. All of the Bible references that are not clear to you should be made clear by study of the stories in question. What is Ruskin's idea of what religion should consist of? What merit in his idea?

What is his conception of labor? Compare with his thought in *The Crown of Wild Olive*: "Work first—you are God's servant; Fee first—you are the Fiend's." What are the rewards of labor? Do his thoughts about labor coincide with those in *The Singing Man*? in *The Deserted Village*? in *Michael*? What is the place of art and science in life?

FURTHER READINGS :

Work (in <i>The Crown of Wild Olive</i>)	John Ruskin
Traffic " " " "	" "

THE FIRST SPEECH ON COPYRIGHT.

FEBRUARY 5, 1841

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY¹

THOUGH, SIR, it is in some sense agreeable to approach a subject with which political animosities have nothing to do, I offer myself to your notice

¹ 1800-1858. English poet, essayist, historian, and orator.

with some reluctance. It is painful to me to take a course which may possibly be misunderstood or misrepresented as unfriendly to the interests of literature and literary men. It is painful to me, I will add, to oppose my honorable and learned friend on a question which he has taken up from the purest motives, and which he regards with a parental interest. These feelings have hitherto kept me silent when the law of copyright has been under discussion. But as I am, on full consideration, satisfied that the measure before us will, if adopted, inflict grievous injury on the public, without conferring any compensating advantage on men of letters, I think it my duty to avow that opinion and to defend it.

The first thing to be done, Sir, is to settle on what principles the question is to be argued. Are we free to legislate for the public good, or are we not? Is this a question of expediency, or is it a question of right? Many of those who have written and petitioned against the existing state of things treat the question as one of right. The law of nature, according to them, gives to every man a sacred and indefeasible property in his own ideas, in the fruits of his own reason and imagination. The legislature has indeed the power to take away this property, just as it has the power to pass an act of attainder for cutting off an innocent man's head without a trial. But, as such an act of attainder would be legal murder, so would an act invading the right of an author to his copy be, according to these gentlemen, legal robbery.

Now, Sir, if this be so, let justice be done, cost what it may. I am not prepared, like my honorable and learned friend, to agree to a compromise between right and expediency, and to commit an injustice for the public convenience. But I must say, that his theory soars far beyond the reach of my faculties. It is not necessary to go, on the present occasion, into a metaphysical inquiry about the origin of the right of property; and certainly nothing but the strongest necessity would lead me to discuss a subject so likely to be distasteful to the House. I agree, I own, with Paley in thinking that property is the creature of the law, and that the law which creates property can be defended only on this ground, that it is a law beneficial to mankind. But it is unnecessary to debate that point. For, even if I believed in a natural right of property, independent of utility and anterior to legislation, I should still deny that this right could survive the original proprietor. Few, I apprehend, even of those who have studied in the most mystical and sentimental schools of moral philosophy, will be disposed to maintain that there is a natural law of succession older and of higher authority than any human code. If there be, it is quite certain that we have abuses to reform much more serious than any connected with the question of copyright. For this natural law can be only one; and the modes of succession in the Queen's dominions are twenty. To go no further than England, land generally descends to the eldest son. In Kent the sons share and share alike. In many districts the youngest takes the whole. Formerly a portion of a man's personal property was secured to his family; and it was only of the residue that he could dispose by will. Now he can dispose of the whole by will: but you limited his power, a few years ago, by enacting that the will should not be valid unless there were two witnesses. If a man dies intestate, his personal property generally goes according to the statute of distributions; but there are local customs which modify that statute. Now which of all these systems is

conformed to the eternal standard of right? Is it primogeniture, or gavelkind, or borough English? Are wills *jure divino*? Are the two witnesses *jure divino*? Might not the *pars rationabilis* of our old law have a fair claim to be regarded as of celestial institution? Was the statute of distributions enacted in Heaven long before it was adopted by Parliament? Or is it to Custom of York, or to Custom of London, that this preëminence belongs? Surely, Sir, even those who hold that there is a natural right of property must admit that rules prescribing the manner in which the effects of deceased persons shall be distributed are purely arbitrary, and originate altogether in the will of the legislature. If so, Sir, there is no controversy between my honorable and learned friend and myself as to the principles on which this question is to be argued. For the existing law gives an author copyright during his natural life; nor do I propose to invade that privilege, which I should, on the contrary, be prepared to defend strenuously against any assailant. The only point in issue between us is, how long after an author's death the state shall recognize a copyright in his representatives and assigns; and it can, I think, hardly be disputed by any rational man that this is a point which the legislature is free to determine in the way which may appear to be most conducive to the general good.

We may now, therefore, I think, descend from these high regions, where we are in danger of being lost in the clouds, to firm ground and clear light. Let us look at this question like legislators, and after fairly balancing conveniences and inconveniences, pronounce between the existing law of copyright, and the law now proposed to us. The question of copyright, Sir, like most questions of civil prudence, is neither black nor white, but gray. The system of copyright has great advantages and great disadvantages; and it is our business to ascertain what these are, and then to make an arrangement under which the advantages may be as far as possible secured, and the disadvantages as far as possible excluded. The charge which I bring against my honorable and learned friend's bill is this, that it leaves the advantages nearly what they are at present, and increases the disadvantages at least fourfold.

The advantages arising from a system of copyright are obvious. It is desirable that we should have a supply of good books; we cannot have such a supply unless men of letters are liberally remunerated: and the least objectionable way of remunerating them is by means of copyright. You cannot depend for literary instruction and amusement on the leisure of men occupied in the pursuits of active life. Such men may occasionally produce compositions of great merit. But you must not look to such men for works which require deep meditation and long research. Works of that kind you can expect only from persons who make literature the business of their lives. Of these persons few will be found among the rich and the noble. The rich and the noble are not impelled to intellectual exertion by necessity. They may be impelled to intellectual exertion by the desire of distinguishing themselves, or by the desire of benefiting the community. But it is generally within these walls that they seek to signalize themselves and to serve their fellow-creatures. Both their ambition and their public spirit, in a country like this, naturally take a political turn. It is then on men whose profession is literature, and whose private means are not ample, that you must rely for a supply of valuable books. Such men must be remunerated for their literary

labor. And there are only two ways in which they can be remunerated. One of those ways is patronage; the other is copyright.

THERE HAVE BEEN times in which men of letters looked, not to the public, but to the government, or to a few great men, for the reward of their exertions. It was thus in the time of Mæcenas and Pollio at Rome, of the Medici at Florence, of Louis the Fourteenth in France, of Lord Halifax and Lord Oxford in this country. Now, Sir, I well know that there are cases in which it is fit and graceful, nay, in which it is a sacred duty to reward the merits or to relieve the distresses of men of genius by the exercise of this species of liberality. But these cases are exceptions. I can conceive no system more fatal to the integrity and independence of literary men than one under which they should be taught to look for their daily bread to the favor of ministers and nobles. I can conceive no system more certain to turn those minds which are formed by nature to be the blessings and ornaments of our species into public scandals and pests.

We have, then, only one resource left. We must betake ourselves to copyright, be the inconveniences of copyright what they may. Those inconveniences, in truth, are neither few nor small. Copyright is monopoly, and produces all the effects which the general voice of mankind attributes to monopoly. My honorable and learned friend talks very contemptuously of those who are led away by the theory that monopoly makes things dear. That monopoly makes things dear is certainly a theory, as all the great truths which have been established by the experience of all ages and nations, and which are taken for granted in all reasonings, may be said to be theories. It is a theory in the same sense in which it is a theory that day and night follow each other, that lead is heavier than water, that bread nourishes, that arsenic poisons, that alcohol intoxicates. If, as my honorable and learned friend seems to think, the whole world is in the wrong on this point, if the real effect of monopoly is to make articles good and cheap, why does he stop short in his career of change? Why does he limit the operation of so salutary a principle to sixty years? Why does he consent to anything short of a perpetuity? He told us that in consenting to anything short of a perpetuity he was making a compromise between extreme right and expediency. But if his opinion about monopoly be correct, extreme right and expediency would coincide. Or rather, why should we not restore the monopoly of the East India trade to the East India Company? Why should we not revive all those old monopolies which, in Elizabeth's reign, galled our fathers so severely that, maddened by intolerable wrong, they opposed to their sovereign a resistance before which her haughty spirit quailed for the first and for the last time? Was it the cheapness and excellence of commodities that then so violently stirred the indignation of the English people? I believe, Sir, that I may safely take it for granted that the effect of monopoly generally is to make articles scarce, to make them dear, and to make them bad. And I may with equal safety challenge my honorable friend to find out any distinction between copyright and other privileges of the same kind; any reason why a monopoly of books should produce an effect directly the reverse of that which was produced by the East India Company's monopoly of tea, or by Lord Essex's monopoly of sweet wines. Thus, then, stands the case. It is good

that authors should be remunerated; and the least exceptionable way of remunerating them is by a monopoly. Yet monopoly is an evil. For the sake of the good we must submit to the evil; but the evil ought not to last a day longer than is necessary for the purpose of securing the good.

Now, I will not affirm that the existing law is perfect, that it exactly hits the point at which the monopoly ought to cease; but this I confidently say, that the existing law is very much nearer that point than the law proposed by my honorable and learned friend. For consider this; the evil effects of the monopoly are proportioned to the length of its duration. But the good effects for the sake of which we bear with the evil effects are by no means proportioned to the length of its duration. A monopoly of sixty years produces twice as much evil as a monopoly of thirty years, and thrice as much evil as a monopoly of twenty years. But it is by no means the fact that a posthumous monopoly of sixty years gives to an author thrice as much pleasure and thrice as strong a motive as a posthumous monopoly of twenty years. On the contrary, the difference is so small as to be hardly perceptible. We all know how faintly we are affected by the prospect of very distant advantages, even when they are advantages which we may reasonably hope that we shall ourselves enjoy. But an advantage that is to be enjoyed more than half a century after we are dead, by somebody, we know not by whom, perhaps by somebody unborn, by somebody utterly unconnected with us, is really no motive at all to action. It is very probable that in the course of some generations land in the unexplored and unmapped heart of the Australasian continent will be very valuable. But there is none of us who would lay down five pounds for a whole province in the heart of the Australasian continent. We know, that neither we, nor anybody for whom we care, will ever receive a farthing of rent from such a province. And a man is very little moved by the thought that in the year 2000 or 2100, somebody who claims through him will employ more shepherds than Prince Esterhazy, and will have the finest house and gallery of pictures at Victoria or Sydney. Now, this is the sort of boon which my honorable and learned friend holds out to authors. Considered as a boon to them, it is a mere nullity; but considered as an impost on the public, it is no nullity, but a very serious and pernicious reality. I will take an example. Dr. Johnson died fifty-six years ago. If the law were what my honorable and learned friend wishes to make it, somebody would now have the monopoly of Dr. Johnson's works. Who that somebody would be it is impossible to say; but we may venture to guess. I guess, then, that it would have been some bookseller, who was the assign of another bookseller, who was the grandson of a third bookseller, who had bought the copyright from Black Frank, the doctor's servant and residuary legatee, in 1785 or 1786. Now, would the knowledge that this copyright would exist in 1841 have been a source of gratification to Johnson? Would it have stimulated his exertions? Would it have once drawn him out of his bed before noon? Would it have once cheered him under a fit of the spleen? Would it have induced him to give us one more allegory, one more life of a poet, one more imitation of Juvenal? I firmly believe not. I firmly believe that a hundred years ago, when he was writing our debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he would very much rather have had twopence to buy a plate of shin of beef at a cook's shop underground. Considered as a reward to him, the difference be-

tween a twenty years' and sixty years' term of posthumous copyright would have been nothing or next to nothing. But is the difference nothing to us? I can buy *Rasselas* for sixpence; I might have had to give five shillings for it. I can buy the *Dictionary*, the entire genuine *Dictionary*, for two guineas, perhaps for less; I might have had to give five or six guineas for it. Do I grudge this to a man like Dr. Johnson? Not at all. Show me that the prospect of this boon roused him to any vigorous effort, or sustained his spirits under depressing circumstances, and I am quite willing to pay the price of such an object, heavy as that price is. But what I do complain of is that my circumstances are to be worse, and Johnson's none the better; that I am to give five pounds for what to him was not worth a farthing.

THE PRINCIPLE of copyright is this. It is a tax on readers for the purpose of giving a bounty to writers. The tax is an exceedingly bad one; it is a tax on one of the most innocent and most salutary of human pleasures; and never let us forget, that a tax on innocent pleasures is a premium on vicious pleasures. I admit, however, the necessity of giving a bounty to genius and learning. In order to give such a bounty, I willingly submit even to this severe and burdensome tax. Nay, I am ready to increase the tax, if it can be shown that by so doing I should proportionally increase the bounty. My complaint is, that my honorable and learned friend doubles, triples, quadruples, the tax, and makes scarcely any perceptible addition to the bounty. Why, Sir, what is the additional amount of taxation which would have been levied on the public for Dr. Johnson's works alone, if my honorable and learned friend's bill had been the law of the land? I have not data sufficient to form an opinion. But I am confident that the taxation on his dictionary alone would have amounted to many thousands of pounds. In reckoning the whole additional sum which the holders of his copyrights would have taken out of the pockets of the public during the last half century at twenty thousand pounds, I feel satisfied that I very greatly underrate it. Now, I again say that I think it but fair that we should pay twenty thousand pounds in consideration of twenty thousand pounds' worth of pleasure and encouragement received by Dr. Johnson. But I think it very hard that we should pay twenty thousand pounds for what he would not have valued at five shillings.

My honorable and learned friend dwells on the claims of the posterity of great writers. Undoubtedly, Sir, it would be very pleasing to see a descendant of Shakespeare living in opulence on the fruits of his great ancestor's genius. A house maintained in splendor by such a patrimony would be a more interesting and striking object than Blenheim is to us, or than Strathfieldsaye will be to our children. But, unhappily, it is scarcely possible that, under any system, such a thing can come to pass. My honorable and learned friend does not propose that copyright shall descend to the eldest son, or shall be bound up by irrevocable entail. It is to be merely personal property. It is therefore highly improbable that it will descend during sixty years or half that term from parent to child. The chance is that more people than one will have an interest in it. They will in all probability sell it and divide the proceeds. The price which a bookseller will give for it will bear no proportion to the sum which he will afterwards draw from the public, if his speculation proves successful. He will give little, if anything, more for a term of

sixty years than for a term of thirty or five and twenty. The present value of a distant advantage is always small; but when there is great room to doubt whether a distant advantage will be any advantage at all, the present value sinks to almost nothing. Such is the inconsistency of the public taste that no sensible man will venture to pronounce, with confidence, what the sale of any book published in our days will be in the years between 1890 and 1900. The whole fashion of thinking and writing has often undergone a change in a much shorter period than that to which my honorable and learned friend would extend posthumous copyright. What would have been considered the best literary property in the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign? I imagine Cowley's *Poems*. Overleap sixty years, and you are in the generation of which Pope asked, "Who now reads Cowley?" What works were ever expected with more impatience by the public than those of Lord Bolingbroke, which appeared, I think, in 1754? In 1814, no bookseller would have thanked you for the copyright of them all, if you had offered it to him for nothing. What would Paternoster Row give now for the copyright of Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, so much admired within the memory of many people still living? I say, therefore, that, from the very nature of literary property, it will almost always pass away from an author's family; and I say, that the price given for it to the family will bear a very small proportion to the tax which the purchaser, if his speculation turns out well, will in the course of a long series of years levy on the public.

If, Sir, I wished to find a strong and perfect illustration of the effects which I anticipate from long copyright, I should select,—my honorable and learned friend will be surprised,—I should select the case of Milton's granddaughter. As often as this bill has been under discussion, the fate of Milton's granddaughter has been brought forward by the advocates of monopoly. My honorable and learned friend has repeatedly told the story with great eloquence and effect. He has dilated on the sufferings, on the abject poverty, of this ill-fated woman, the last of an illustrious race. He tells us that, in the extremity of her distress, Garrick gave her a benefit performance of *Comus*, that Johnson wrote a prologue, and that the public contributed some hundreds of pounds. Was it fit, he asks, that she should receive, in this eleemosynary form, a small portion of what was in truth a debt? Why, he asks, instead of obtaining a pittance from charity, did she not live in comfort and luxury on the proceeds of the sale of her ancestor's works? But, Sir, will my honorable and learned friend tell me that this event, which he has so often and so pathetically described, was caused by the shortness of the term of copyright? Why, at that time, the duration of copyright was longer than even he, at present, proposes to make it. The monopoly lasted, not sixty years, but forever. At the time at which Milton's granddaughter asked charity, Milton's works were the exclusive property of a bookseller. Within a few months of the day on which the benefit was given at Garrick's theater, the holder of the copyright of *Paradise Lost*,—I think it was Tonson,—applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against a bookseller who had published a cheap edition of the great epic poem, and obtained the injunction. The representation of *Comus* was, if I remember rightly, in 1750; the injunction in 1752. Here, then, is a perfect illustration of the effect of long copyright. Milton's works are the property of a single publisher. Everybody who wants them

must buy them at Tonson's shop, and at Tonson's price. Whoever attempts to undersell Tonson is harassed with legal proceedings. Thousands who would gladly possess a copy of *Paradise Lost* must forego that great enjoyment. And what, in the meantime, is the situation of the only person for whom we can suppose that the author, protected at such a cost to the public, was at all interested? She is reduced to utter destitution. Milton's works are under a monopoly. Milton's granddaughter is starving. The reader is pillaged; but the writer's family is not enriched. Society is taxed doubly. It has to give an exorbitant price for the poems; and it has at the same time to give alms to the only surviving descendant of the poet.

But this is not all. I think it right, Sir, to call the attention of the House to an evil, which is perhaps more to be apprehended when an author's copyright remains in the hands of his family, than when it is transferred to book-sellers. I seriously fear that, if such a measure as this should be adopted, many valuable works will be either totally suppressed or grievously mutilated. I can prove that this danger is not chimerical; and I am quite certain that, if the danger be real, the safeguards which my honorable and learned friend has devised are altogether nugatory. That the danger is not chimerical may easily be shown. Most of us, I am sure, have known persons who, very erroneously as I think, but from the best motives, would not choose to reprint Fielding's novels or Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Some gentlemen may perhaps be of opinion that it would be as well if *Tom Jones* and Gibbon's *History* were never reprinted. I will not, then, dwell on these or similar cases. I will take cases respecting which it is not likely that there will be any difference of opinion here; cases, too, in which the danger of which I now speak is not matter of supposition, but matter of fact. Take Richardson's novels. Whatever I may, on the present occasion, think of my honorable and learned friend's judgment as a legislator, I must always respect his judgment as a critic. He will, I am sure, say that Richardson's novels are among the most valuable, among the most original, works in our language. No writings have done more to raise the fame of English genius in foreign countries. No writings are more deeply pathetic. No writings, those of Shakespeare excepted, show more profound knowledge of the human heart. As to their moral tendency, I can cite the most respectable testimony. Dr. Johnson describes Richardson as one who had taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. My dear and honored friend, Mr. Wilberforce, in his celebrated religious treatise, when speaking of the unchristian tendency of the fashionable novels of the eighteenth century, distinctly excepts Richardson from the censure. Another excellent person, whom I can never mention without respect and kindness, Mrs. Hannah More, often declared in conversation, and has declared in one of her published poems, that she first learned from the writings of Richardson those principles of piety by which her life was guided. I may safely say that books celebrated as works of art through the whole civilized world, and praised for their moral tendency by Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Wilberforce, by Mrs. Hannah More, ought not to be suppressed. Sir, it is my firm belief, that if the law had been what my honorable and learned friend proposes to make it, they would have been suppressed. I remember Richardson's grandson well; he was a clergyman in the city of London; he was a most upright and excellent man;

but he had conceived a strong prejudice against works of fiction. He thought all novel-reading not only frivolous but sinful. He said,—this I state on the authority of one of his clerical brethren who is now a bishop,—he said that he had never thought it right to read one of his grandfather's books. Suppose, Sir, that the law had been what my honorable and learned friend would make it. Suppose that the copyright of Richardson's novels had descended, as might well have been the case, to this gentleman. I firmly believe that he would have thought it sinful to give them a wide circulation. I firmly believe that he would not for a hundred thousand pounds have deliberately done what he thought sinful. He would not have reprinted them. And what protection does my honorable and learned friend give to the public in such a case? Why, Sir, what he proposes is this: if a book is not reprinted during five years, any person who wishes to reprint it may give notice in the *London Gazette*: the advertisement must be repeated three times: a year must elapse; and then, if the proprietor of the copyright does not put forth a new edition, he loses his exclusive privilege. Now, what protection is this to the public? What is a new edition? Does the law define the number of copies that make an edition? Does it limit the price of a copy? Are twelve copies on large paper, charged at thirty guineas each, an edition? It has been usual, when monopolies have been granted, to prescribe numbers and to limit prices. But I do not find that my honorable and learned friend proposes to do so in the present case. And, without some such provision, the security which he offers is manifestly illusory. It is my conviction that, under such a system as that which he recommends to us, a copy of *Clarissa* would have been as rare as an Aldus or a Caxton.

I will give another instance. One of the most instructive, interesting, and delightful books in our language is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Now it is well known that Boswell's eldest son considered this book, considered the whole relation of Boswell to Johnson, as a blot in the escutcheon of the family. He thought, not perhaps altogether without reason, that his father had exhibited himself in a ludicrous and degrading light. And thus he became so sore and irritable that at last he could not bear to hear the *Life of Johnson* mentioned. Suppose that the law had been what my honorable and learned friend wishes to make it. Suppose that the copyright of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* had belonged, as it well might, during sixty years, to Boswell's eldest son. What would have been the consequence? An unadulterated copy of the finest biographical work in the world would have been as scarce as the first edition of Camden's *Britannica*.

These are strong cases. I have shown you that, if the law had been what you are now going to make it, the finest prose work of fiction in the language, the finest biographical work in the language, would very probably have been suppressed. But I have stated my case weakly. The books which I have mentioned are singularly inoffensive books, books not touching on any of those questions which drive even wise men beyond the bounds of wisdom. There are books of a very different kind, books which are the rallying points of great political and religious parties. What is likely to happen if the copyright of one of these books should by descent or transfer come into the possession of some hostile zealot? I will take a single instance. It is only fifty years since John Wesley died; and all his works, if the law had been

what my honorable and learned friend wishes to make it, would now have been the property of some person or other. The sect founded by Wesley is the most numerous, the wealthiest, the most powerful, the most zealous of sects. In every parliamentary election it is a matter of the greatest importance to obtain the support of the Wesleyan Methodists. Their numerical strength is reckoned by hundreds of thousands. They hold the memory of their founder in the greatest reverence; and not without reason, for he was unquestionably a great and a good man. To his authority they constantly appeal. His works are in their eyes of the highest value. His doctrinal writings they regard as containing the best system of theology ever deduced from Scripture. His journals, interesting even to the common reader, are peculiarly interesting to the Methodist: for they contain the whole history of that singular polity which, weak and despised in its beginning, is now, after the lapse of a century, so strong, so flourishing, and so formidable. The hymns to which he gave his imprimatur are a most important part of the public worship of his followers. Now, suppose that the copyright of these works should belong to some person who holds the memory of Wesley and the doctrines and discipline of the Methodists in abhorrence. There are many such persons. The Ecclesiastical Courts are at this very time sitting on the case of a clergyman of the Established Church who refused Christian burial to a child baptized by a Methodist preacher. I took up the other day a work which is considered as among the most respectable organs of a large and growing party in the Church of England, and there I saw John Wesley designated as a forsworn priest. Suppose that the works of Wesley were suppressed. Why, Sir, such a grievance would be enough to shake the foundations of government. Let gentlemen who are attached to the Church reflect for a moment what their feelings would be if the *Book of Common Prayer* were not to be reprinted for thirty or forty years, if the price of a *Book of Common Prayer* were run up to five or ten guineas. And then let them determine whether they will pass a law under which it is possible, under which it is probable, that so intolerable a wrong may be done to some sect consisting perhaps of half a million of persons.

I AM so sensible, Sir, of the kindness with which the House has listened to me, that I will not detain you longer. I will only say this, that if the measure before us should pass, and should produce one tenth part of the evil which it is calculated to produce, and which I fully expect it to produce, there will soon be a remedy, though of a very objectionable kind. Just as the absurd Acts which prohibited the sale of game were virtually repealed by the poacher, just as many absurd revenue Acts have been virtually repealed by the smuggler, so will this law be virtually repealed by piratical booksellers. At present the holder of copyright has the public feeling on his side. Those who invade copyright are regarded as knaves who take the bread out of the mouths of deserving men. Everybody is well pleased to see them restrained by the law, and compelled to refund their ill-gotten gains. No tradesman of good repute will have anything to do with such disgraceful transactions. Pass this law: and that feeling is at an end. Men very different from the present race of piratical booksellers will soon infringe this intolerable monopoly. Great masses of capital will be constantly employed in the violation

of the law. Every art will be employed to evade legal pursuit; and the whole nation will be in the plot. On which side indeed should the public sympathy be when the question is whether some book as popular as *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Pilgrim's Progress* shall be in every cottage, or whether it shall be confined to the libraries of the rich for the advantage of the great-grandson of a bookseller who, a hundred years before, drove a hard bargain for the copyright with the author when in great distress? Remember too that, when once it ceases to be considered as wrong and discreditable to invade literary property, no person can say where the invasion will stop. The public seldom makes nice distinctions. The wholesome copyright which now exists will share in the disgrace and danger of the new copyright which you are about to create. And you will find that, in attempting to impose unreasonable restraints on the reprinting of the works of the dead, you have, to a great extent, annulled those restraints which now prevent men from pillaging and defrauding the living. If I saw, Sir, any probability that this bill could be so amended in the committee that my objections might be removed, I would not divide the House in this stage. But I am so fully convinced that no alteration which would not seem insupportable to my honorable and learned friend could render his measure supportable to me, that I must move, though with regret, that this bill be read a second time this day six months.

Comment upon Macaulay's introduction. What does it do to help the argument? By what arguments does Macaulay prove his contentions? Did his argument convince Parliament? What is the present copyright law in England? In America?

Regarding the older method of rewarding authors, patronage of noblemen and politicians, consider the first letter in the following section,—the one from Doctor Samuel Johnson to Lord Chesterfield.

FURTHER READING :

Second Speech on Copyright.....Thomas Babington Macaulay

SECTION SEVEN

LETTERS

FAMILIAR letters are first cousins to the personal essay and to the autobiography. They reveal character, often the character of the recipient as well as of the writer. They more truly reveal character than any other form of literature, for they are not written with a view to publication. The characters revealed are worth our knowing, for the unworthy do not write letters that win the sanction of publication. Often the writers of the familiar letters are known to us through history or literature; their letters give us a truer acquaintance with them. Character has become personality, with its accompanying charm. Just as association with the worthy in real life tends to improve our social graces, so will the reading of their letters tend to the same desirable end.

Letters obey no rules, more than that the writer be free and easy, as if he were speaking to his friend. Critics may go so far as to exclude letters from the realm of literature, because "literature is an art, and art is premeditated." To be sure, a missive written like a Webster oration could not be a familiar letter, for in talking to a friend we do not ordinarily play the orator. The familiar letter is an art of itself. It should not be measured by the ordinary rules of literary art. Its very excellence depends upon the absence of the usual restrictions that go with the thought of publication. Thus it is free from the likelihood of affectation. Being genuinely sincere, and other elements being equal, it surely falls within Milton's famous definition: "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit."

The eighteenth and especially the nineteenth centuries were the golden age of letters. In our bustling life of the twentieth century we are told that the arrival of a letter even from a friend is not such an important matter as it was two hundred years ago. This may be true for people easily satisfied with current amusements, but given the friends and the desire to correspond, there is sure to be the same outpouring of selves between great personalities as



DR. JOHNSON IN THE ANTE-ROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

in the golden age. Letter-writing is the one form of composition universally used today; those who use it most successfully will have one more valid reason for success.

A List of Books in Which Other Interesting Letters Are Found:

Selected English Letters. Fuess. Houghton Mifflin. Boston.
Specimen Letters. Cook and Benham. Ginn & Company. New York.
Specimens of Letter Writing. Lockwood & Kelly. Holt & Co. New York.
Familiar Letters. Greenlaw. Scott, Foresman. Chicago.
Letters from Many Pens. Coult, Macmillan. New York.
The Gentlest Art. Lucas. Macmillan. New York.
The Second Post. Lucas. Macmillan. New York.
Vailima Letters. Stevenson. Scribner. New York.
Letters from Colonial Writers. Tappan.
Women as Letter Writers. Ingpen.

DR. JOHNSON TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

My Lord,—I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not

to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

This celebrated letter was written February 7, 1775. Lord Chesterfield, the most polished gentleman of his age, was famous as a patron. Macaulay wrote of the effect of this letter: "That far-famed Blast of Doom, proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more."

CARLYLE TO HIS BROTHER

Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London,
23rd March, 1835.

My dear Brother,—Your Letter came in this morning (after sixteen days from Rome); and, tomorrow being post-day, I have shoved my writing-table into the corner, and sit (with my back to the fire and Jane, who is busy sewing at my old jupe of a Dressing-gown), forthwith making answer. It was somewhat longed for; yet I felt, in other respects, that it was better you had not written sooner; for I had a thing to dilate upon, of a most raveled character, that was better to be knit up a little first. You shall hear. But do not be alarmed; for it is "neither death nor men's lives": we are all well, and I heard out of Annandale within these three weeks; nay, Jane's Newspaper came with the customary "two strokes", only five days ago. I meant to write to our Mother last night; but shall now do it tomorrow.

Mill had borrowed that first volume of my poor *French Revolution* (pieces of it more than once) that he might have it all before him, and write down some observations on it, which perhaps I might print as Notes. I was busy meanwhile with Volume Second; toiling along like a *Nigger*, but with the heart of a free Roman: indeed, I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and of my task for many long years. Well, one night about three weeks ago, we sat at tea, and Mill's short rap was heard at the door: Jane rose to welcome him: but he stood there unresponsive, pale, the very picture of despair; said, half-articulate gasping, that she must go down and speak to "Mrs. Taylor". After some considerable additional gasping, I learned from Mill this fact: that my poor Manuscript, all except some four tattered leaves, was *annihilated*: He had left it out (too carelessly); it had been taken for waste paper: and so five months of as tough labor as I could remember of, were as good as vanished, gone like a whiff of smoke.—There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of so much moment; but this I could not but

feel to be a sore one. The thing was *lost*, and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written with was past; only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole well satisfied with that, and could now hardly hope to equal it. Mill, whom I had to comfort and speak peace to, remained injudiciously enough till midnight, and my poor Dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters; and could not till then get our lament freely uttered. *She* was very good to me, and the thing did not beat us. I felt in general that I was a little schoolboy, who had laboriously written out his Copy as he could, and was showing it not without satisfaction to the Master: but lo! the Master had suddenly torn it, saying: "No, boy, thou must go and write it *better*". What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey. That night was a hard one; something from time to time tying me tight as it were all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me: however, I was not without good thoughts too that came like healing life into me; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed down, not abolished, yet subjected to me with the resolution and prophecy of abolishing. Next morning accordingly I wrote to Fraser (who had *advertised* the book as "preparing for publication") that it was all gone back; that he must not *speak of it* to any one (till it was made good again); finally that he must send me some *better paper*, and also a *Biographie Universelle*, for I was determined to risk ten pounds more upon it. Poor Fraser was very assiduous: I got bookshelves put up (for the whole House was *flowing* with Books), where the *Biographie* (not Fraser's, however, which was countermanded, but Mill's), with much else stands all ready, much readier than before: and so, having first finished out the piece I was actually upon, I began *again* at the beginning. Early the day after tomorrow (after a hard and quite novel kind of battle) I count on having the First Chapter on paper a second time, no worse than it was, though considerably different. The bitterness of the business is past therefore; and you must conceive me toiling along in that new way for many weeks to come. As for Mill I must yet tell you the best side of him. Next day after the accident he writes me a passionate letter requesting with boundless earnestness to be allowed to make the loss good as far as *money* was concerned in it. I answered: Yes, since he so desired it; for in our circumstances it was not unreasonable: in about a week he accordingly transmits me a draft for £200; I had computed that my five months' house-keeping, etc., had cost me £100; which sum therefore and not two hundred was the one, I told him, I could take. He has been here since then; but has not sent the £100, though I suppose he will soon do it, and so the thing will end,—more handsomely than one could have expected. I ought to draw from it various practical "uses of improvement" (among others not to lend manuscripts again); and above all things try to do the work *better* than it was, in which case I shall never grudge the labor, but reckon it a goodhap.—It really seemed to me a Book of considerable significance; and not unlikely even to be of some interest at present: but the latter, and indeed all economical and other the like considerations had become profoundly indifferent to me; I felt that I was honestly writing down and delineating a World-Fact (which the Almighty had brought to pass in the world); that it was an *honest* work for me, and all men might do and say of it simply what seemed good to *them*—Nay I have got back my spirits again (after this first Chap-

ter), and I hope I shall go on tolerably. I shall struggle assiduously to be done with it by the time you are to be looked for (which meeting may God bring happily to pass); and in that case I will cheerfully throw the business down awhile, and walk off with you to Scotland; hoping to be ready for the *next* publishing season.—This is my raveled concern, dear Jack; which you see is in the way to knit itself up again, before I am called to tell you of it. And now for something else. I was for writing to you of it next day after it happened: but Jane suggested, it would only grieve you, till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment; which counsel I saw to be right. Let us hope assuredly that the whole will be for good.

Good night, dear Brother!

Ever yours!

two strokes: on the wrapper, meaning "All's well."

French Revolution: published two years after this letter was written; it was a great success, even catching the popular ear, something rare in Carlyle's experience.

THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London,
5th August, 1834.

My dear Mother—. . . Life here in Cheyne Row goes on in the steadiest manner; nothing to glory in; much to be glad of, and humbly thankful for. Our House is all settled and swept long ago, and proceeding at a fixed rate, our accounts all paid off; so we know in some measure what we have to look for. Living is really not *very* much dearer than at Puttock; one has a less plenteous supply in some things, but on the whole what it amounts to "ultimately" is no such grand matter, "after all." We calculated that we could live here, everything included, for £200, and seem as if we could for less. At all events there will be no more "fifteen pounds for fodder" or other provoking items of that sort to pay; but for one's money there will be real *ware* of some kind. In all other respects, as you at once judge, I am much better off, and feel habitually that here or nowhere is the place for me. Old Annandale itself seems lovelier than it ever did: often in the still sunset, when I am alone, it comes before me with its green *knowes* and clear-rushing *burns*, and all the loved ones that I have there, above the ground and below it; and I feel a sweet unsullied affection for it all, and a holy faith that God is there as here, and in His merciful hand is the life and lot of every one of us for Eternity as for Time. Unspeakingly wearisome, in such seasons, were the light cackle of the wordly-minded; but indeed I am not much troubled with that. Once for all one should "set his face like a flint" against the idolatries of men and determine that *his* little section of Existence shall not be a mad empty Dream, but as far as possible a Reality.

I have not written anything whatever for Reviews or Magazines since we came hither; and am not likely to write. In fact, it is rather my feeling that I should abandon that whole despicable business, and seek diligently out for some freer field to labor in. Nothing can exceed the hollow frothiness and even dishonest blackguardism of literature generally at present: but

what then? This is even the very thing thou art sent to *amend*! Mill's Review is to go on, about New Year's day next; there, it is possible, I may contribute something: but there too I wait till I see further before taking any very *fixed* hold. My former Book, that came out through *Fraser*, is happily at last all printed within these days: I hope to send you, and some others of them, a full copy of it about the beginning of next month by the Dumfries Bookseller. You will have leisure to peruse and consider it; and finding it *queer*, may not find it altogether empty and false. It has met with next to no recognition that I hear of in these parts; a circumstance not to be surprised at, not to be wept over. On the other hand, my American Friend (you remember hearing of him at Puttock) sends me a week ago the most cheering Letter of thanks for it (with two *braw* American Books, as a present), and bids me go on in God's name, for in the remotest nooks, in distant ends of the Earth, men *are* listening to me and loving me. This Letter, which did me a real benefit, and will give you (the Philosopher's Mother) great pleasure, shall be sent to you: I would send it today, but that I fear the frank will be already too heavy. The vain clatter of fools, either for or against, is worth *nothing*, for indeed it *is* simply nothing: but the hearty response of earnest men, of one earnest man, is very precious. Meanwhile I employ all my days in getting ready for the new book (on the French Revolution), and think, if I am spared with health, there is likelihood that it will be in print, with my name to it, early in spring. I will do my very best and truest; give me your prayers and hopes! This task of mine takes labor enough: I am up once or twice weekly at the British Museum for Books about it; these are almost my only occasions of visiting that fiercely tumultuous region of the city, which is at least four miles from me. I walk slowly up the shady side of the streets; and come slowly down again, about four o'clock, often smoking a cigar, and feeling more or less independent of all men.

Several of our friends (the Bullers for instance) are gone out of town. We have made, at least Jane has made, a promising new acquaintance, of a Mrs. Taylor; a young beautiful reader of mine and "dearest friend" of Mill's, who for the present seems "all that is noble" and what not. We shall see how that wears. We are to dine there on Tuesday. Hunt, nor the Hunts, does not trouble us more than we wish; he comes in when we send for him; talks, listens to a little music, even sings and plays a little, *eats* without *kitchen* of any kind, or only with a little sugar) his allotted plate of porridge, and then goes his ways. His way of thought and mine are utterly at variance; a thing which grieves him much, not me. He accounts for it by my "Presbyterian upbringing," which I tell him always I am everlastingly grateful for. He talks forever about "happiness", and seems to me the very miserablist man I ever sat and talked with.

Coleridge, a very noted literary man here, of whom you may have heard me speak, died about a week ago, at the age of sixty-two. An apothecary had supported him for many years: his wife and children shifted elsewhere as they could. He could earn no money, could set himself steadfastly to no painful task; took to opium and poetic and philosophic dreaming. A better faculty has not been often worse wasted. Yet withal he was a devout man, and did something, both by writing and speech. Among London Literaries he has not left his like or second. Peace be with him.

Here then is the end, dear Mother! My kindest brotherly love to *all*, including Jenny; Jane is not here at the moment to add hers, but would grieve much if it were not habitually understood. All good be with you all!

Ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

Puttock: Craigenputtock, a barren little Scotch farm where Carlyle lived before coming to London.

Mill: John Stuart Mill, political economist.

former Book: *Sartor Resartus*. See the chapter "The Everlasting Yea" reprinted in this book.

American Friend: Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Hunt: Leigh Hunt, poet and friend of Keats.

kitchen: condiment.

"LEWIS CARROLL" TO AGNES HUGHES

My dear Agnes,—

You lazy thing! What? I'm to divide the kisses myself, am I? Indeed I won't take the trouble to do anything of the sort! But I'll tell *you* how to do it. First, you must take *four* of the kisses, and—and that reminds me of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You'll never guess. Why, they were three cats. Wasn't it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pancakes! "If *you* come knocking at *my* door," I said, "*I* shall come knocking at *your* heads." That was fair, wasn't it?

Yours affectionately,

LEWIS CARROLL.

"LEWIS CARROLL" TO AGNES HUGHES

My dear Agnes,—

About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers: no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin—but they were *quite* happy between the sheets of blotting paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed: but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night.

You know I have *three* dinner-bells—the first (which is the largest) is rung when dinner is *nearly* ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is *quite* ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they might ring if they happened to want anything—and, as they rang *all* the bells *all* night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them.

In the morning I gave them some rat-tail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast, and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. So all I said was "Go to Number Two, Finborough Road, and ask for Agnes Hughes, and if it's *really* good for you, she'll give you some." Then I shook hands with them all, and wished them all good-bye, and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go, and they took the bells and the portfolio with them. I didn't find this out till after they had gone, and then I was sorry too, and wished for them back again. What do I mean by "them"? Never mind.

How are Arthur, and Amy, and Emily? Do they still go up and down Finborough Road, and teach the cats to be kind to mice? I'm *very* fond of all the cats in Finborough Road.

Give them my love.

Who do I mean by "them"?

Never mind.

Your affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

"LEWIS CARROLL" TO AMY HUGHES

My Dear Amy,—How are you getting on, I wonder, with guessing those puzzles from "Wonderland"? If you think you've found out any of the answers, you may send them to me; and if they're wrong, I won't tell you they're right!

You asked me after those three cats. Ah! The dear creatures! Do you know, ever since that night they first came, they have *never left me*? Isn't it kind of them? Tell Agnes this. She will be interested to hear it. And they *are* so kind and thoughtful! Do you know, when I had gone out for a walk the other day, they got *all* my books out of the bookcase, and opened them on the floor, to be ready for me to read. They opened them all at page 50, because they thought that would be a nice useful page to begin at. It was rather unfortunate, though: because they took my bottle of gum, and tried to gum pictures upon the ceiling (which they thought would please me), and by accident they spilt a quantity of it all over the books. So when they were shut up and put by, the leaves all stuck together, and I can never read page 50 again in any of them!

However, they meant it very kindly, so I wasn't angry. I gave them each a spoonful of ink as a treat; but they were ungrateful for that, and made dreadful faces. But, of course, as it was given them as a treat, they had to drink it. One of them has turned black since: it was a white cat to begin with.

Give my love to any children you happen to meet. Also I send two kisses and a half, for you to divide with Agnes, Emily, and Godfrey. Mind you divide them fairly.

Yours affectionately,

C. L. DODGSON.



ARTHUR HUGHES AND HIS DAUGHTER AGNES

STEVENSON TO TOM ARCHER¹

Tautira, Island of Tahiti (November, 1888).

Dear Tomarcher:

This is a pretty state of things! seven o'clock and no word of breakfast! and I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great fire of coconut husks down by the sea, and, as we have no blinds or shutters, this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a school-feast under my bed. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's *Æneid*, which is not good fun on an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for naught, and, by some humorous accident, your dear papa's article on Skerryvore. And I read the whole of that, and very impudent it is, but you must not tell your dear papa I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear papa or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast; so I said, "Let's write to Tomarcher."

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls—and sometimes the boys—play a very elaborate kind of hop-scotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe, and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church, and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses, and the balls to roll about the church—at least I never saw them used elsewhere—grow ready-made on trees; which is rough on toy-shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but no such luck! my hair is gray, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become offensively rich, you can charter a ship in the port of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with these balls; when you could satisfy your mind as to their character, and give them away, when done with, to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the treetop toys—Hushaby, toy-shop, on the treetop!—I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the South Seas.

This was how. You are to imagine a four-wheeled gig; one horse; in the front seat two Tahiti natives in their Sunday clothes: blue coat, white shirt, kilt—a little longer than the Scotch—of a blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours; under our feet plenty of lunch and things; among us a great deal of fun in broken Tahitian, one of the natives, the subchief of the village, being a great ally of mine. Indeed we have exchanged names, so that he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no *l* and no *r* in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains; the road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit-trees—the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your

¹ From "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

head and far nicer, called Barbeline. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open, no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy tale, and just beyond we must ford a river, and there we saw the inhabitants. Just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds: seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys—toy ships, full rigged, and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends. And then I knew for sure they were all children in a fairy story, living alone together in that lonely house with the only toys in all the island; and that I had myself driven, in my four-wheeled gig, into a corner of the fairy story; and the next jolt the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our seaside forest as before, and I have the honor to be Tom-archer's valued correspondent, Teriitera, which he was previously known as

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

How does this differ from Lewis Carroll's letters to children?

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